# SONGS THE WHOLE WORLD SINGS

CONTAINING
MORE THAN
TWO HUNDRED
HOME
LOVE
OPERATIC
SACRED
COLLEGE
CHILDREN'S
SOUTHERN
PATRIOTIC
NATIONAL
SONGS WHICH
LIVE IN THE HEARTS
OF THE
PEOPLE

D. APPLETON-
CENTURY CO

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Dorothy C. Brockway

# SONGS THE WHOLE WORLD SINGS

Containing more than two hundred songs which are dear to the hearts of young and old in every nation

INCLUDING

| | |
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| Home Songs | College Songs |
| Love Songs | Children's Songs |
| Operatic Songs | Southern Songs |
| Sacred Songs | Patriotic Songs |
| Hymns | National Songs |

Arranged for use as songs or piano pieces

Selected and Edited
by
ALBERT E. WIER

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY
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# To the Music Lover

HERE they are—all under one cover—a band, two hundred strong, of songs which immortalize the joys of home, the happiness of lovers, the innocence of children, the patriotism of nations, the romances of opera, the faith of religion, and shed a brighter lustre on every phase of our existence. Whether your mood be sad or glad, whether you wish to play or sing, "Songs The Whole World Sings" has within it—waiting your call—all those priceless gems of song which have been bequeathed us by our forefathers, and which it shall be our sweetest pleasure to entrust to the loving care of future generations.

THE EDITOR

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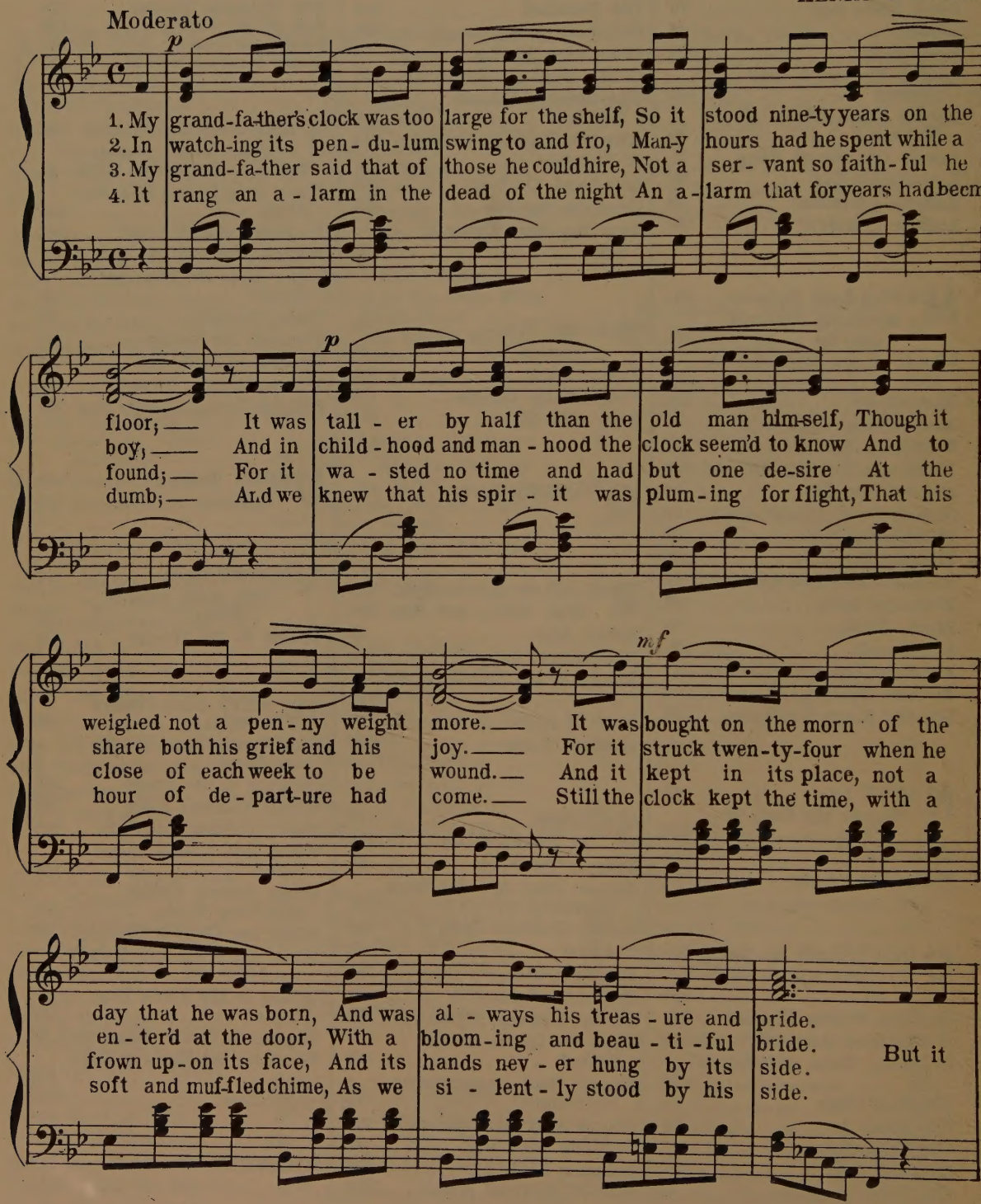
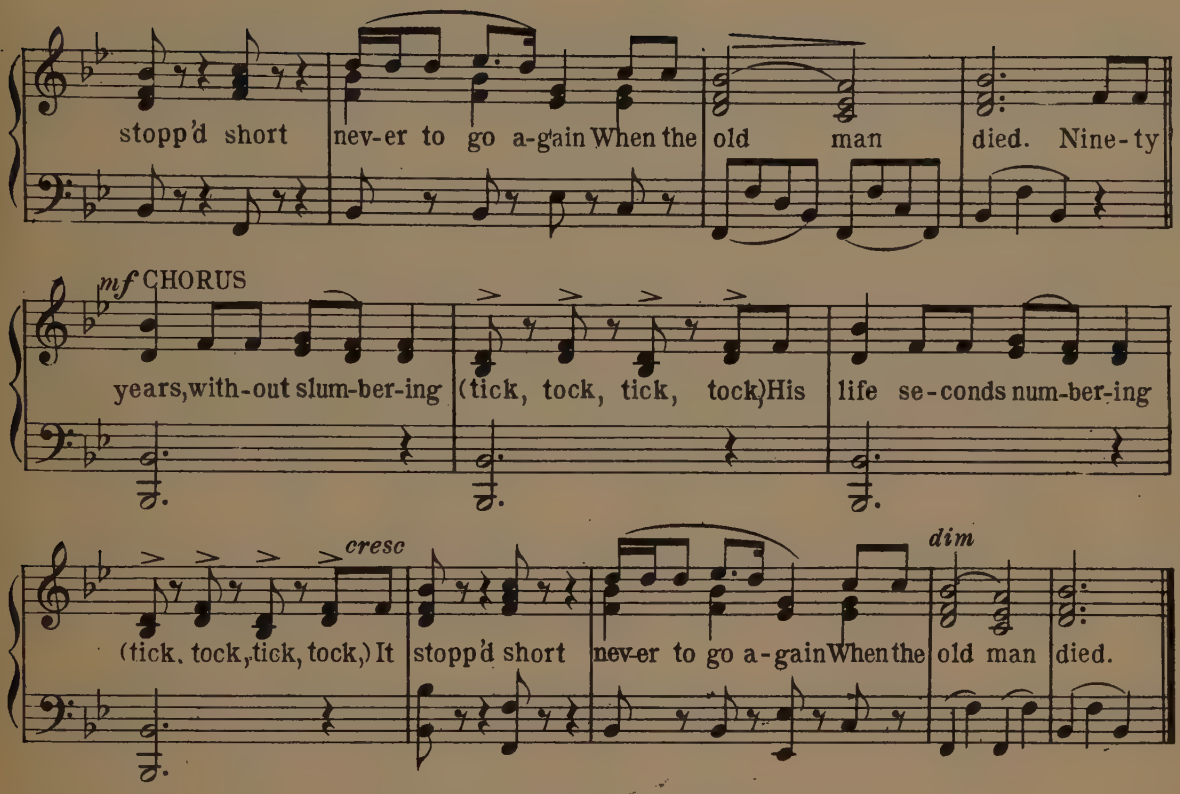
# Grandfather's Clock

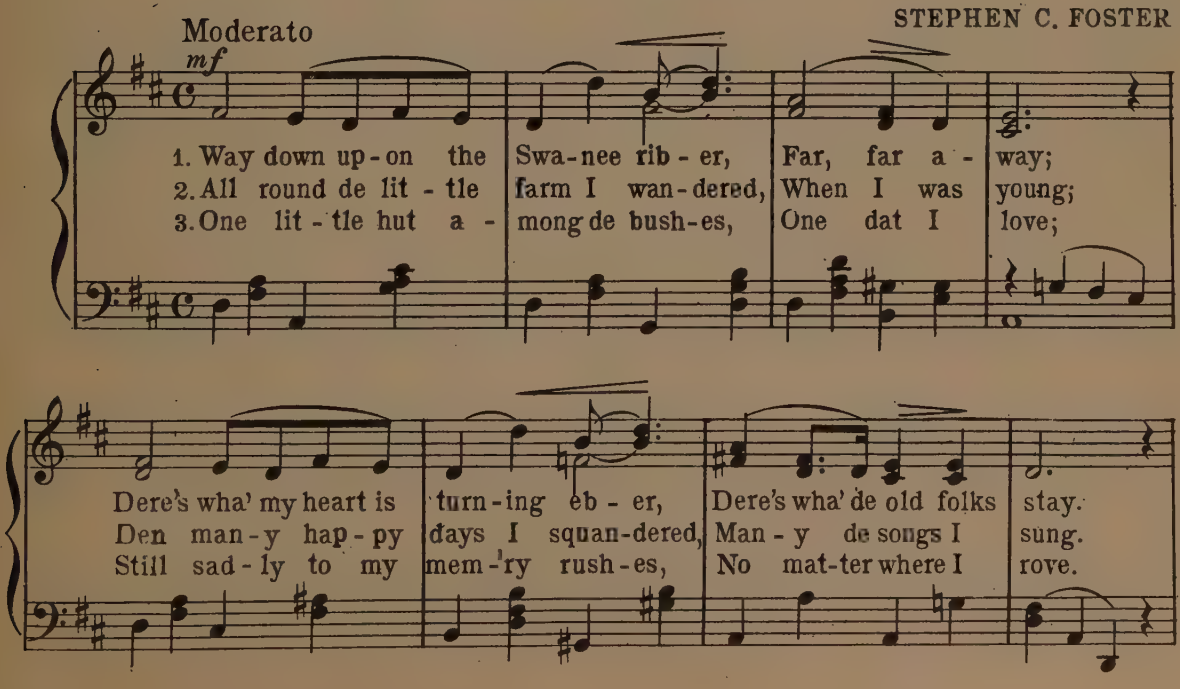
HENRY C. WORK

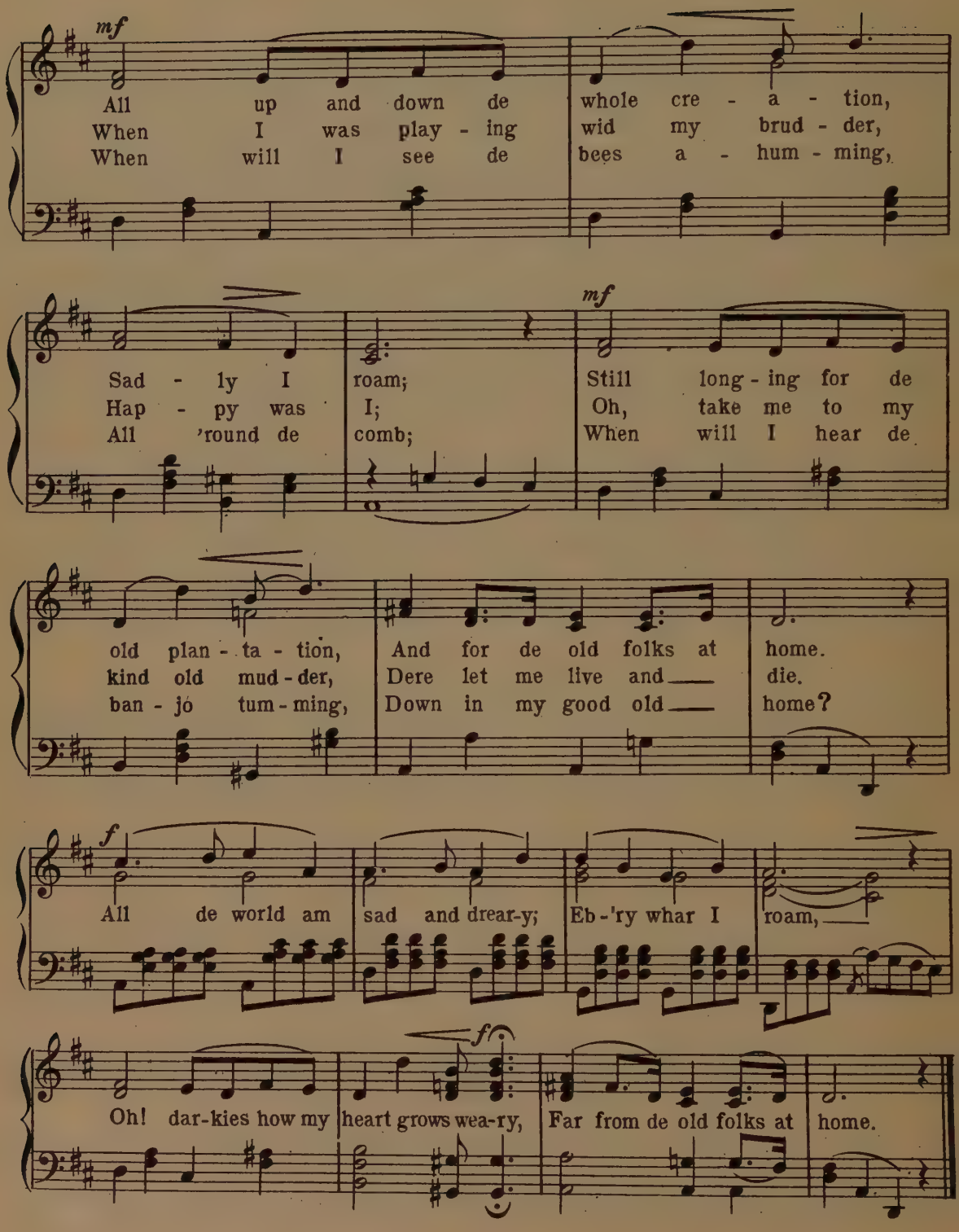

Moderato
p
1. My grand-fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the
2. In watch-ing its pen- du-lum swing to and fro, Man-y hours had he spent while a
3. My grand-fa-ther said that of those he could hire, Not a ser- vant so faith-ful he
4. It rang an a - larm in the dead of the night An a- larm that for years had been
floor; — It was tall - er by half than the old man him-self, Though it
boy; — And in child - hood and man - hood the clock seem'd to know And to
found; — For it wa - sted no time and had but one de-sire At the
dumb; — And we knew that his spir - it was plum - ing for flight, That his
weighed not a pen - ny weight more. — It was bought on the morn of the
share both his grief and his joy. — For it struck twen-ty-four when he
close of each week to be wound. — And it kept in its place, not a
hour of de - part-ure had come. — Still the clock kept the time, with a
mf
day that he was born, And was al - ways his treas - ure and pride.
en - ter'd at the door, With a bloom - ing and beau - ti - ful bride.
frown up - on its face, And its hands nev - er hung by its side.
soft and muf-fled chime, As we si - lent - ly stood by his side.
But it


stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died. Nine-ty
mf CHORUS
years, with-out slum-ber-ing (tick, tock, tick, tock) His life se-conds num-ber-ing
cresc
dim
(tick, tock, tick, tock,) It stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died.

# Old Folks At Home

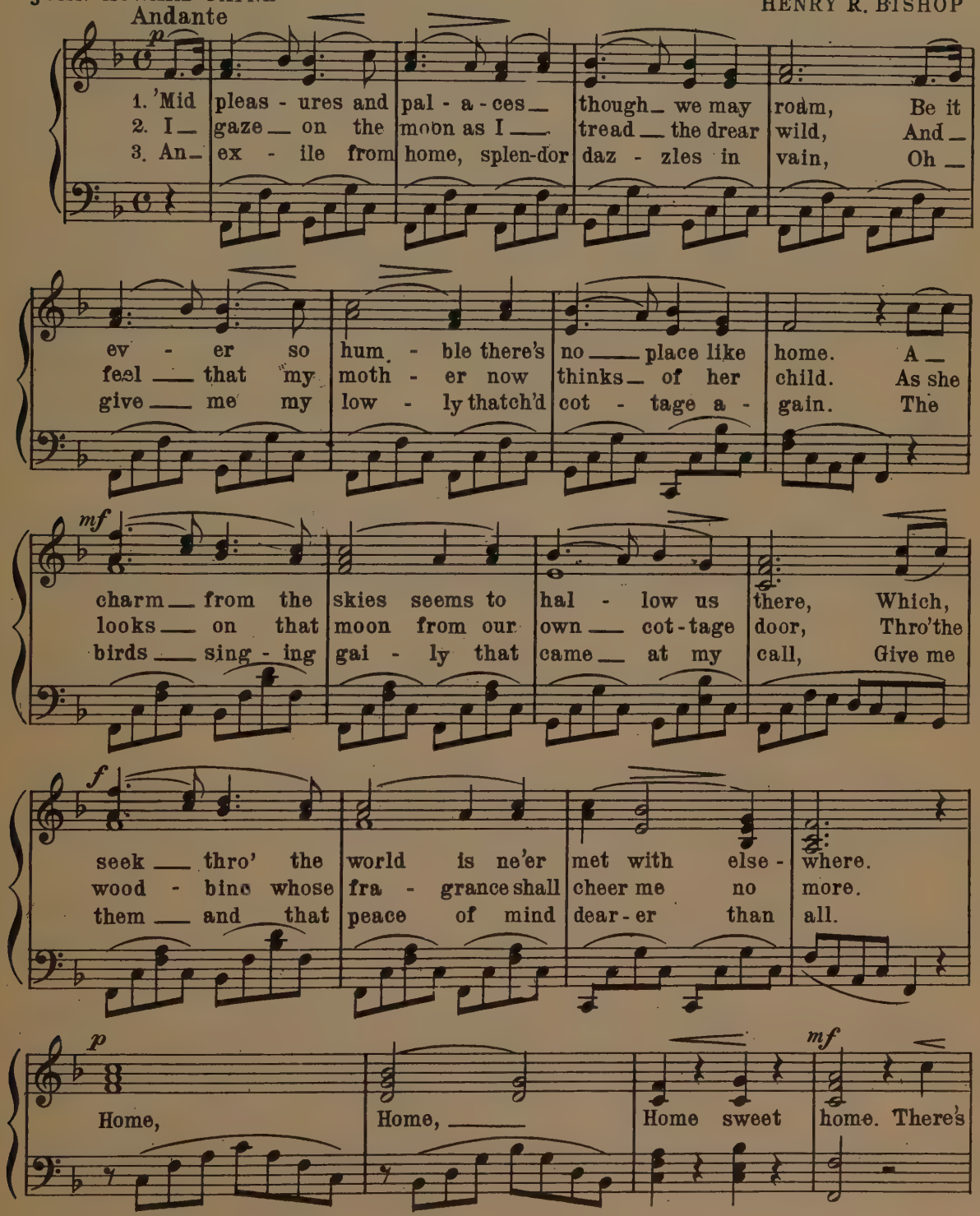
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

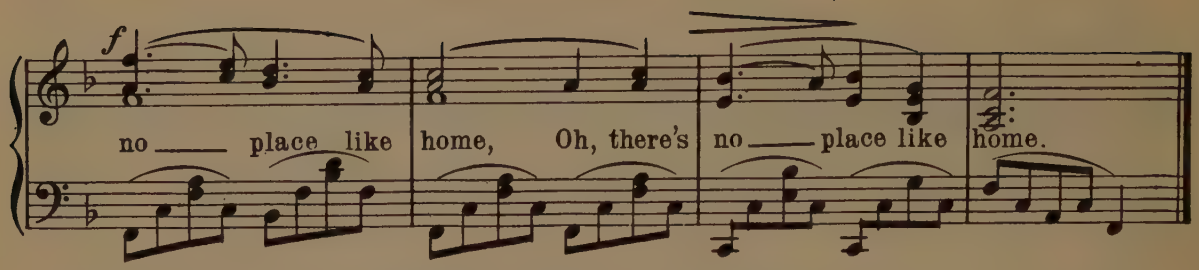

Moderato
mf
1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee rib-er, Far, far a-way;
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love;
Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb-er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-dered, Man-y de songs I sung.
Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.


mf
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der,
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming,
Sad - ly I roam;
Hap - py was I;
All 'round de comb;
mf
Still long - ing for de
Oh, take me to my
When will I hear de
old plan - ta - tion,
kind old mud - der,
ban - jo tum - ming,
And for de old folks at home.
Dere let me live and die.
Down in my good old home?
f
All de world am sad and drear-y;
Eb - 'ry whar I roam,
f
Oh! dar-kies how my heart grows wea-ry,
Far from de old folks at home.

# Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

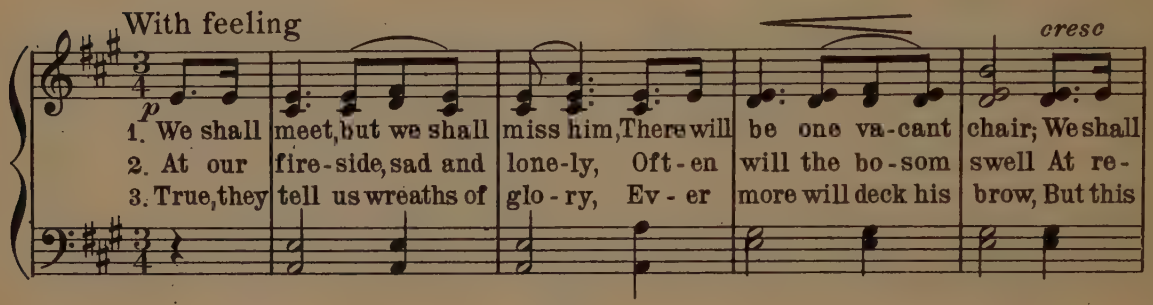
HENRY R. BISHOP

Andante
p
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces_ though_ we may roam, Be it
2. I_ gaze_ on the moon as I_ tread_ the drear wild, And_
3. An_ ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain, Oh_
ev - er so hum - ble there's no_ place like home. A_
feel_ that my moth - er now thinks_ of her child. As she
give_ me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain. The
mf
charm_ from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
looks_ on that moon from our own_ cot-tage door, Thro'the
birds_ sing - ing gai - ly that came_ at my call, Give me
f
seek_ thro' the world is ne'er met with else - where.
wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
them_ and that peace of mind dear - er than all.
p
Home,
Home,_
Home sweet
mf
home. There's

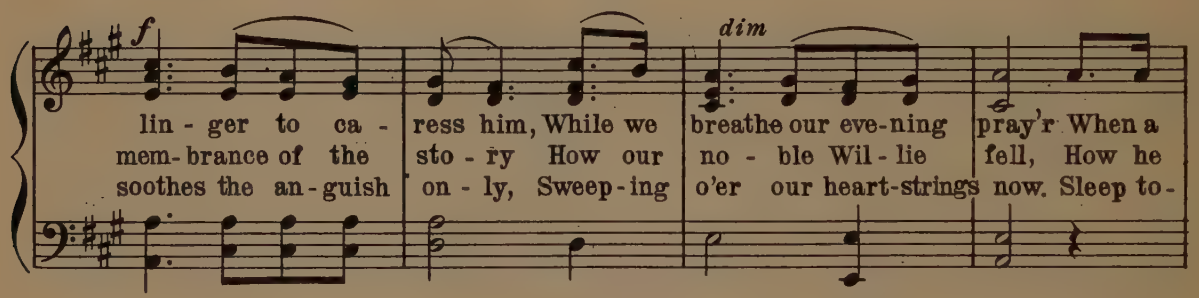


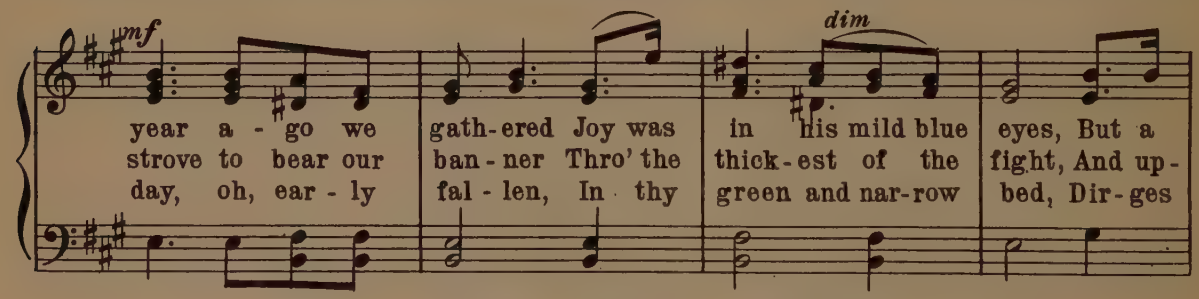

# The Vacant Chair

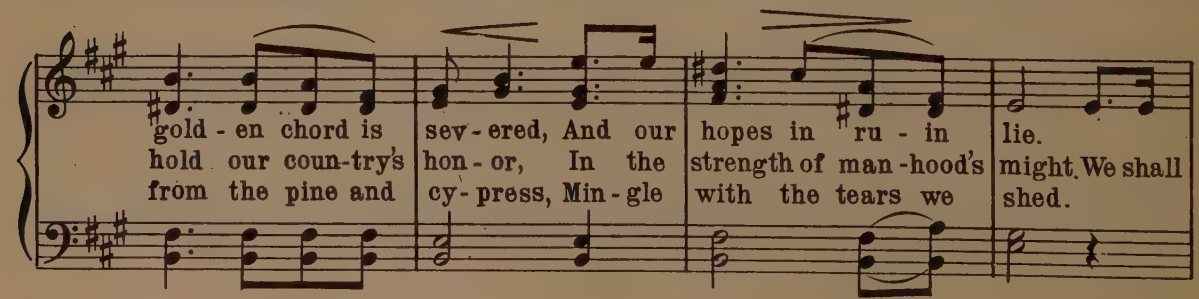
GEO. F. ROOT

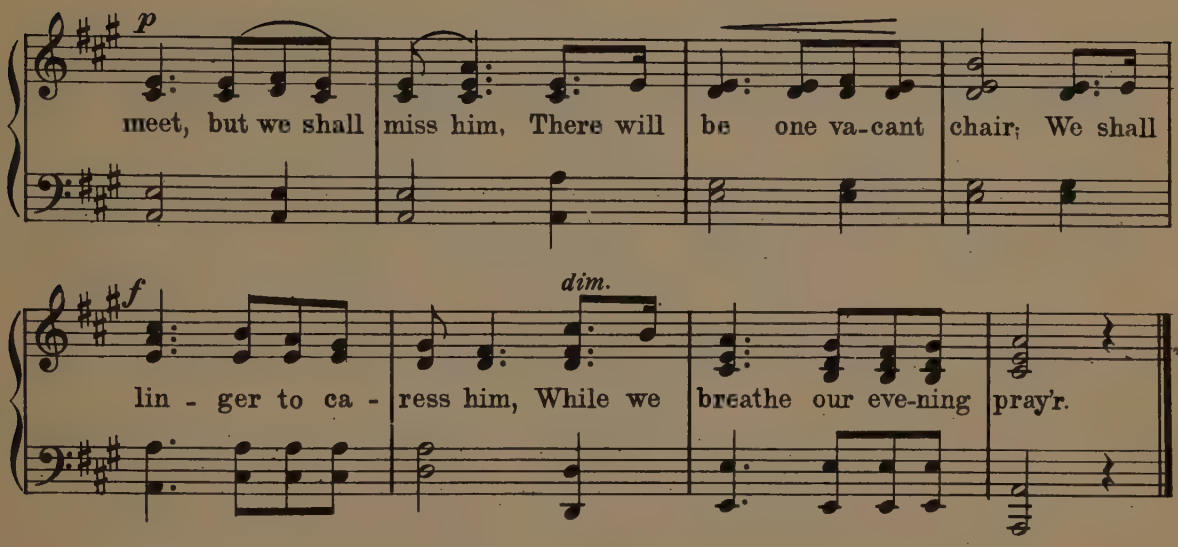
With feeling


p
cresc
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall
2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bo-som swell At re-
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry, Ev-er more will deck his brow, But this


f
dim
lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r When a
mem-brance of the sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell, How he
soothes the an-guish on-ly, Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-

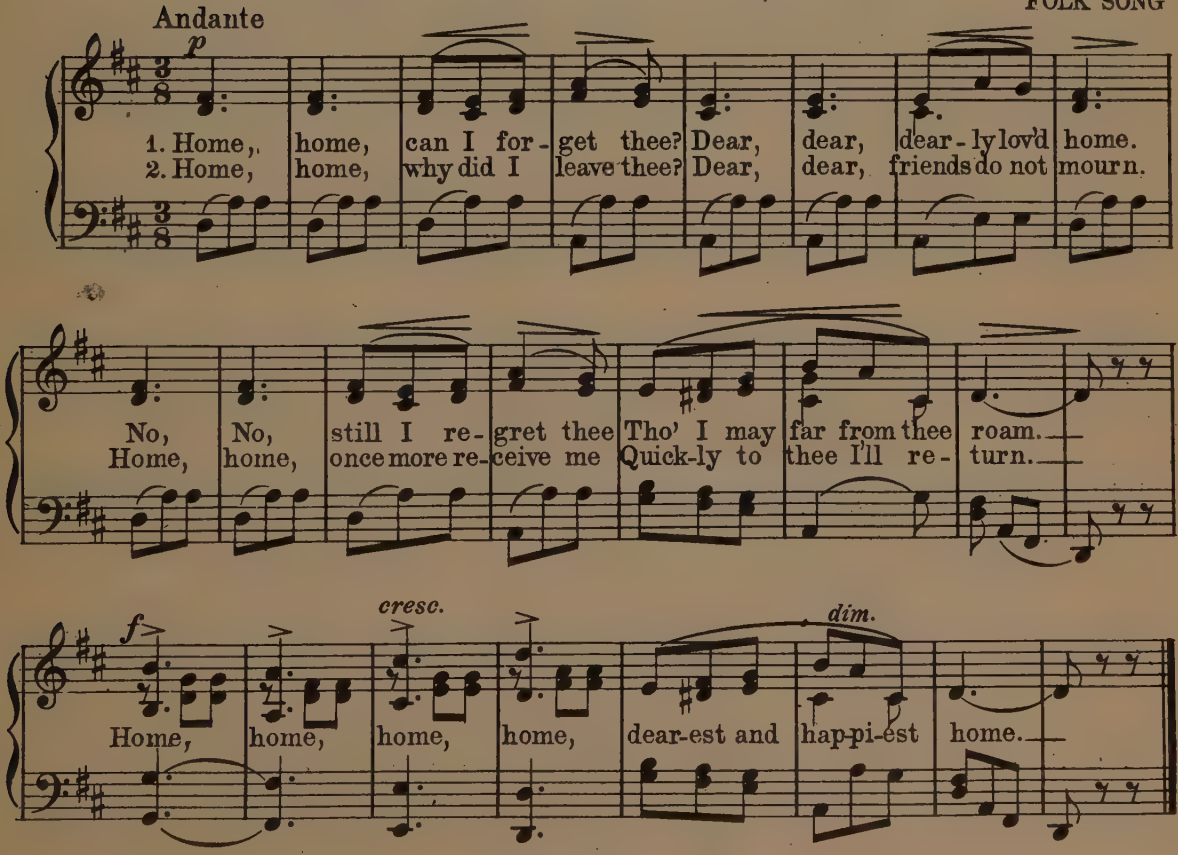

mf
dim
year a-go we gath-ered Joy was in his mild blue eyes, But a
strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-
day, oh, ear-ly fal-len, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges


gold-en chord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.
hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might. We shall
from the pine and cy-press, Min-gle with the tears we shed.


p
meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair; We shall
f
dim.
lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r.

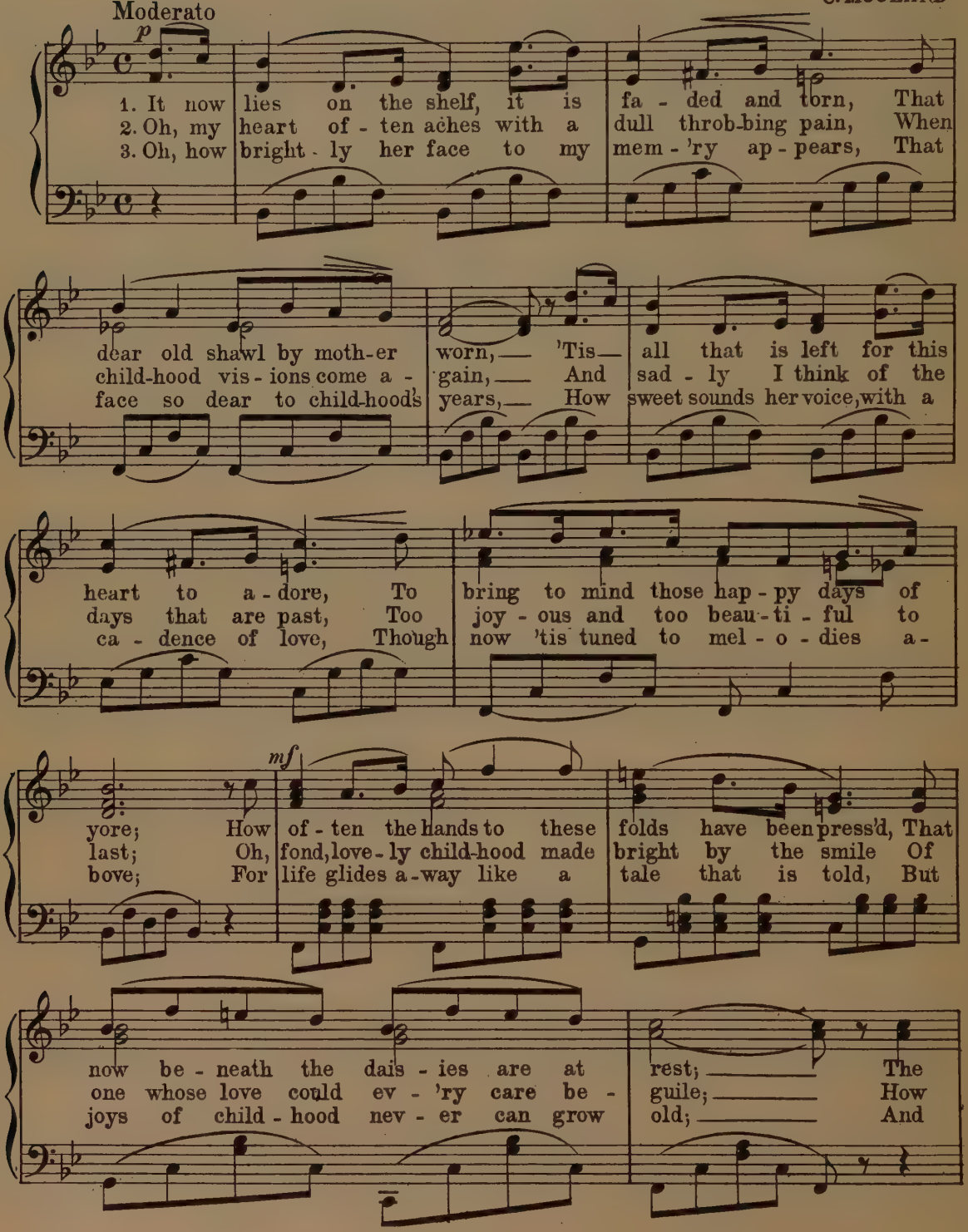
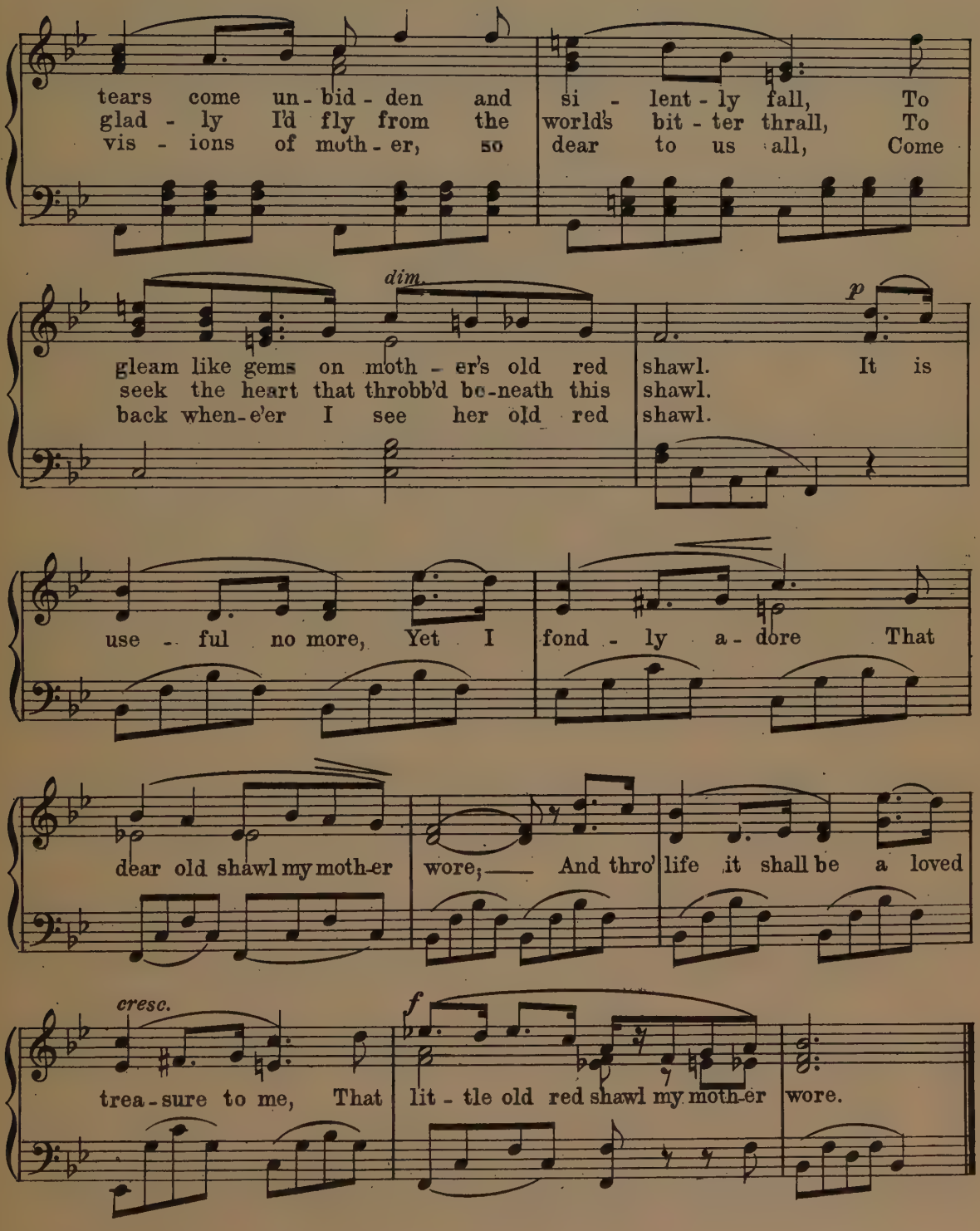
## Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee?

FOLK SONG


Andante
p
1. Home, home, can I for - get thee? Dear, dear, dear - ly lov'd home.
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear, friends do not mourn.
No, No, still I re - gret thee Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Home, home, once more re - ceive me Quick-ly to thee I'll re - turn.
f
cresc.
dim.
Home, home, home, home, dear-est and hap-pi-est home.

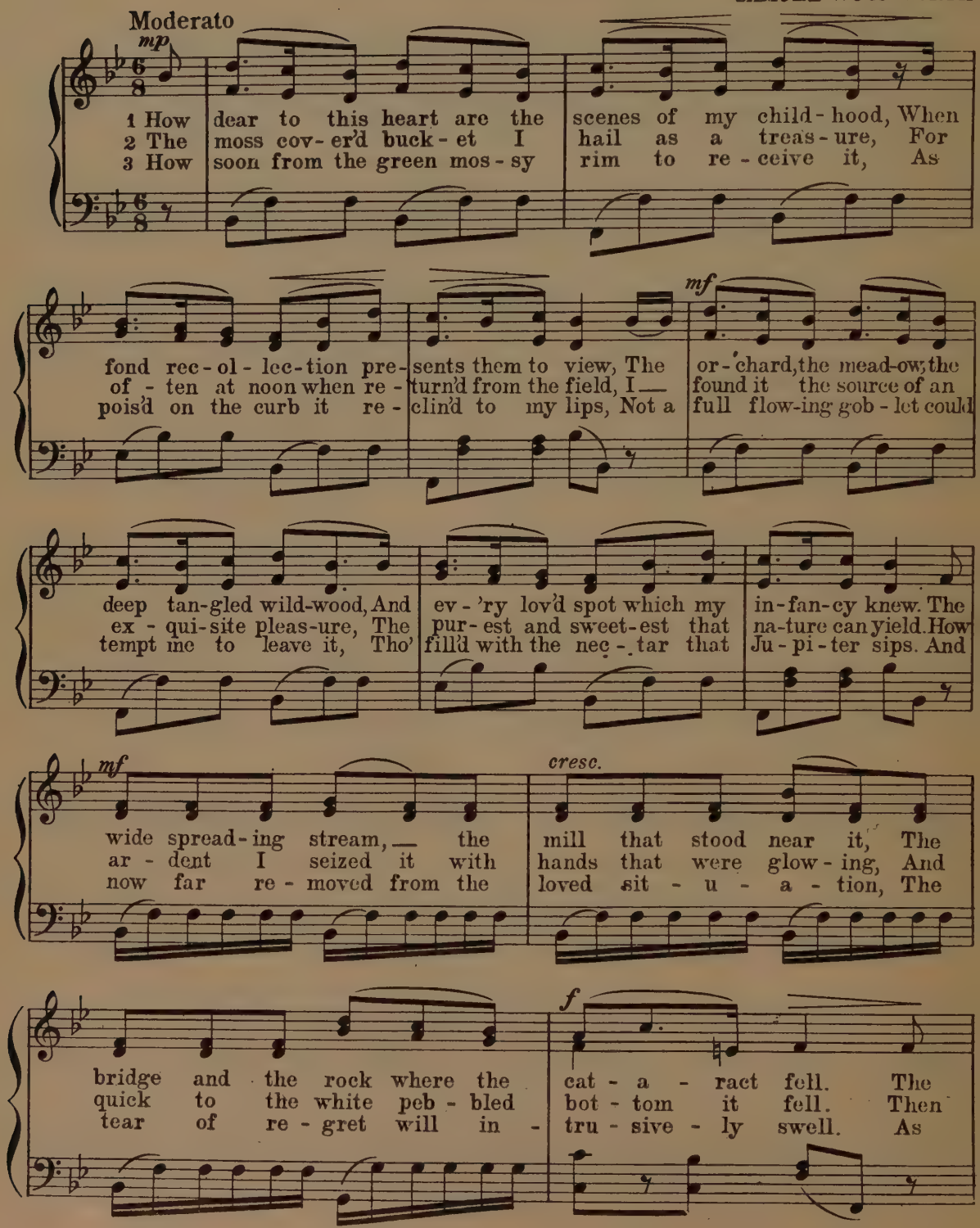
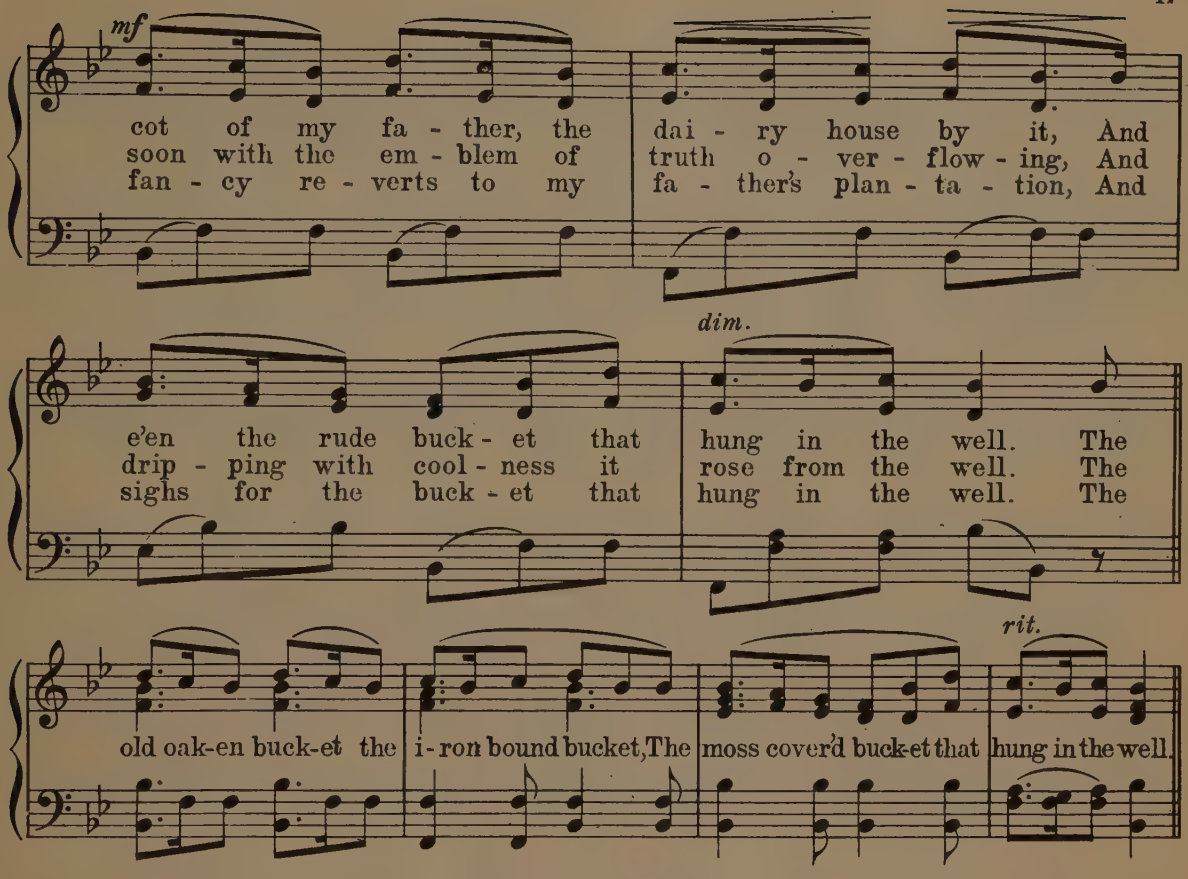
# Mother's Old Red Shawl

C. MOULAND


Moderato
p
1. It now lies on the shelf, it is fa - ded and torn, That
2. Oh, my heart of - ten aches with a dull throb-bing pain, When
3. Oh, how bright - ly her face to my mem - 'ry ap - pears, That
dear old shawl by moth-er worn, — 'Tis — all that is left for this
child-hood vis - ions come a - gain, — And sad - ly I think of the
face so dear to child-hood's years, — How sweet sounds her voice, with a
heart to a - dore, To bring to mind those hap - py days of
days that are past, Too joy - ous and too beau - ti - ful to
ca - dence of love, Though now 'tis tuned to mel - o - dies a -
mf
yore; How of - ten the hands to these folds have been press'd, That
last; Oh, fond, love - ly child-hood made bright by the smile Of
bove; For life glides a - way like a tale that is told, But
now be - neath the dais - ies are at rest; — The
one whose love could ev - 'ry care be - guile; — How
joys of child - hood nev - er can grow old; — And

tears come un - bid - den and si - lent - ly fall, To
glad - ly I'd fly from the world's bit - ter thrall, To
vis - ions of moth - er, so dear to us all, Come
dim.
p
gleam like gems on moth - er's old red shawl. It is
seek the heart that throbb'd be-neath this shawl.
back when-e'er I see her old red shawl.
use - ful no more, Yet I fond - ly a - dore That
dear old shawl my moth-er wore; And thro' life it shall be a loved
cresc.
f
trea - sure to me, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth-er wore.

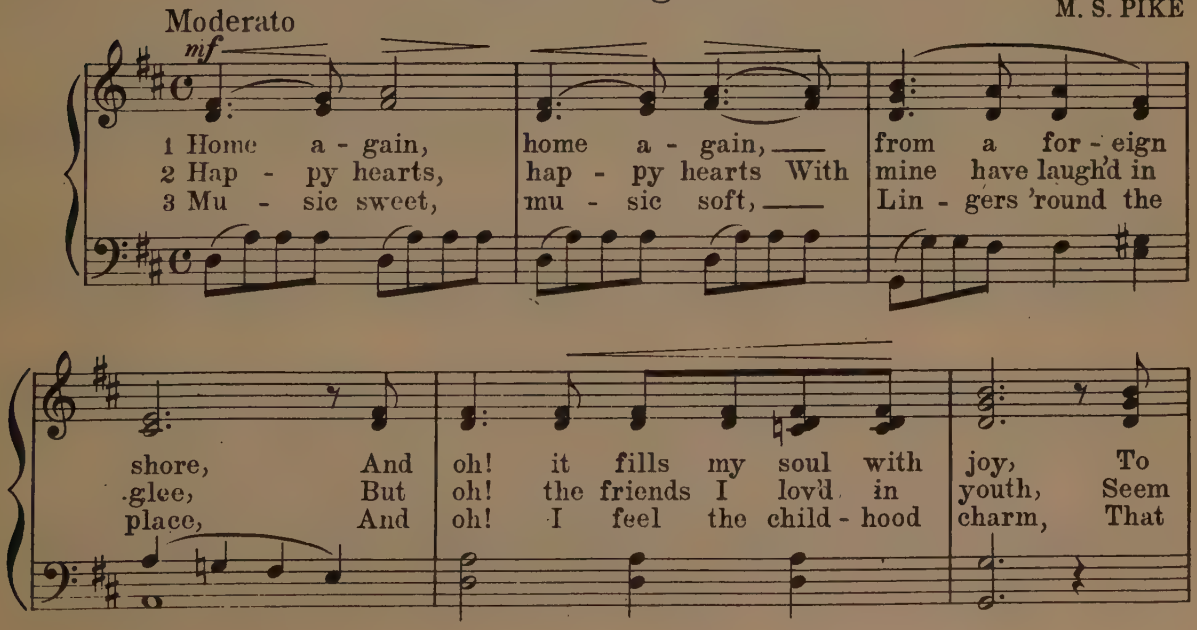
# The Old Oaken Bucket

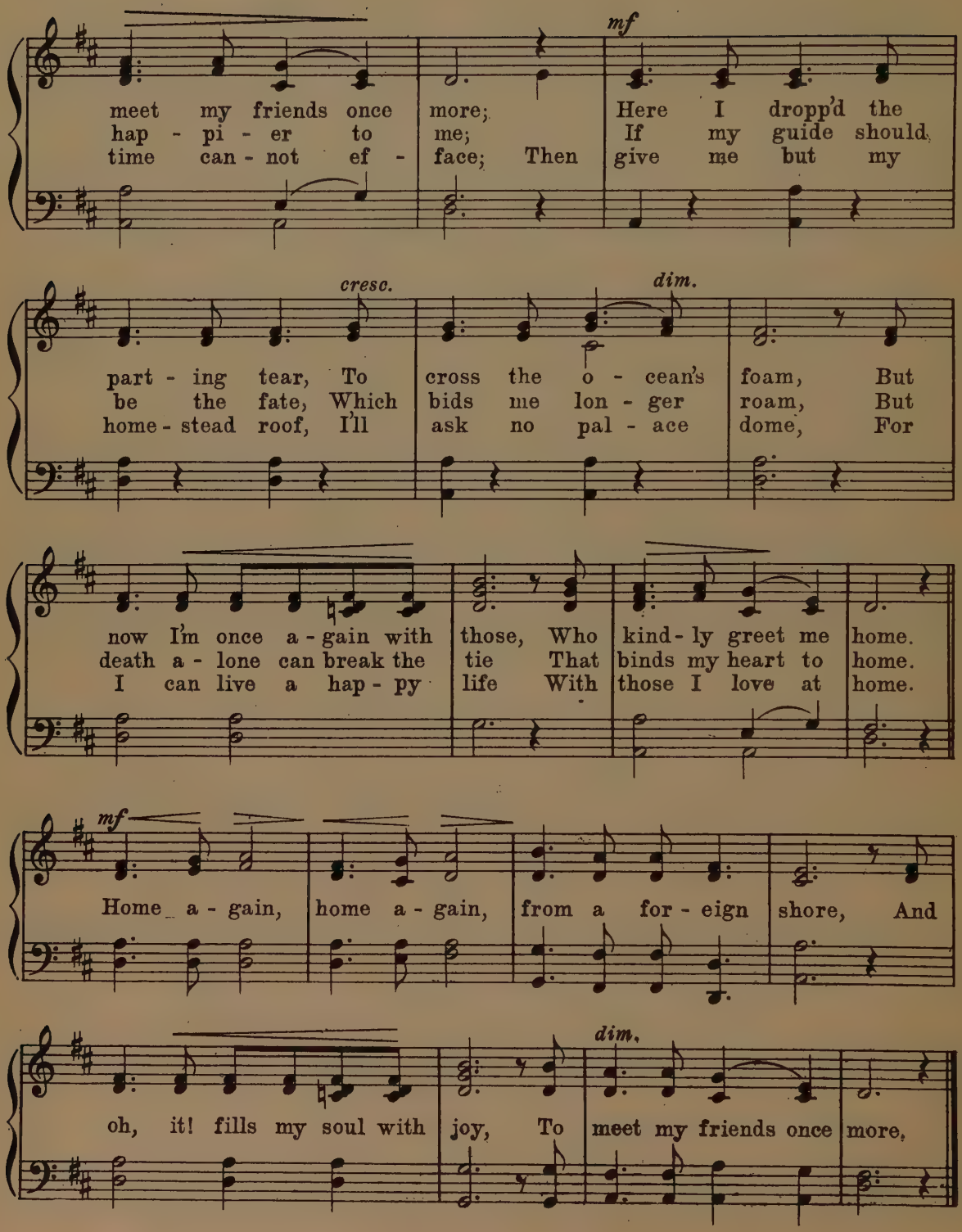
SAMUEL WOODWORTH


Moderato
mp
1 How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
2 The moss cov-er'd buck-et I hail as a treas-ure, For
3 How soon from the green mos-sy rim to re-ceive it, As
fond rec-ol-lec-tion pre-sents them to view, The or-chard, the mead-ow, the
of-ten at noon when re-turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an
poised on the curb it re-clin'd to my lips, Not a full flow-ing gob-let could
mf
deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew. The
ex-qui-site pleas-ure, The pur-est and sweet-est that na-ture can yield. How
tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips. And
mf
wide spread-ing stream, the mill that stood near it, The
ar-dent I seized it with hands that were glow-ing, And
now far re-moved from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The
cresc.
bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell. The
quick to the white peb-bled bot-tom it fell. Then
tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell. As
f

mf
cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And
fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And
dim.
e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The
drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well. The
sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. The
rit.
old oak-en buck-et the i-ron bound bucket, The moss cover'd buck-et that hung in the well.

# Home Again

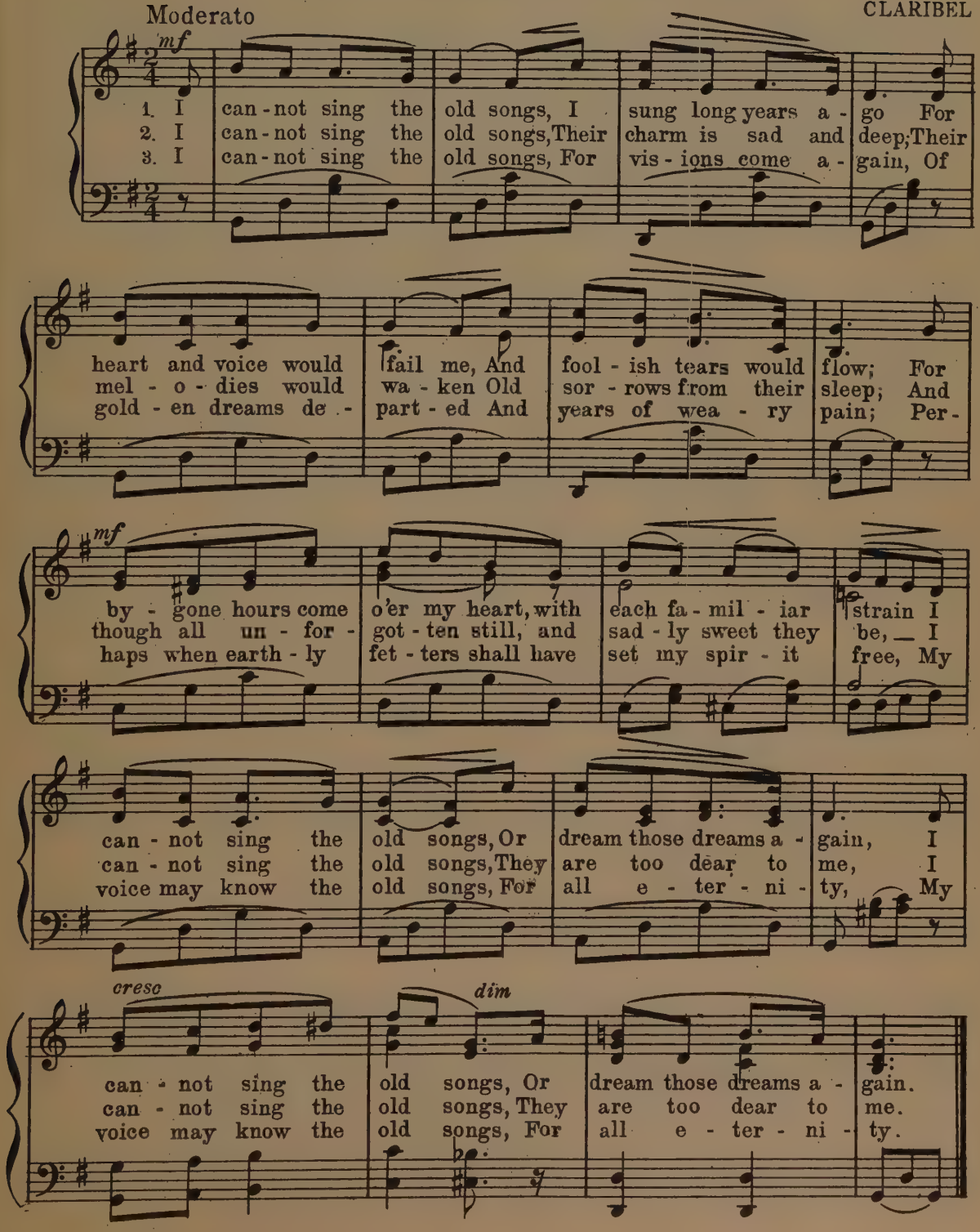
M. S. PIKE


Moderato
mf
1 Home a - gain, home a - gain, from a for - eign
2 Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts With mine have laugh'd in
3 Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers 'round the
shore, And oh! it fills my soul with joy, To
glee, But oh! the friends I lov'd in youth, Seem
place, And oh! I feel the child - hood charm, That


mf
meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the
hap - pi - er to me; If my guide should
time can - not ef - face; Then give me but my
cresc.
dim.
part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But
be the fate, Which bids me lon - ger roam, But
home - stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For
now I'm once a - gain with those, Who kind - ly greet me home.
death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.
mf
Home a - gain, home a - gain, from a for - eign shore, And
dim.
oh, it! fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.

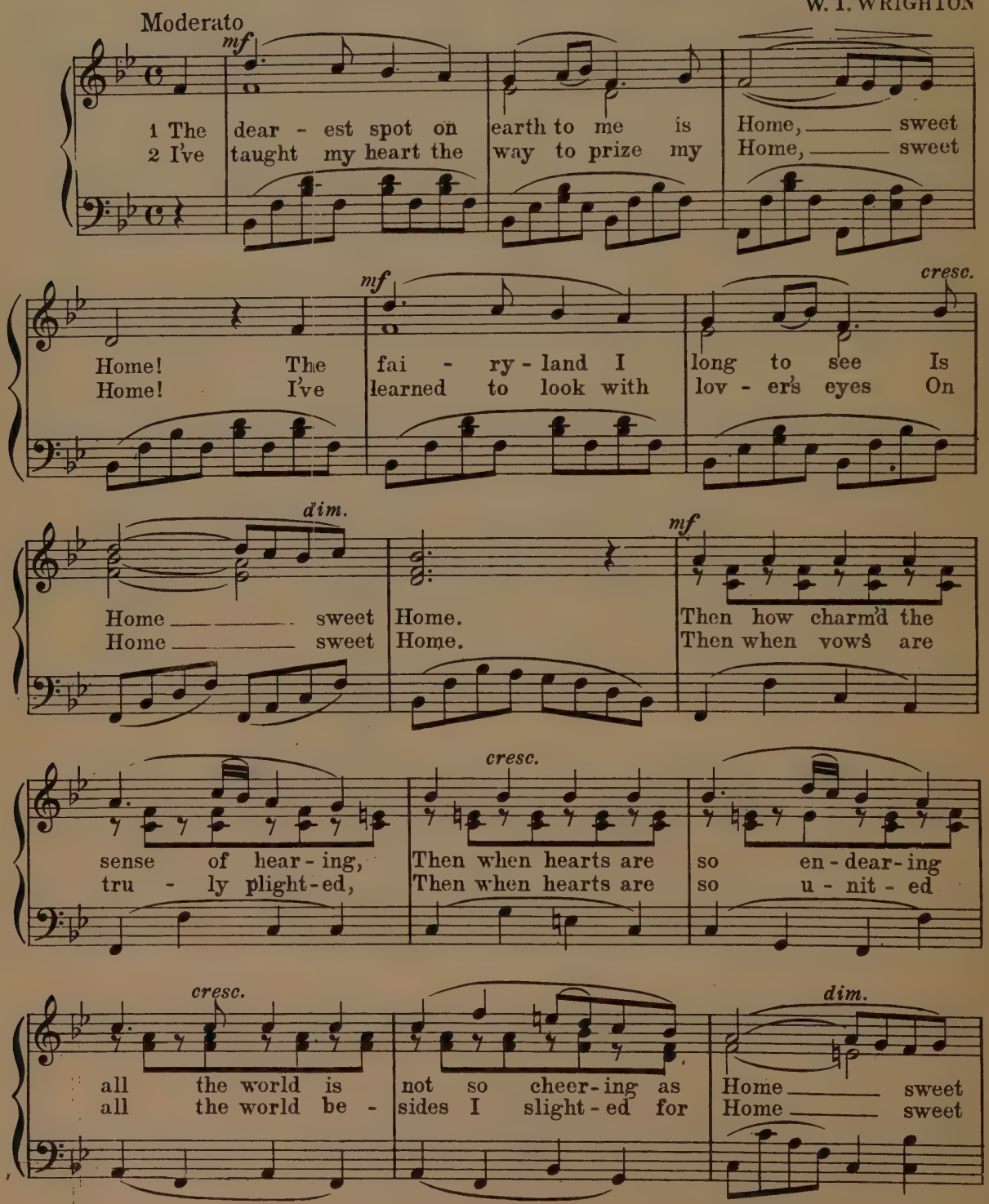
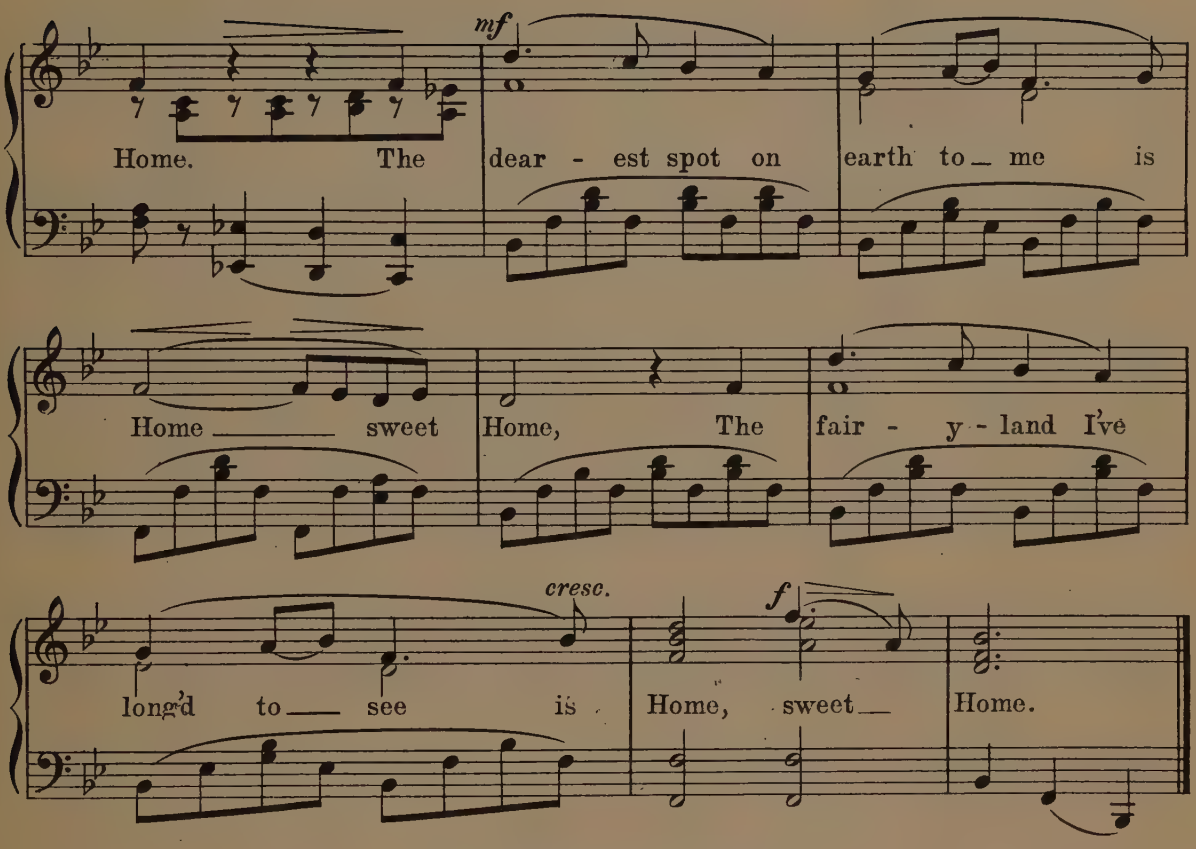
# I Cannot Sing The Old Songs

Moderato

CLARIBEL

mf
1. I can-not sing the old songs, I sung long years a-go For
2. I can-not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their
3. I can-not sing the old songs, For vis-ions come a-gain, Of
heart and voice would fail me, And fool-ish tears would flow; For
mel-o-dies would wa-ken Old sor-rows from their sleep; And
gold-en dreams de-part-ed And years of wea-ry pain; Per-
mf
by-gone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa-mil-iar strain I
though all un-for-got-ten still, and sad-ly sweet they be, I
haps when earth-ly fet-ters shall have set my spir-it free, My
can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-gain, I
can-not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me, I
voice may know the old songs, For all e-ter-ni-ty, My
cresc
dim
can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-gain.
can-not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
voice may know the old songs, For all e-ter-ni-ty.

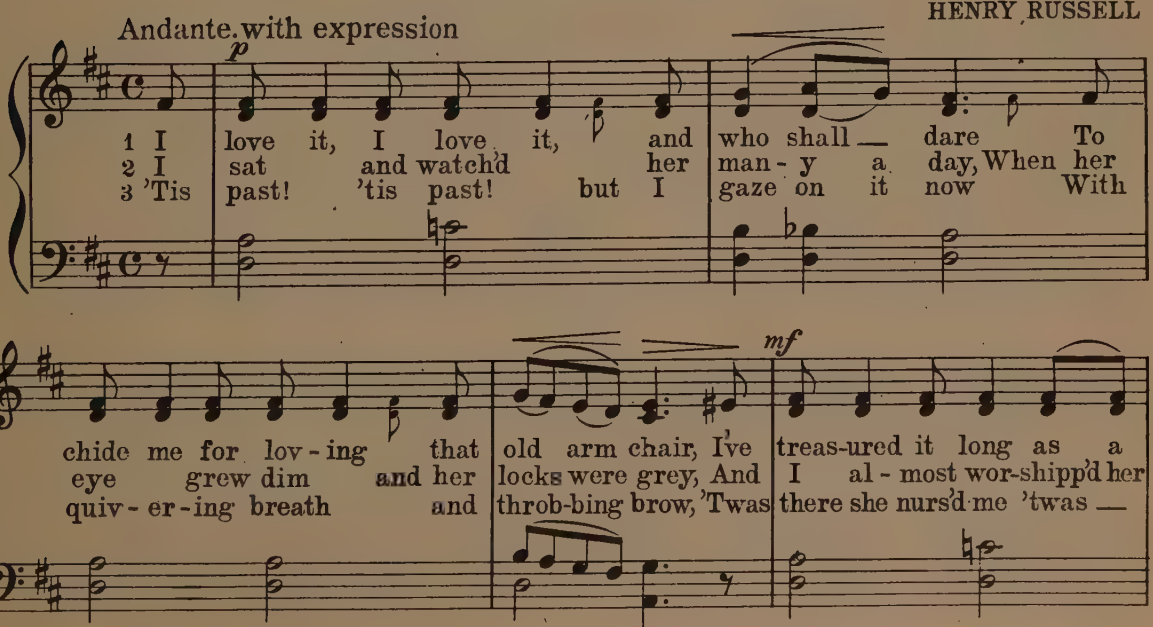
# The Dearest Spot On Earth

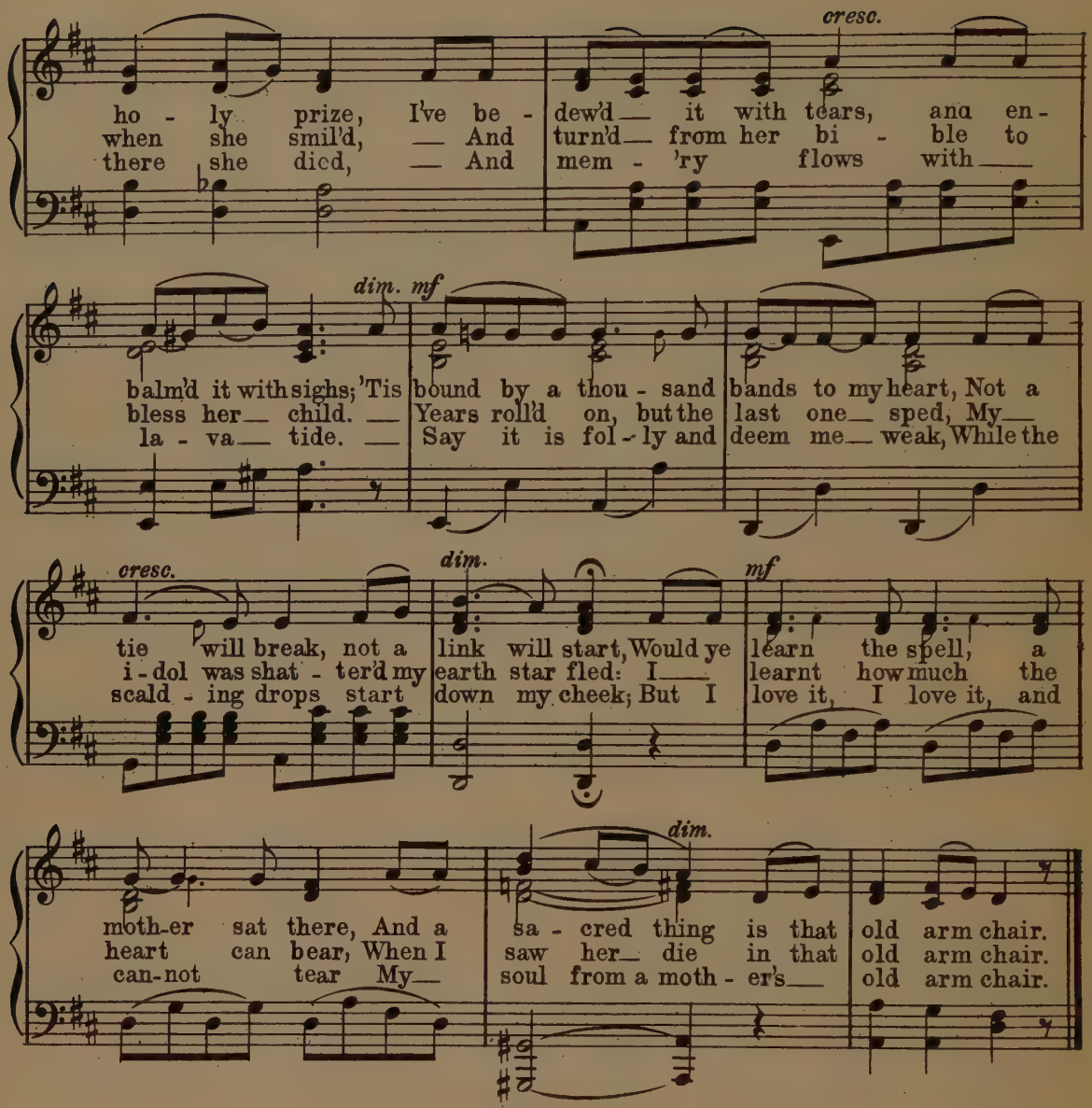
W. T. WRIGHTON


Moderato
mf
1 The dear - est spot on earth to me is Home, sweet
2 I've taught my heart the way to prize my Home, sweet
mf
cresc.
Home! The fai - ry - land I long to see Is
Home! I've learned to look with lov - er's eyes On
dim.
mf
Home sweet Home. Then how charm'd the
Home sweet Home. Then when vows are
cresc.
sense of hear - ing, Then when hearts are so en - dear - ing
tru - ly plight - ed, Then when hearts are so u - nit - ed
cresc.
dim.
all the world is not so cheer - ing as Home sweet
all the world be - sides I slight - ed for Home sweet

## The Old Arm-Chair

HENRY RUSSELL

Andante with expression

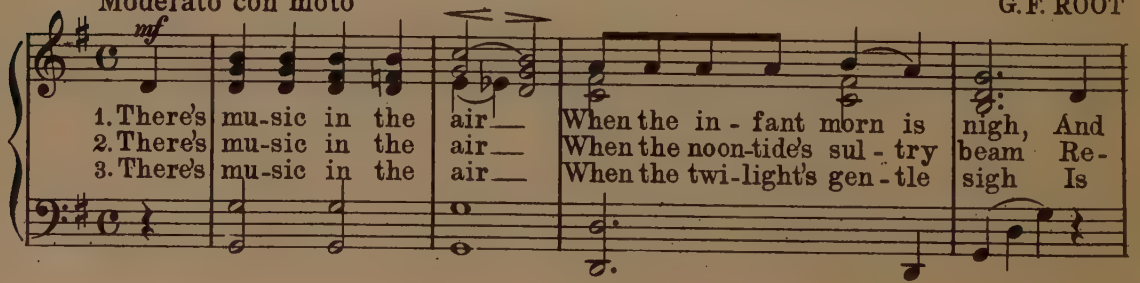

p
1 I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To
2 I sat and watch'd her man - y a day, When her
3 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With
mf
chide me for lov - ing that old arm chair, I've treas-ured it long as a
eye grew dim and her locks were grey, And I al - most wor-shipp'd her
quiv - er - ing breath and throb-bing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me 'twas

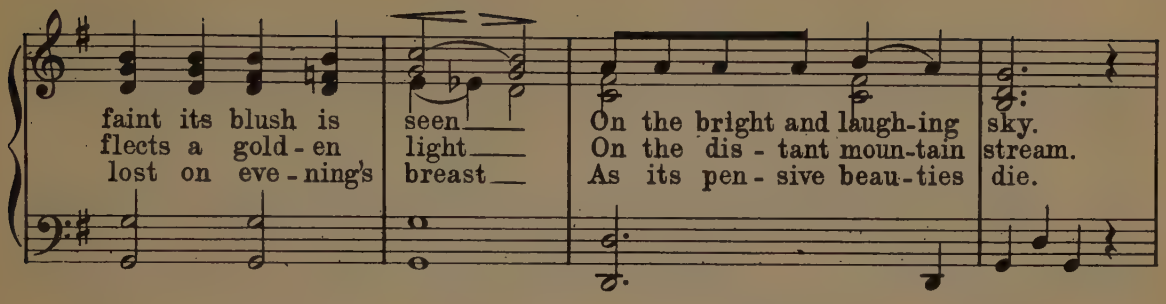

cresc.
ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd — it with tears, and en -
when she smil'd, — And turn'd — from her bi - ble to
there she died, — And mem - 'ry flows with —
dim. mf
balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart, Not a
bless her — child. — Years roll'd on, but the last one — sped, My —
la - va — tide. — Say it is fol - ly and deem me — weak, While the
cresc.
dim.
mf
tie will break, not a link will start, Would ye learn the spell, a
i - dol was shat - ter'd my earth star fled: I — learnt how much the
scald - ing drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and
dim.
moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
heart can bear, When I saw her — die in that old arm chair.
can-not tear My — soul from a moth - er's — old arm chair.

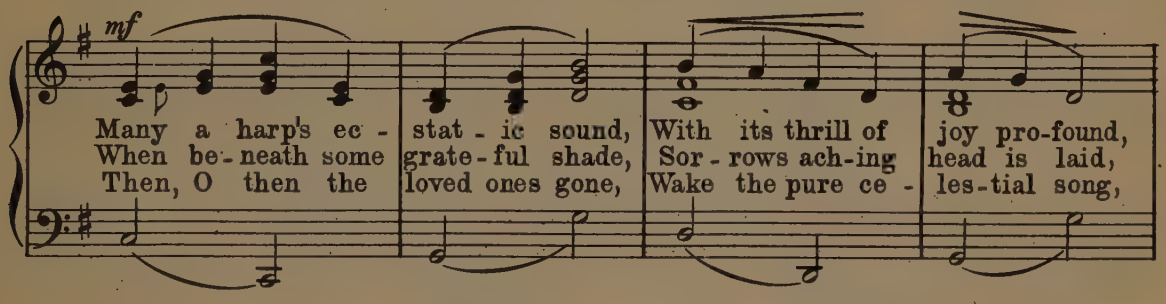
## There's Music in the Air

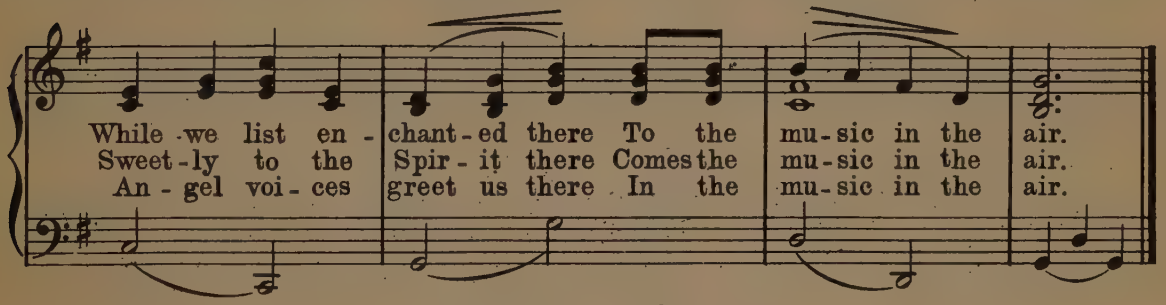
Moderato con moto

G. F. ROOT


mf
1. There's mu-sic in the air — When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
2. There's mu-sic in the air — When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re-
3. There's mu-sic in the air — When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is

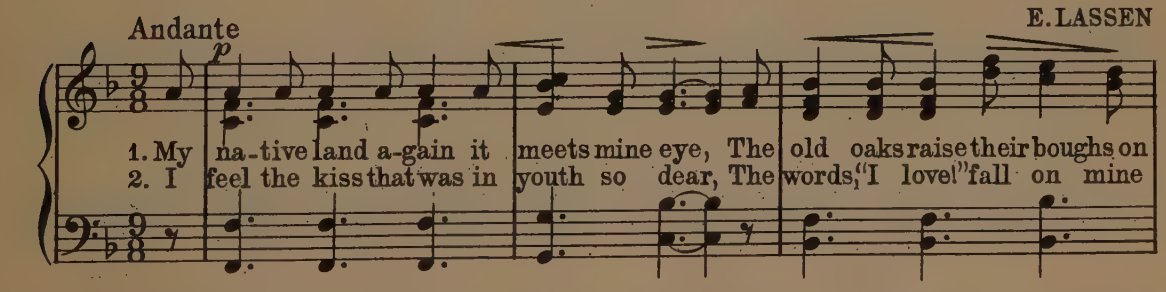

faint its blush is seen
flects a gold-en light
lost on eve-ning's breast
On the bright and laugh-ing sky.
On the dis-tant moun-tain stream.
As its pen-sive beau-ties die.

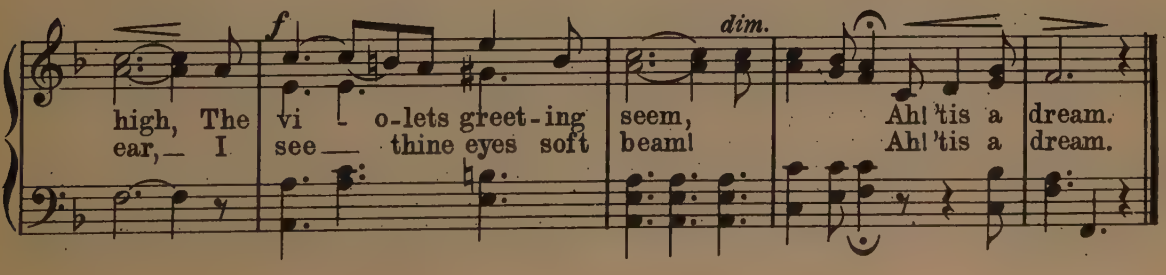

mf
Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro-found,
When be-neath some grate-ful shade, Sor-rows ach-ing head is laid,
Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce-les-tial song,


While we list en-chant-ed there To the mu-sic in the air.
Sweet-ly to the Spir-it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.
An-gel voi-ces greet us there In the mu-sic in the air.

## Ah! 'Tis a Dream

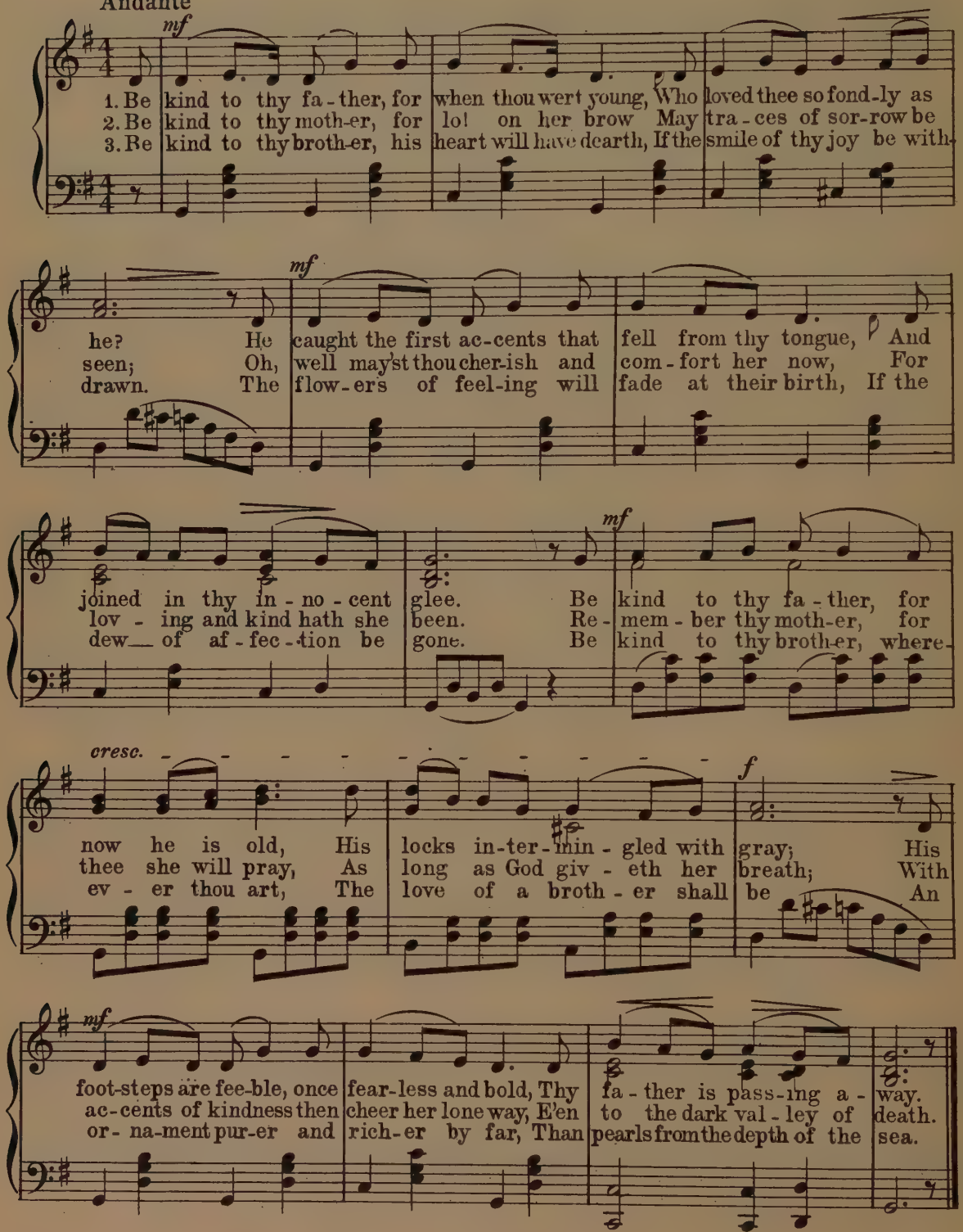
E. LASSEN


Andante
p
1. My na-tive land a-gain it meets mine eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on
2. I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear, The words, "I love!" fall on mine

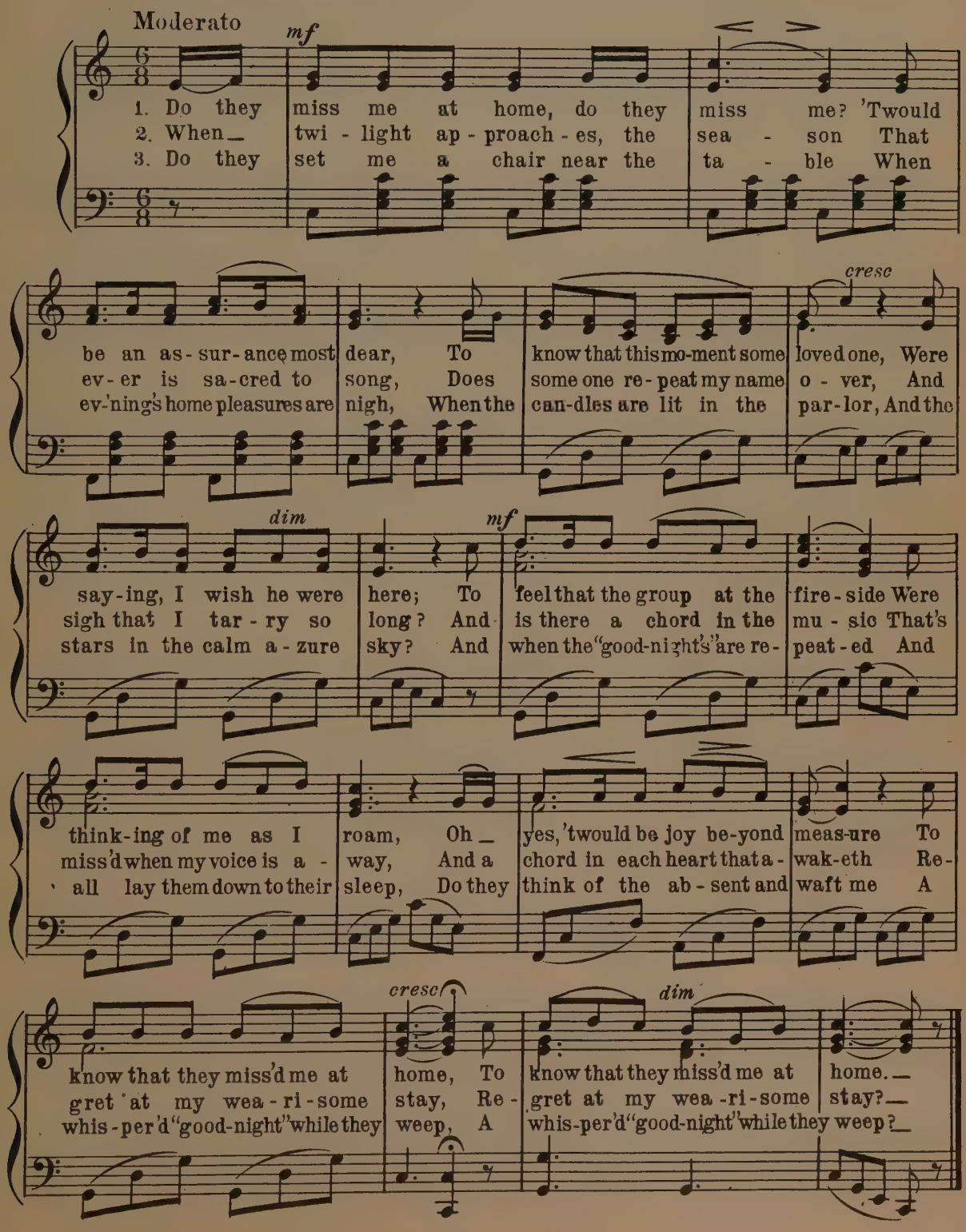


# Be Kind To The Loved Ones At Home

I. B. WOODBURY

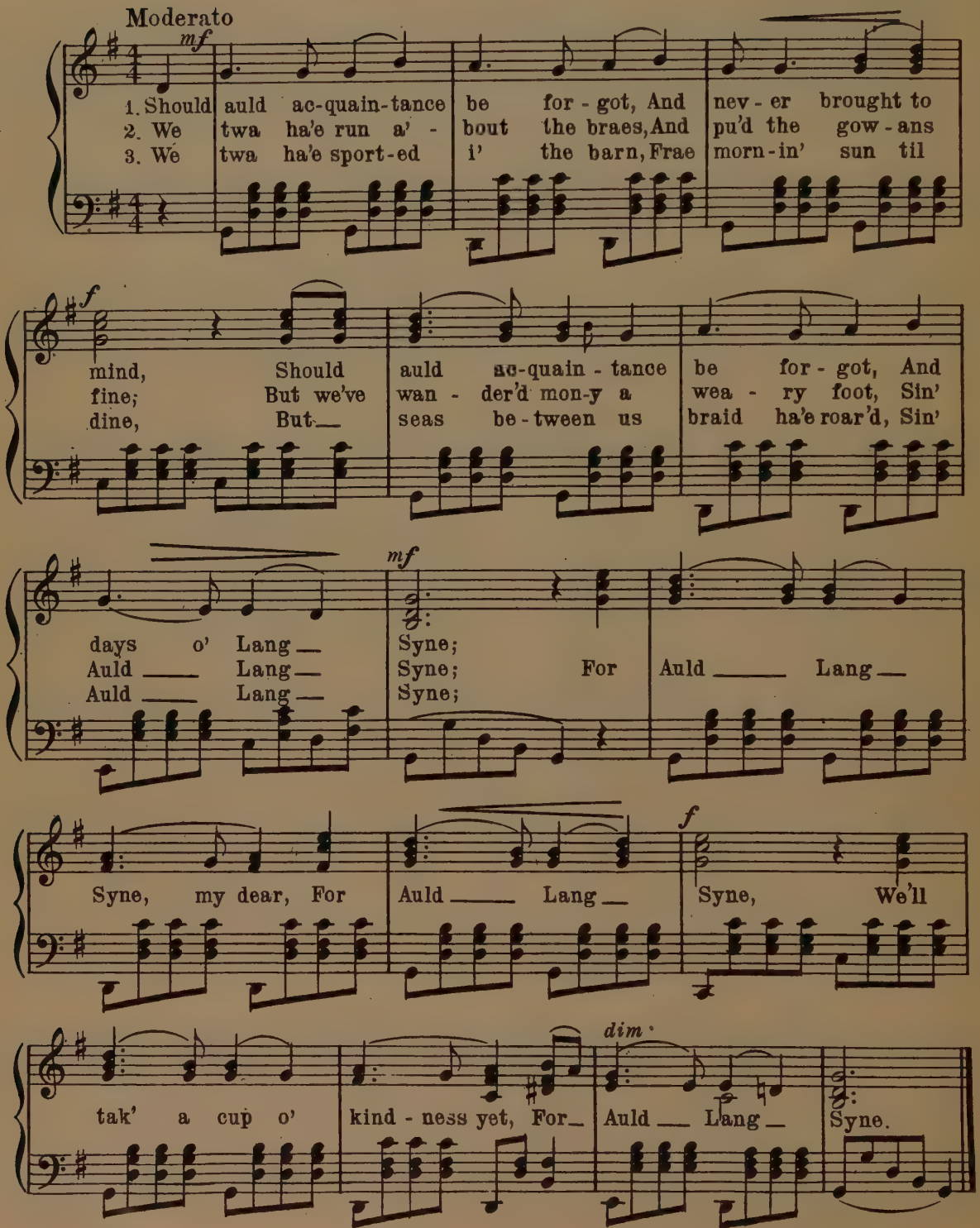

Andante
mf
1. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond-ly as he? He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And
2. Be kind to thy moth-er, for lo! on her brow May tra-ces of sor-row be seen; Oh, well may'st thou cher-ish and com-fort her now, For
3. Be kind to thy broth-er, his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be with drawn. The flow-ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth, If the
mf
joined in thy in-no-cent glee. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for
lov-ing and kind hath she been. Re-mem-ber thy moth-er, for
dew of af-fec-tion be gone. Be kind to thy broth-er, where-
cresc.
f
now he is old, His locks in-ter-min-gled with gray; His
thee she will pray, As long as God giv-eth her breath; With
ev-er thou art, The love of a broth-er shall be An
mf
foot-steps are fee-ble, once fear-less and bold, Thy fa-ther is pass-ing a-way.
ac-cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.
or-na-ment pur-er and rich-er by far, Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

# Do They Miss Me At Home?


Moderato
mf
1. Do they miss me at home, do they miss me? 'Twould
2. When twi - light ap - proach - es, the sea - son That
3. Do they set me a chair near the ta - ble When
be an as - sur - ance most dear, To know that this mo-ment some loved one, Were
ev - er is sa-cred to song, Does some one re - peat my name o - ver, And
ev-'ning's home pleasures are nigh, When the can-dles are lit in the par-lor, And the
cresc
say-ing, I wish he were here; To feel that the group at the fire - side Were
sigh that I tar - ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu - sic That's
stars in the calm a - zure sky? And when the "good-night's" are re - peat - ed And
dim
mf
think-ing of me as I roam, Oh yes, 'twould be joy be-yond meas-ure To
miss'd when my voice is a - way, And a chord in each heart that a - wak-eth Re-
all lay them down to their sleep, Do they think of the ab - sent and waft me A
know that they miss'd me at home, To know that they miss'd me at home.
gret at my wea - ri - some stay, Re - gret at my wea - ri - some stay?
whis - per'd "good-night" while they weep, A whis-per'd "good-night" while they weep?
cresc
dim

# Auld Lang Syne

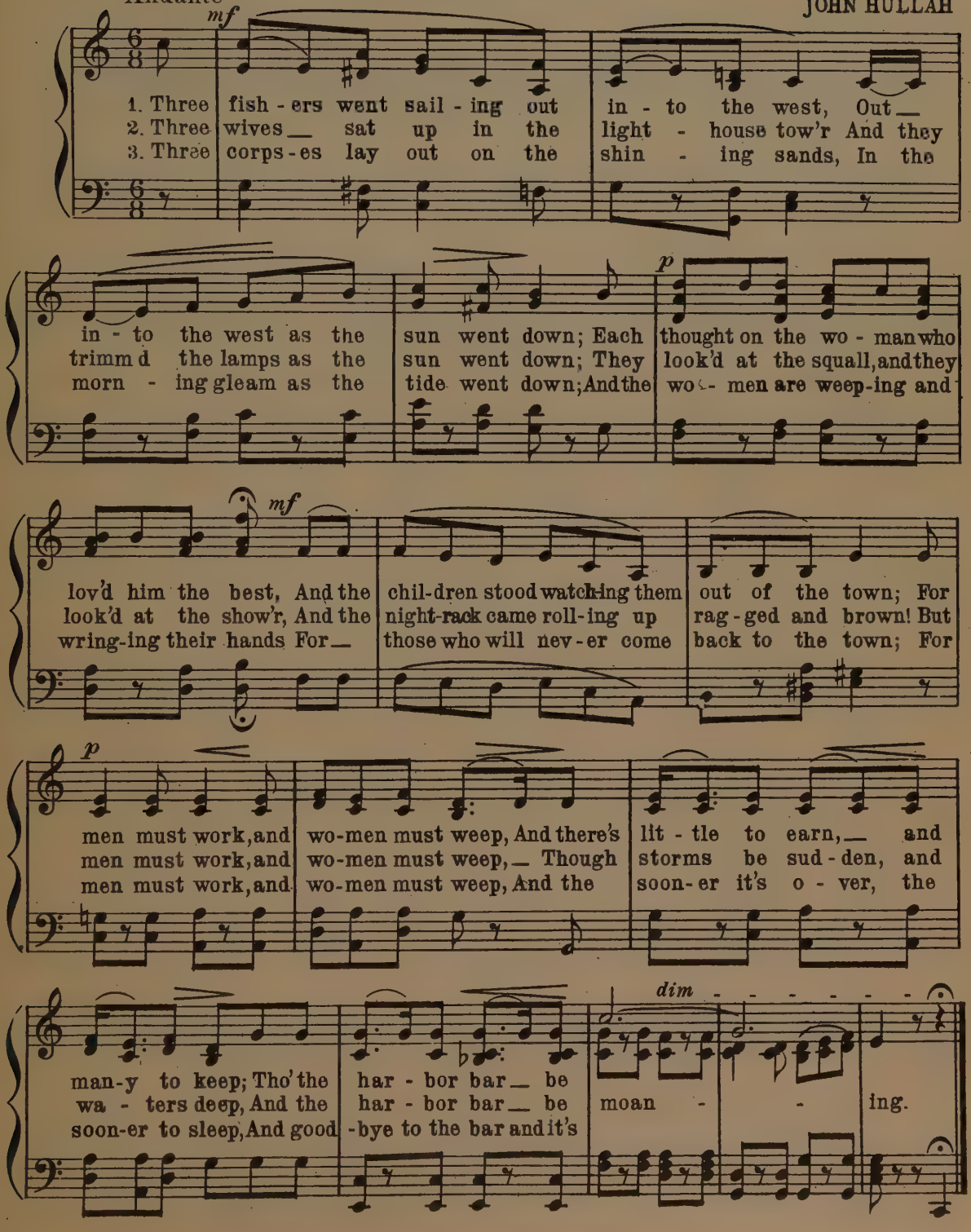
ROBERT BURNS


Moderato
mf
1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
2. We twa ha'e run a' - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the barn, Frae morn-in' sun til
f
mind, Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And
fine; But we've wan-der'd mon-y a wea-ry foot, Sin'
dine, But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roar'd, Sin'
mf
days o' Lang
Auld Lang
Auld Lang
Syne;
Syne; For Auld Lang
Syne, my dear, For Auld Lang
f
Syne, We'll
dim.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For Auld Lang
Syne.

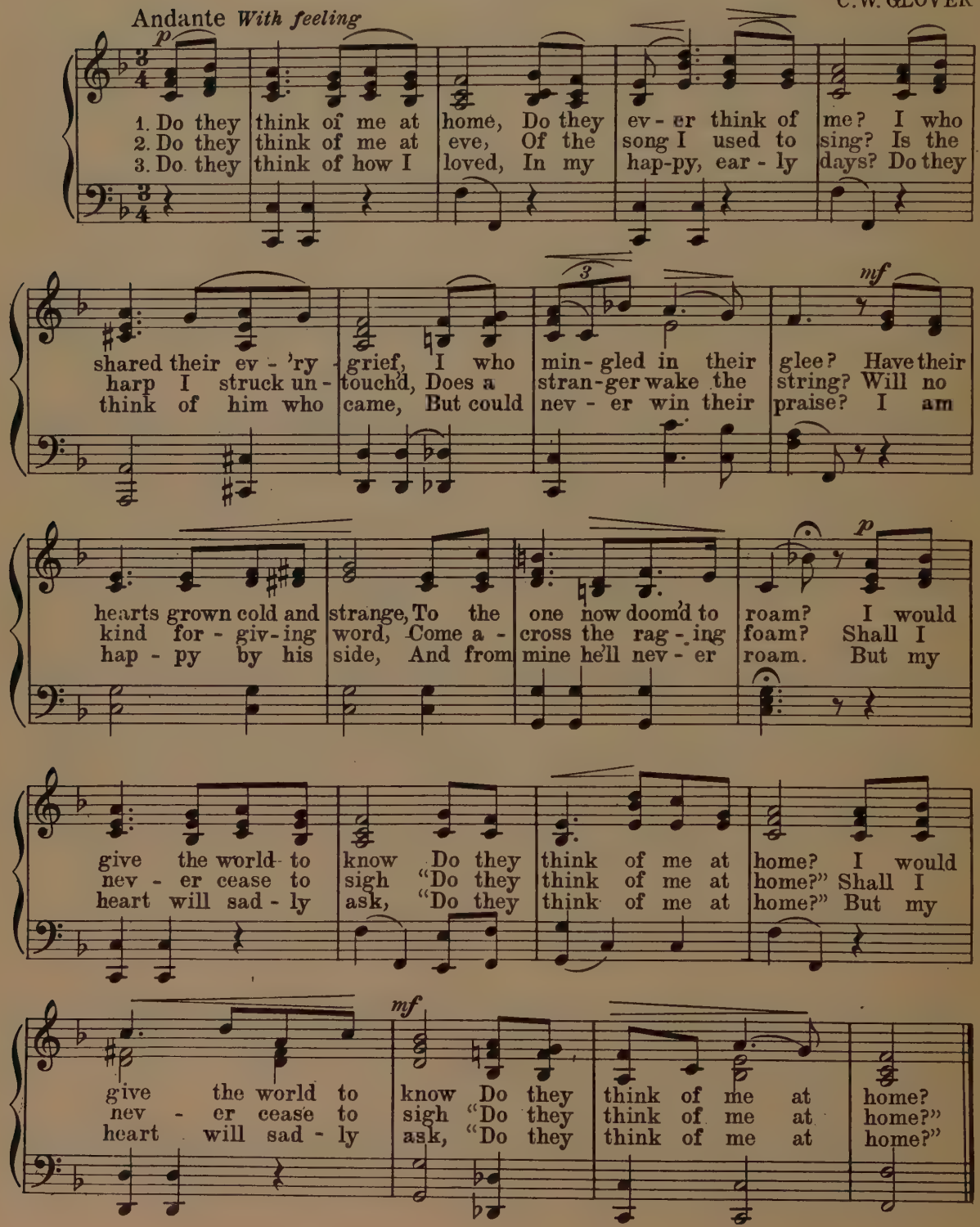
# Three Fishers

Andante

JOHN HULLAH

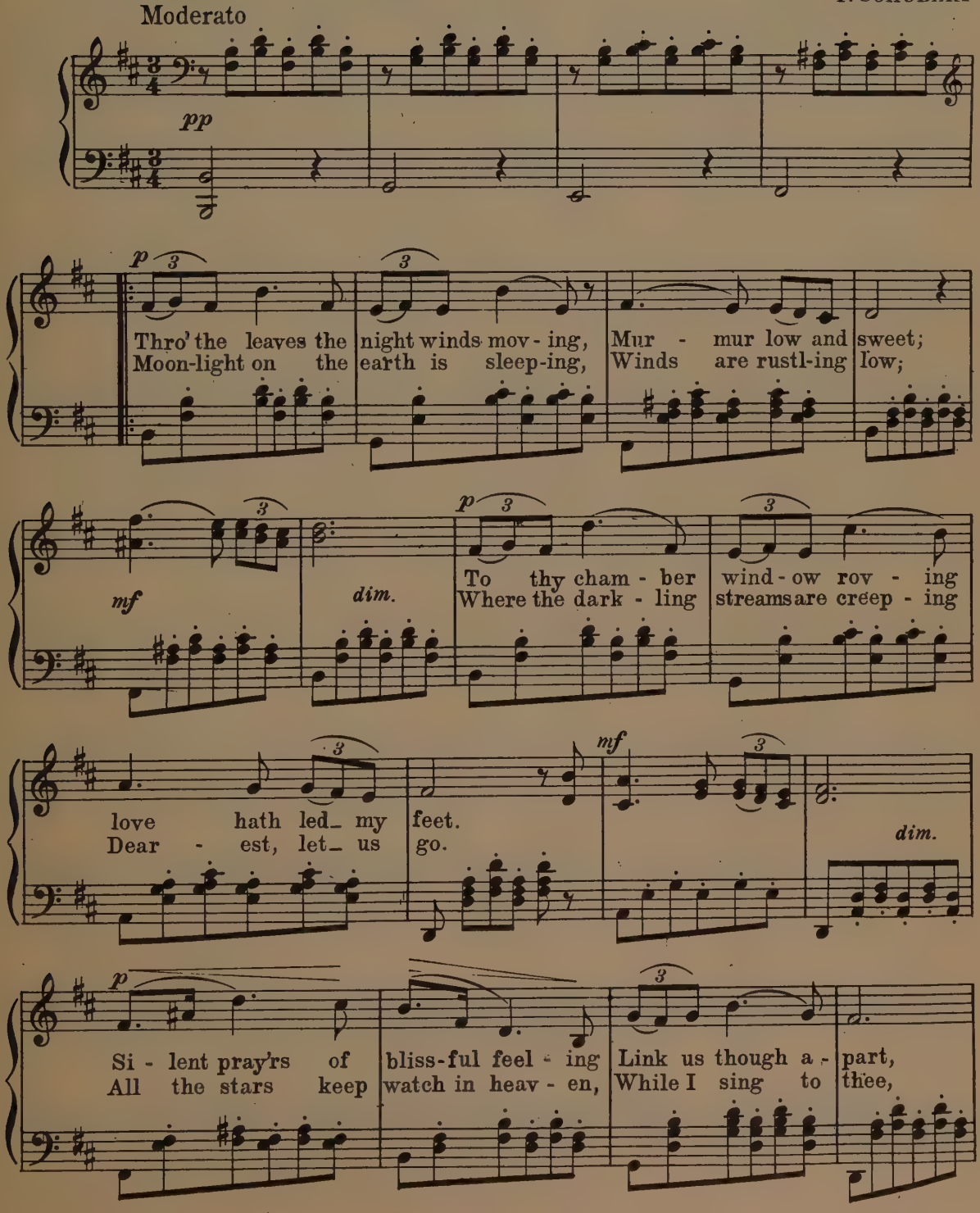

mf
1. Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out —
2. Three wives — sat up in the light - house tow'r And they
3. Three corps - es lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the
in - to the west as the sun went down; Each thought on the wo - man who
trimm d the lamps as the sun went down; They look'd at the squall, and they
morn - ing gleam as the tide went down; And the wo - men are weep-ing and
p
mf
lov'd him the best, And the chil-dren stood watching them out of the town; For
look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll-ing up rag - ged and brown! But
wring-ing their hands For — those who will nev - er come back to the town; For
p
men must work, and wo-men must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn, — and
men must work, and wo-men must weep, — Though storms be sud - den, and
men must work, and wo-men must weep, And the soon-er it's o - ver, the
dim
man-y to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar — be
wa - ters deep, And the har - bor bar — be moan - - - ing.
soon-er to sleep, And good - bye to the bar and it's

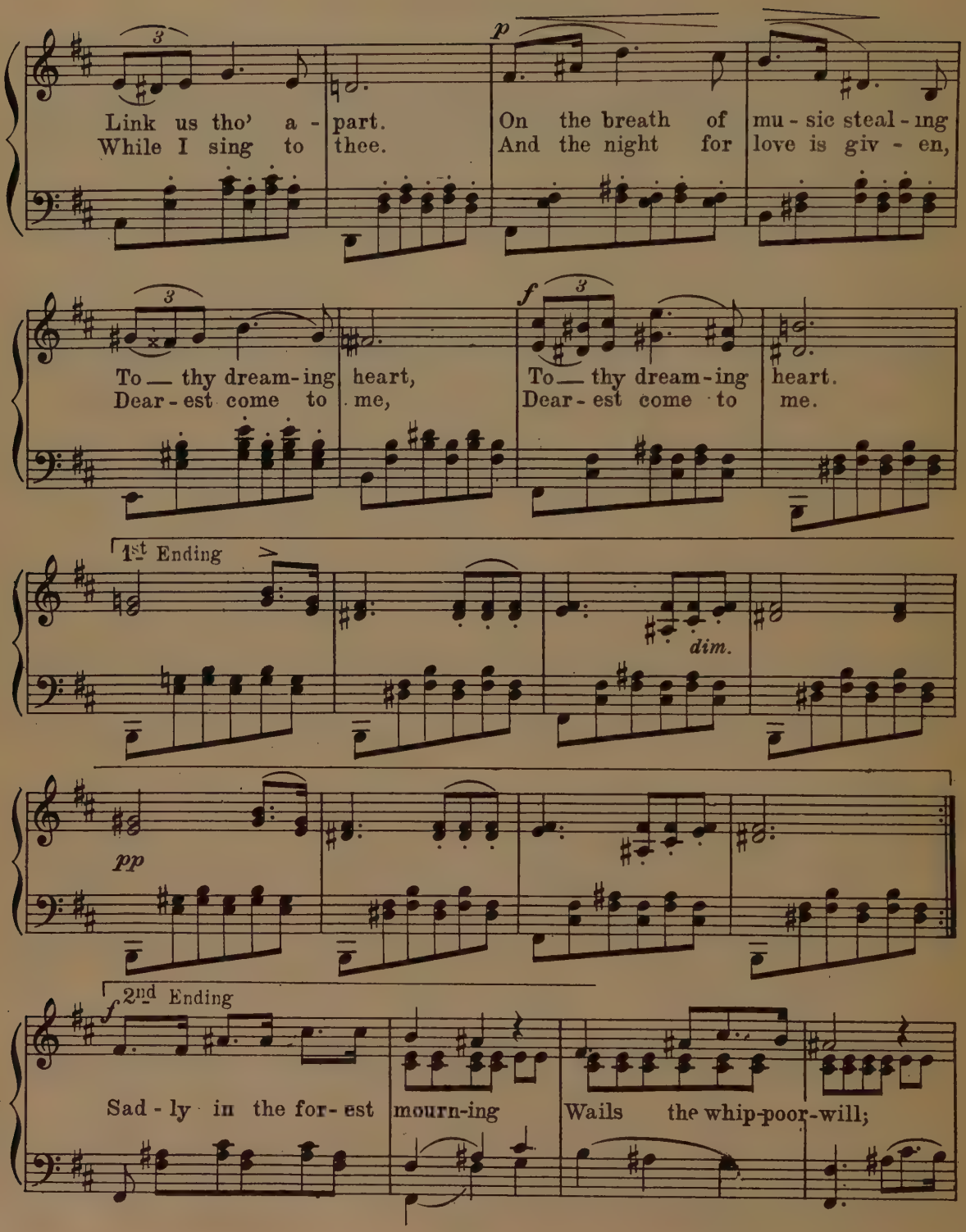
# Do They Think Of Me At Home?

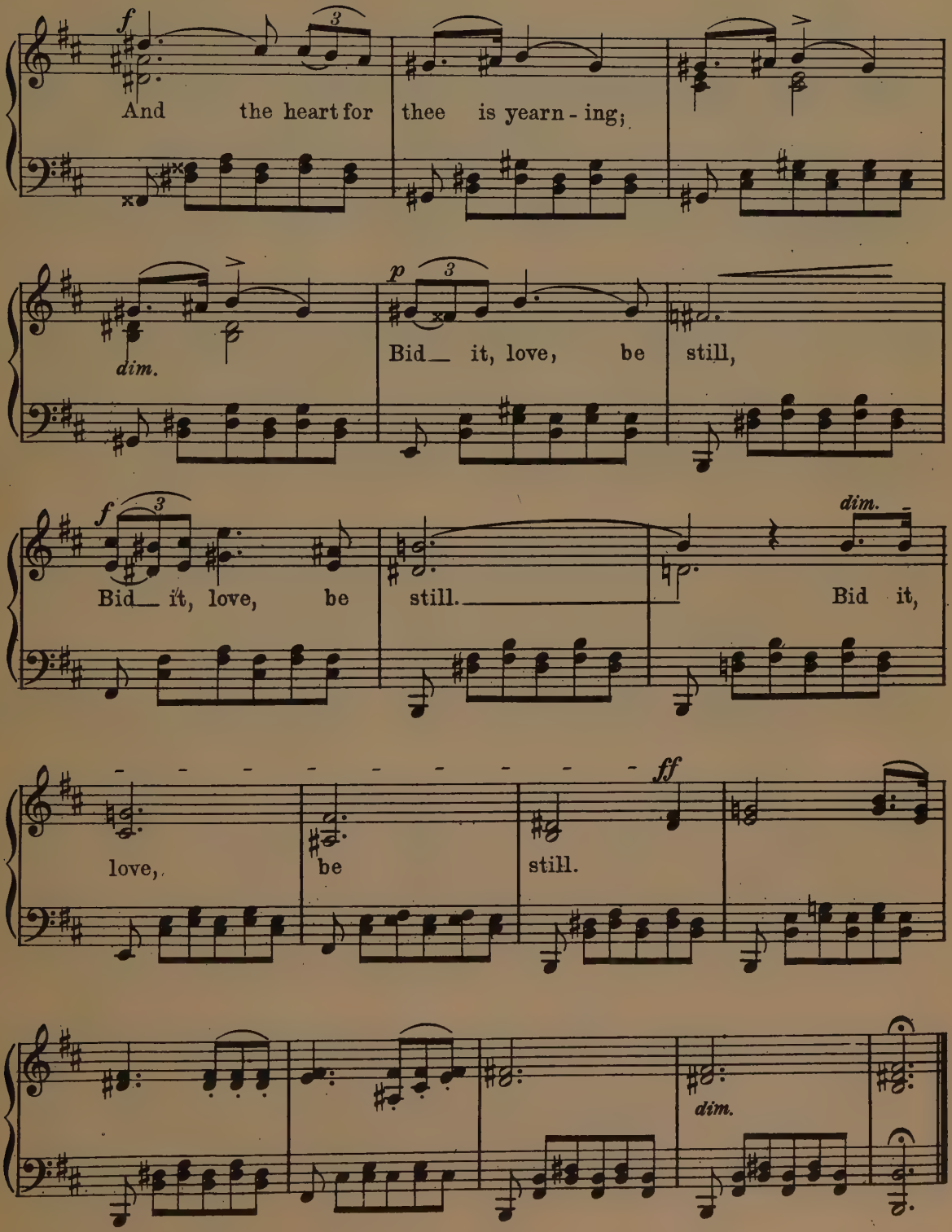
C.W. GLOVER

Andante With feeling
p
1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the song I used to sing? Is the
3. Do they think of how I loved, In my hap-py, ear - ly days? Do they
shared their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their glee? Have their
harp I struck un - touch'd, Does a stran - ger wake the string? Will no
think of him who came, But could nev - er win their praise? I am
3
mf
hearts grown cold and strange, To the one now doom'd to roam? I would
kind for - giv - ing word, Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I
hap - py by his side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam. But my
p
give the world to know Do they think of me at home? I would
nev - er cease to sigh "Do they think of me at home?" Shall I
heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?" But my
mf
give the world to know Do they think of me at home?
nev - er cease to sigh "Do they think of me at home?"
heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

# Serenade

F. SCHUBERT

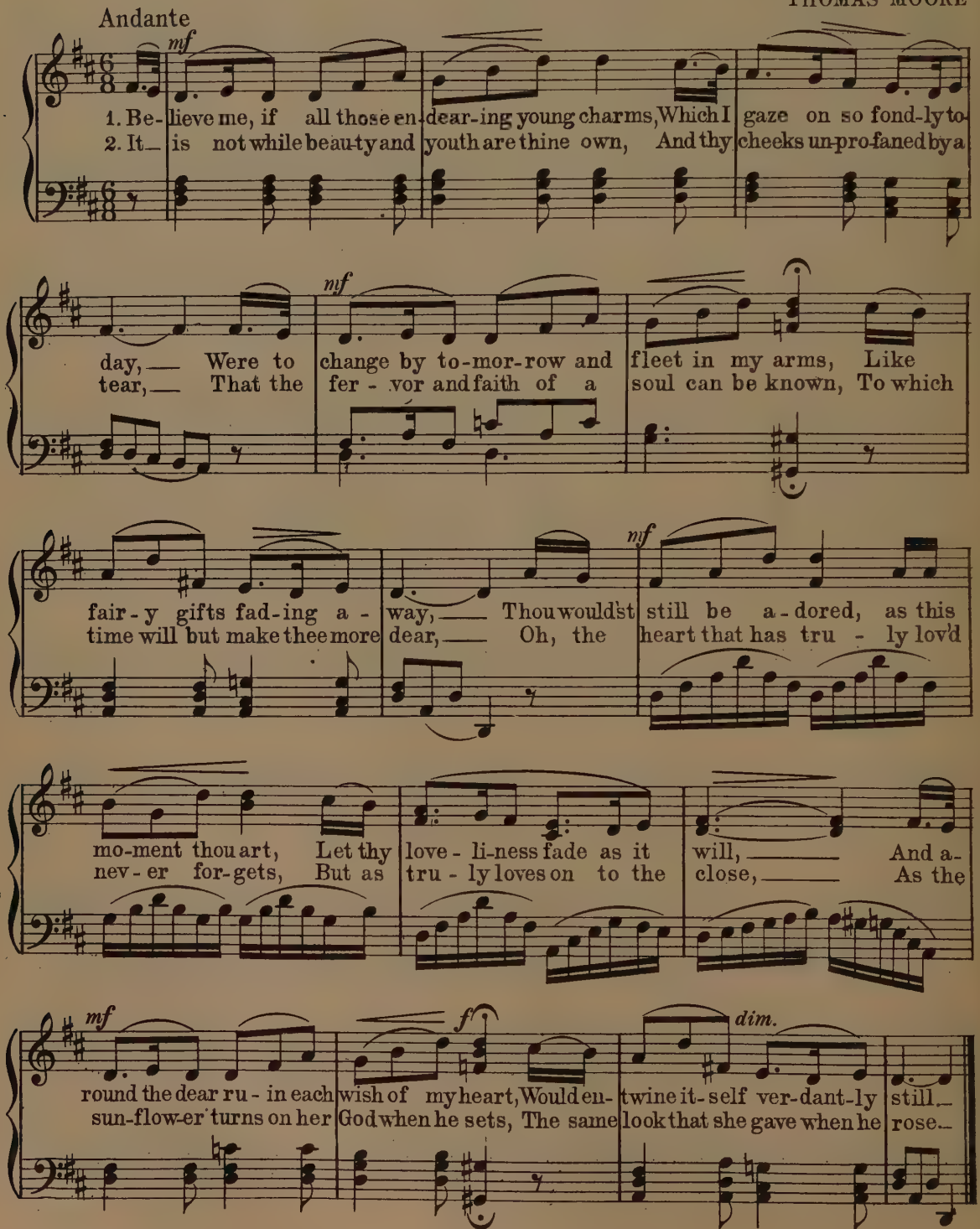

Moderato
pp
p
Thro' the leaves the night winds mov - ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;
Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rustl-ing low;
mf
dim.
To thy cham - ber wind - ow rov - ing
Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing
love hath led_ my feet.
Dear - est, let_ us go.
mf
dim.
p
Si - lent pray'rs of bliss-ful feel - ing Link us though a - part,
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to thee,


Link us tho' a - part.
While I sing to thee.
On the breath of mu - sic steal - ing
And the night for love is giv - en,
To — thy dream-ing heart,
Dear - est come to me,
To — thy dream-ing heart.
Dear - est come to me.
1st Ending
dim.
pp
2nd Ending
Sad - ly in the for - est mourn-ing
Wails the whip-poor-will;


f
And the heart for thee is yearn - ing;
dim.
p
Bid_ it, love, be still,
f
Bid_ it, love, be still.
dim.
Bid it,
ff
love, be still.
dim.

# Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

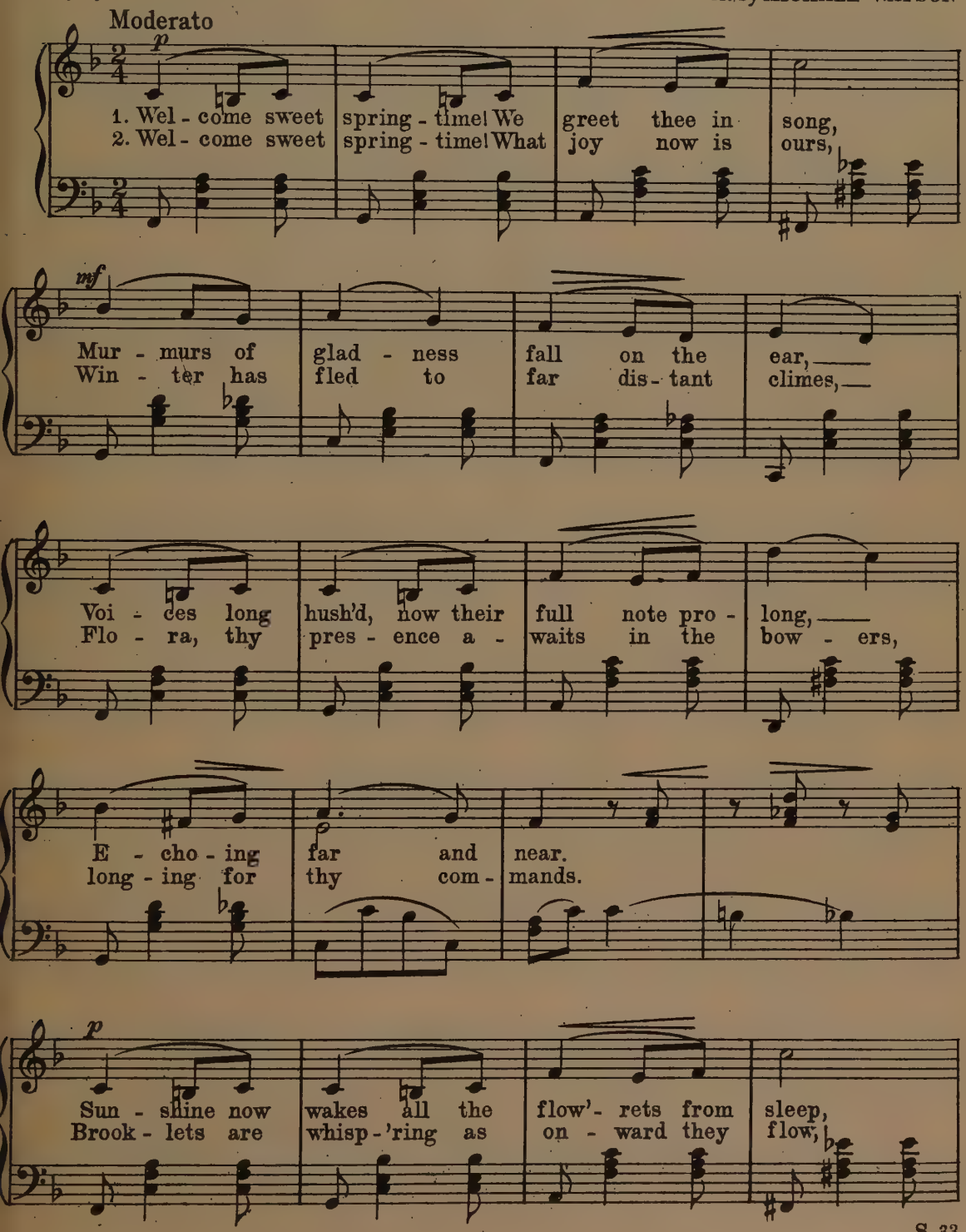
THOMAS MOORE

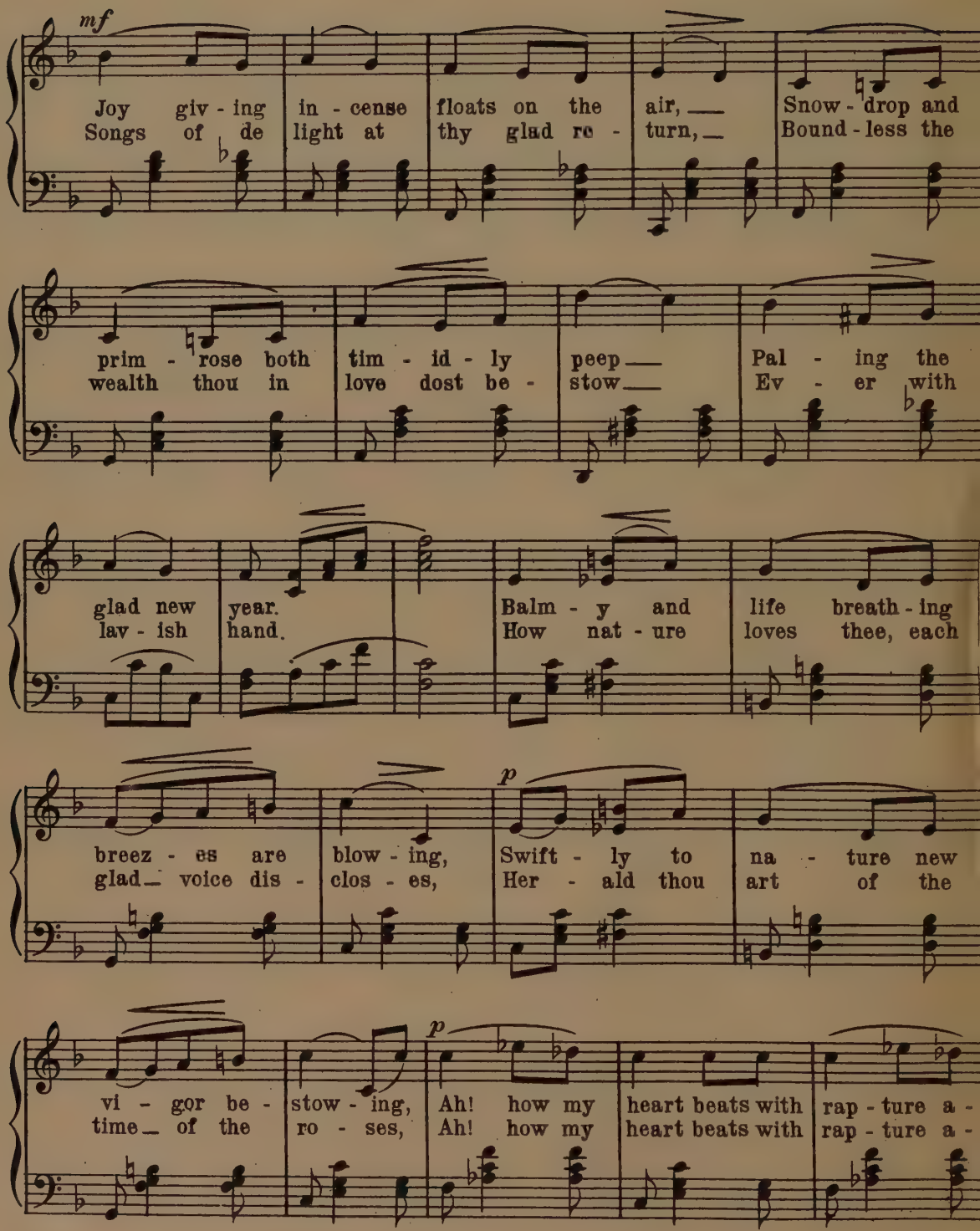

Andante
mf
1. Be- lieve me, if all those en- dear- ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond- ly to-
2. It_ is not while beau- ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un- pro- faned by a
day,_ Were to change by to- mor- row and fleet in my arms, Like
tear,_ That the fer- vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which
fair- y gifts fad- ing a- way,_ Thou would'st still be a- dored, as this
time will but make thee more dear,_ Oh, the heart that has tru- ly lov'd
mo- ment thou art, Let thy love- li- ness fade as it will,_ And a-
nev- er for- gets, But as tru- ly loves on to the close,_ As the
mf
round the dear ru- in each wish of my heart, Would en- twine it- self ver- dant- ly still_
sun- flow- er turns on her God when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose_
f
dim.

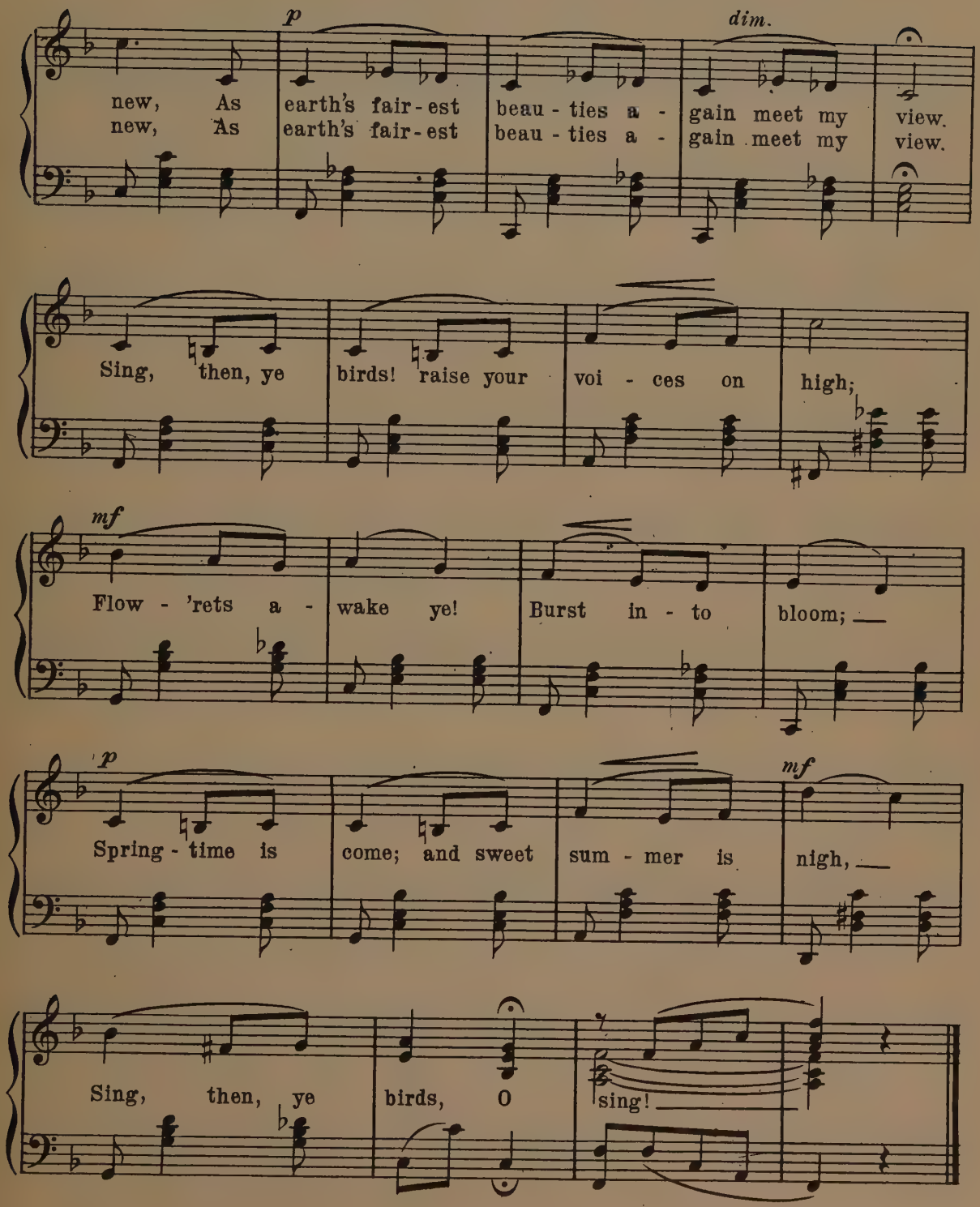
# Voices of the Woods

Melody by A. RUBINSTEIN

Arr. by MICHAEL WATSON

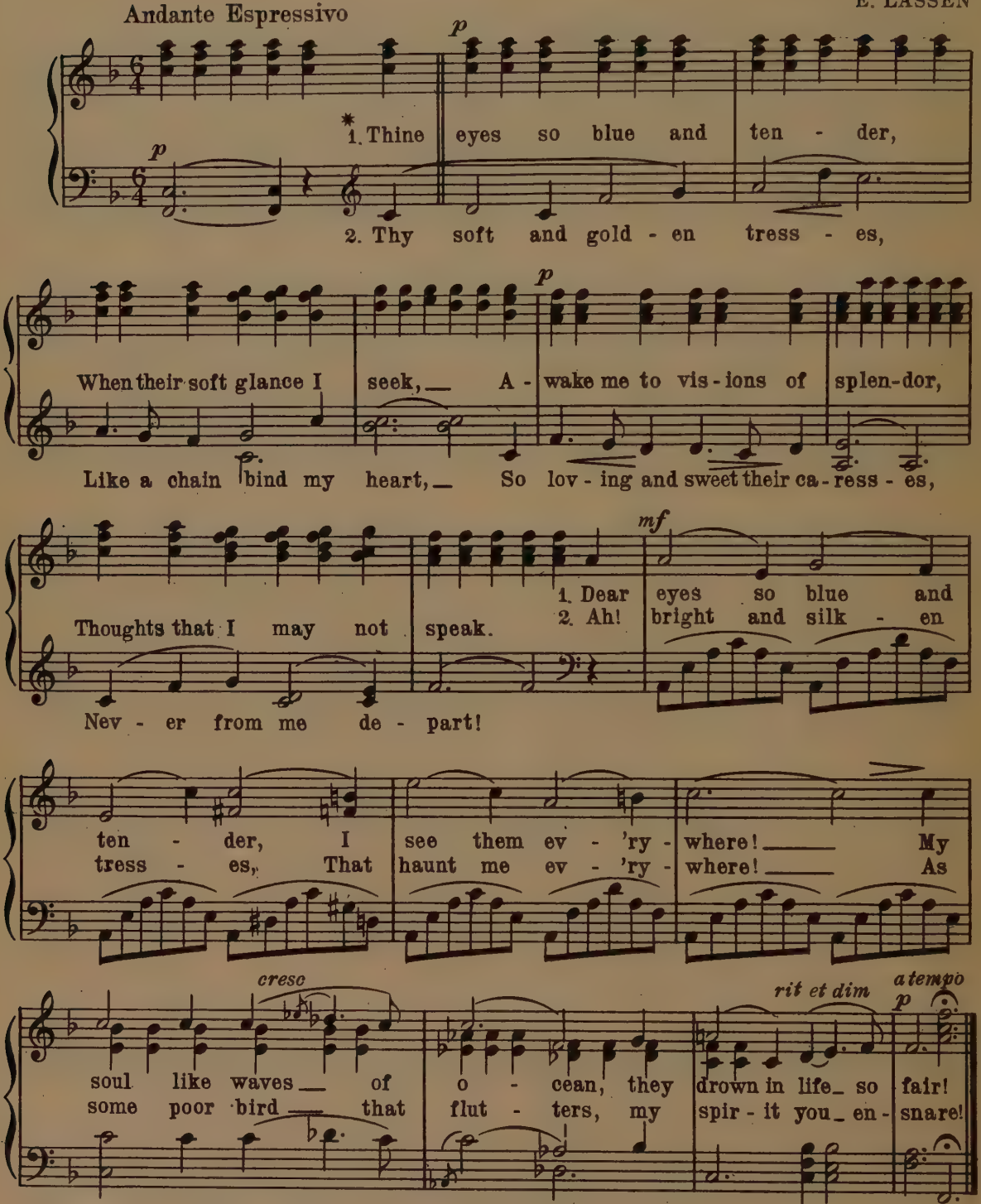

Moderato
p
1. Wel - come sweet spring - time! We greet thee in song,
2. Wel - come sweet spring - time! What joy now is ours,
mf
Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear,
Win - ter has fled to far dis - tant climes,
Voi - ces long hush'd, now their full note pro - long,
Flo - ra, thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow - ers,
E - cho - ing far and near.
long - ing for thy com - mands.
p
Sun - shine now wakes all the flow'- rets from sleep,
Brook - lets are whisp - 'ring as on - ward they flow,


mf
Joy giv - ing in - cense floats on the air, Snow - drop and
Songs of de light at thy glad re - turn, Bound - less the
prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep Pal - ing the
wealth thou in love dost be - stow Ev - er with
glad new year. Balm - y and life breath - ing
lav - ish hand. How nat - ure loves thee, each
p
breez - es are blow - ing, Swift - ly to na - ture new
glad voice dis - clos - es, Her - ald thou art of the
p
vi - gor be - stow - ing, Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a -
time of the ro - ses, Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a -


p
dim.
new, As earth's fair-est beau-ties a- gain meet my view.
new, As earth's fair-est beau-ties a- gain meet my view.
Sing, then, ye birds! raise your voi-ces on high;
mf
Flow-'rets a- wake ye! Burst in-to bloom;
p
mf
Spring-time is come; and sweet sum-mer is nigh,
Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

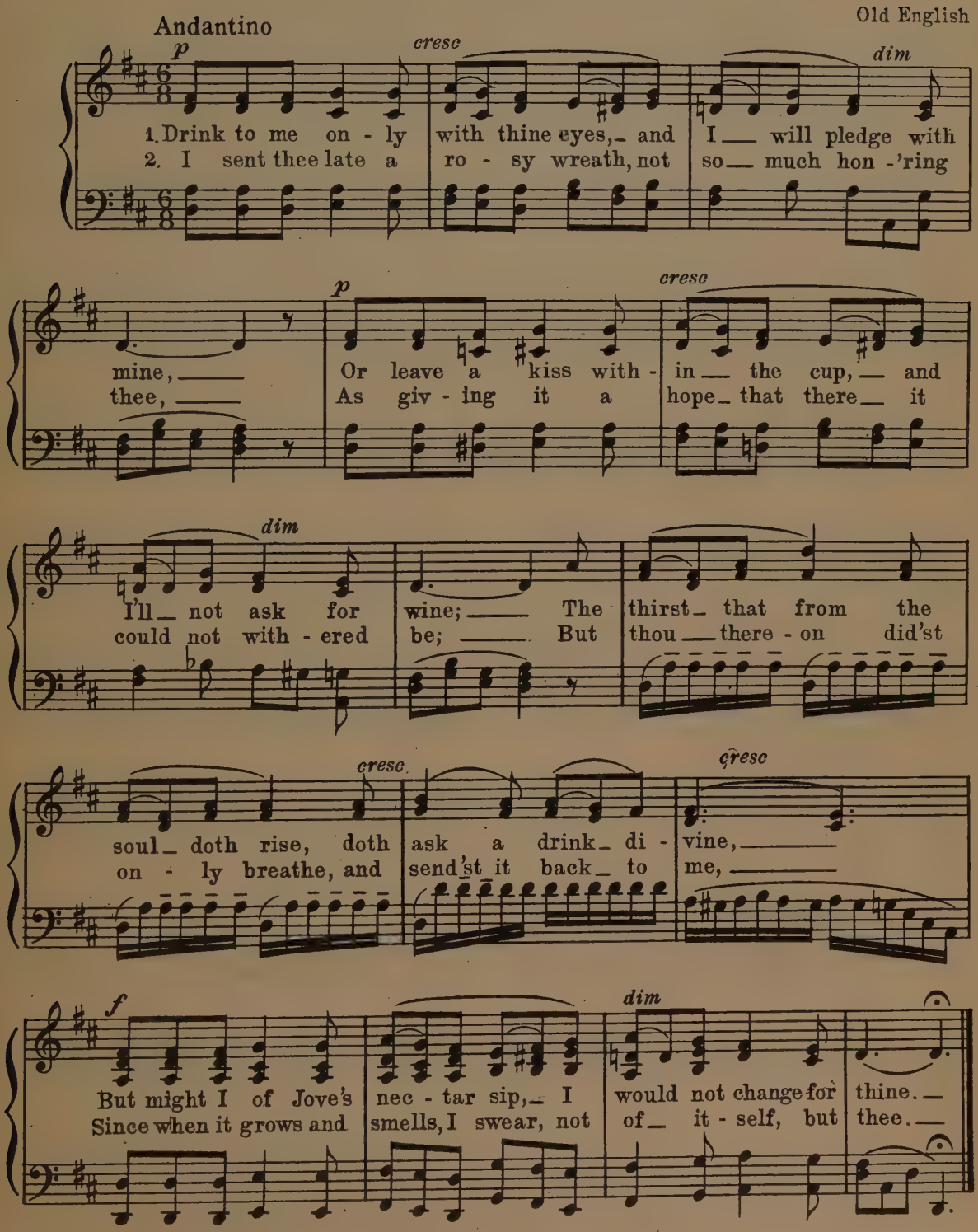
# Thine Eyes So Blue And Tender

E. LASSEN


Andante Espressivo
p
p
*1. Thine eyes so blue and ten - der,
2. Thy soft and gold - en tress - es,
When their soft glance I seek, A - wake me to vis - ions of splen-dor,
Like a chain bind my heart, So lov - ing and sweet their ca - ress - es,
mf
Thoughts that I may not speak.
1. Dear eyes so blue and
2. Ah! bright and silk - en
Nev - er from me de - part!
ten - der, I see them ev - 'ry - where! My
tress - es, That haunt me ev - 'ry - where! As
cresc
rit et dim
a tempo
p
soul like waves of o - cean, they drown in life so fair!
some poor bird that flut - ters, my spir - it you en - snare!

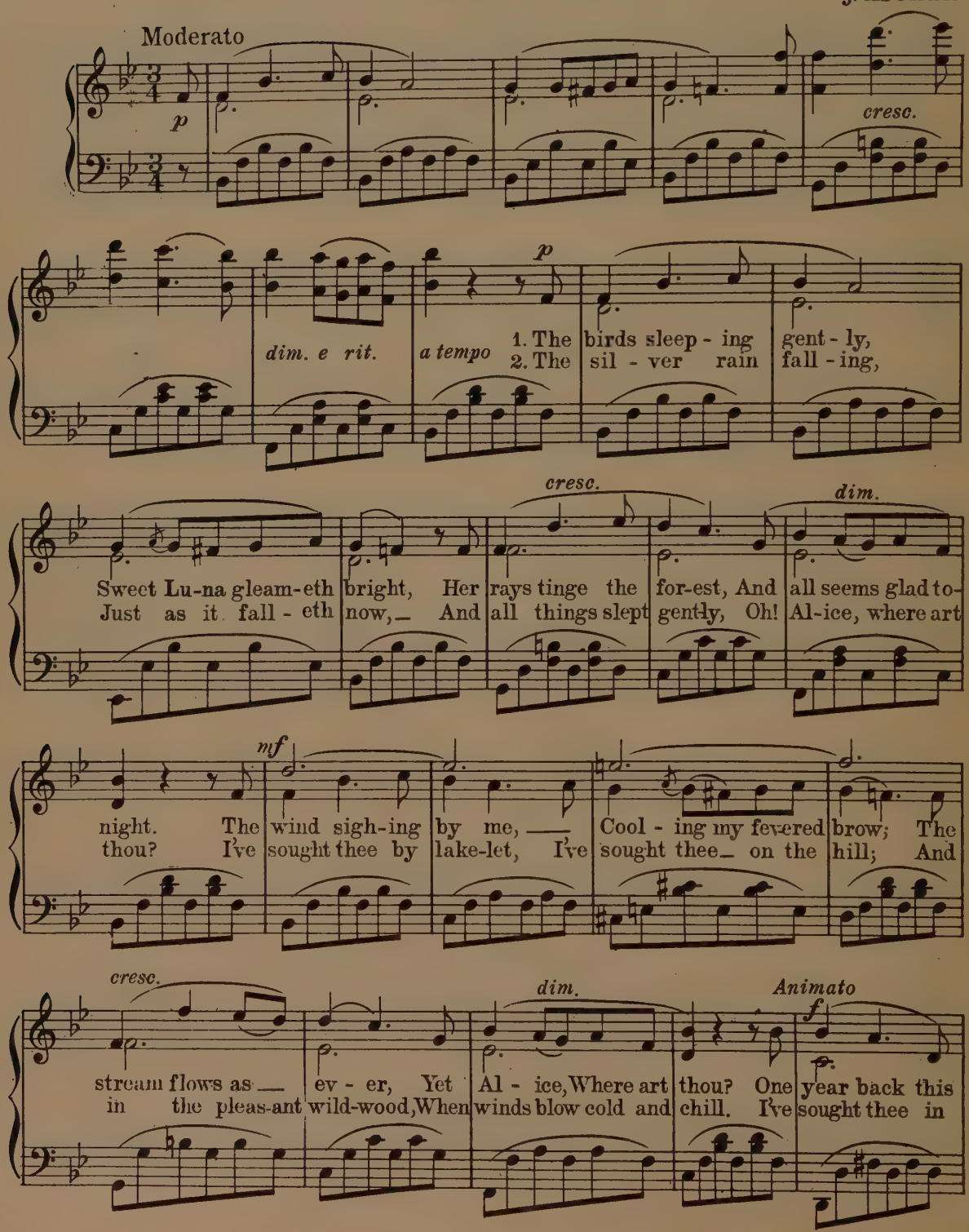
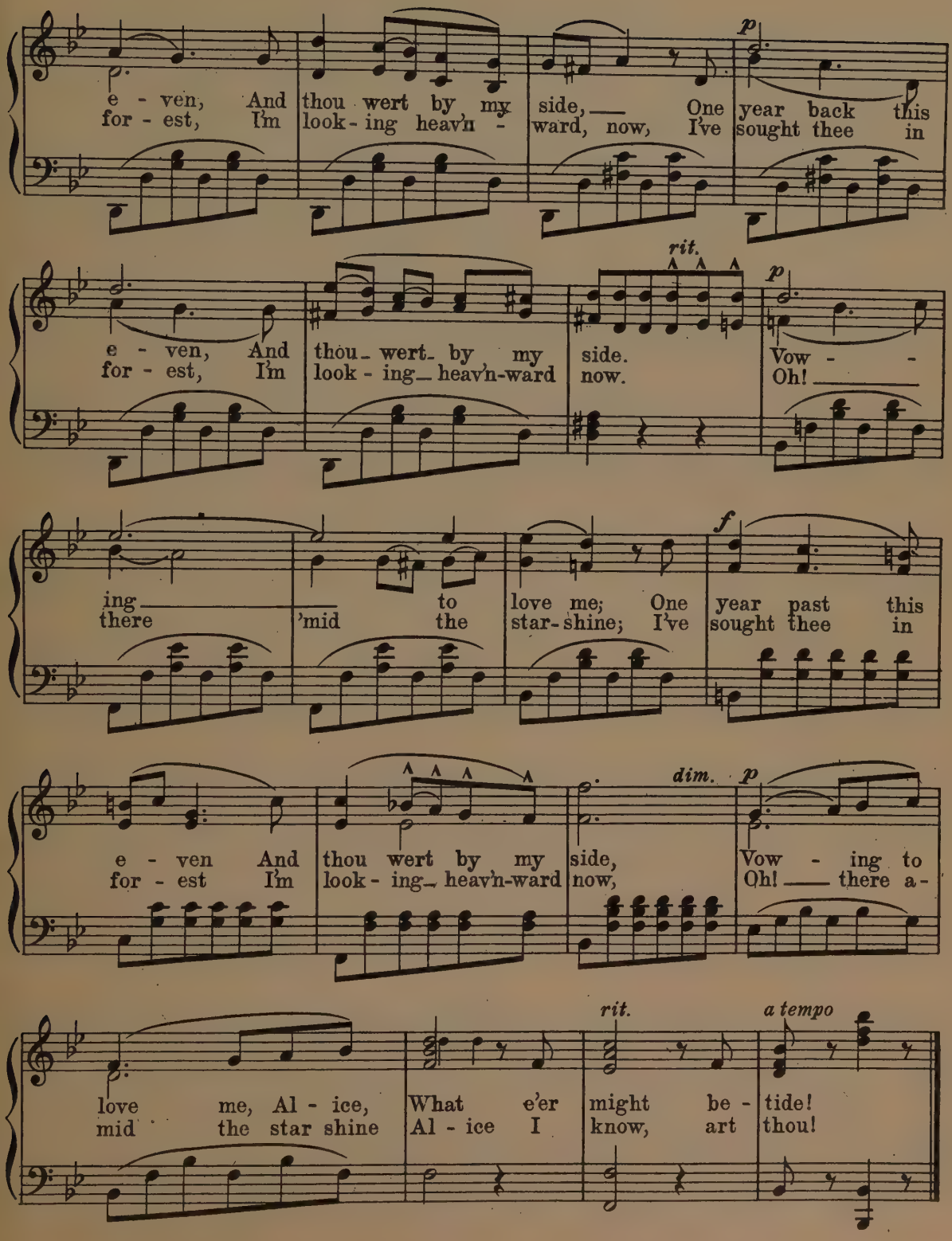
* The words are sung to the melody in the left hand of the piano arr.

# Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Old English

Andantino
p
cresc
dim
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon -'ring
mine,
thee,
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and
As giv - ing it a hope that there it
I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the
could not with - ered be; But thou there - on did'st
soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine,
on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me,
f
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee.

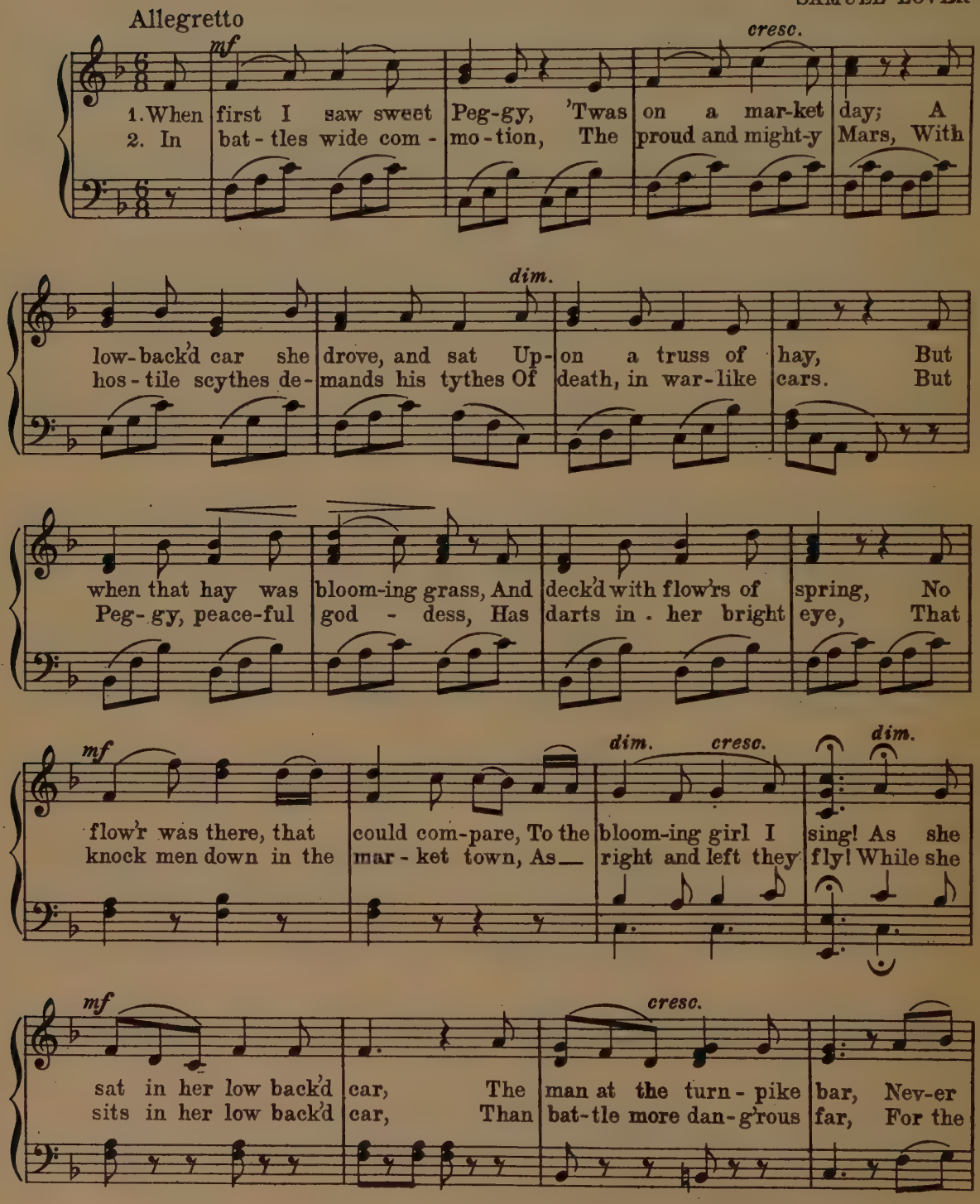
# "Alice, Where Art Thou?"

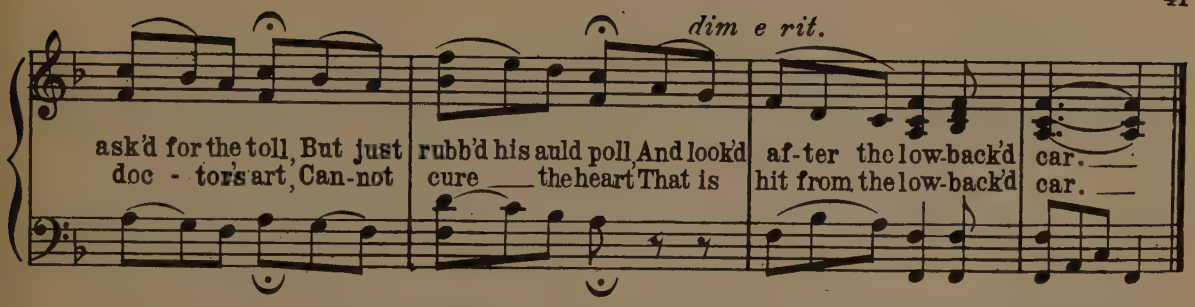
J. ASCHER


Moderato
p
cresc.
dim. e rit.
a tempo
p
1. The birds sleep - ing gent - ly,
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing,
cresc.
dim.
Sweet Lu-na gleam-eth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And all seems glad to-
Just as it fall - eth now, And all things slept gently, Oh! Al-ice, where art
mf
night. The wind sigh-ing by me, Cool - ing my fevered brow; The
thou? I've sought thee by lake-let, I've sought thee on the hill; And
cresc.
dim.
Animato
f
stream flows as ev - er, Yet Al - ice, Where art thou? One year back this
in the pleas-ant wild-wood, When winds blow cold and chill. I've sought thee in

p
e - ven, And thou wert by my side, One year back this
for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n - ward, now, I've sought thee in
rit.
p
e - ven, And thou wert by my side. Vow - -
for - est, I'm look - ing heav'n-ward now. Oh!
ing to love me; One year past this
there 'mid the star-shine; I've sought thee in
f
e - ven And thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to
for - est I'm look - ing heav'n-ward now, Oh! there a -
dim.
p
love me, Al - ice, What e'er might be - tide!
mid the star shine Al - ice I know, art thou!
rit.
a tempo

# The Low Back'd Car

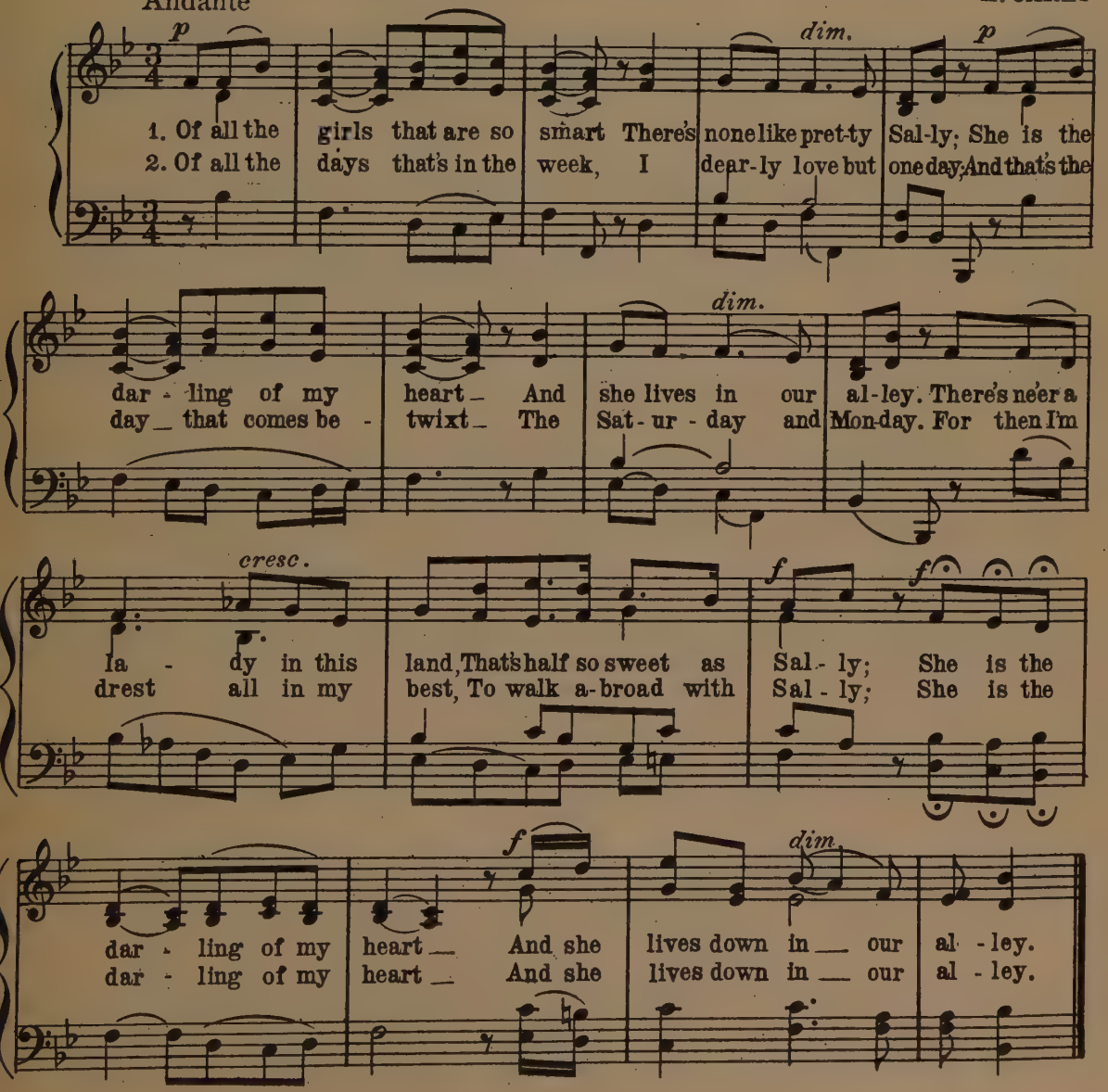
SAMUEL LOVER


Allegretto
mf
cresc.
1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day; A
2. In bat-tles wide com- mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With
dim.
low-back'd car she drove, and sat Up- on a truss of hay, But
hos-tile scythes de- mands his tythes Of death, in war-like cars. But
when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No
Peg-gy, peace-ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That
mf
dim.
cresc.
dim.
flow'r was there, that could com-pare, To the bloom-ing girl I sing! As she
knock men down in the mar-ket town, As right and left they fly! While she
mf
cresc.
sat in her low back'd car, The man at the turn-pike bar, Nev-er
sits in her low back'd car, Than bat-tle more dan-g'rous far, For the


dim e rit.
ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
doc - tor's art, Can-not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.

# Sally In Our Alley

Andante

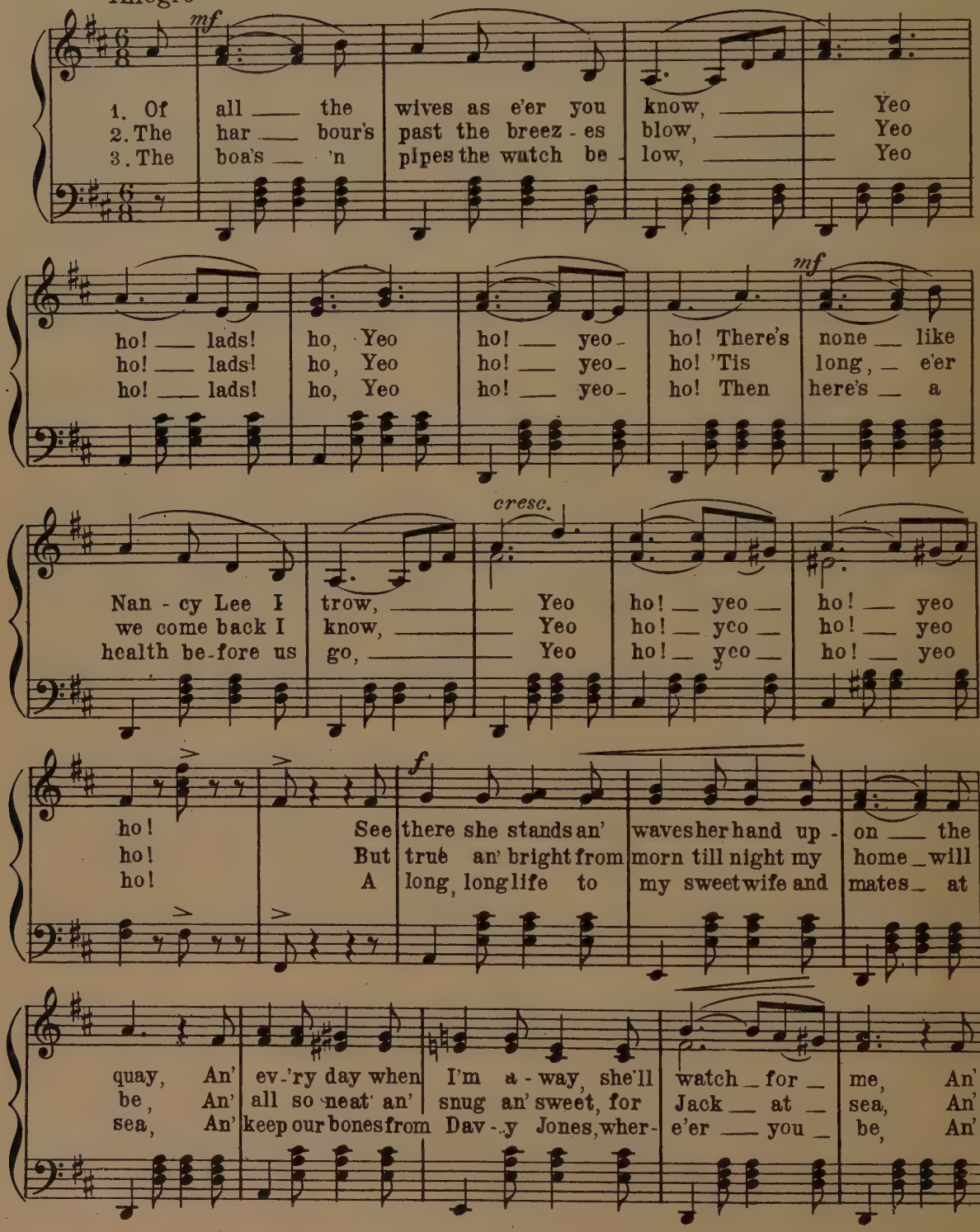
H. CAREY

p
dim.
p
1. Of all the girls that are so smart There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She is the
2. Of all the days that's in the week, I dear-ly love but one day; And that's the
dar - ling of my heart And she lives in our al-ley. There's ne'er a
day that comes be - twixt The Sat - ur - day and Mon-day. For then I'm
cresc.
f
f
la - dy in this land, That's half so sweet as Sal - ly; She is the
drest all in my best, To walk a-broad with Sal - ly; She is the
f
dim.
dar - ling of my heart And she lives down in our al - ley.
dar - ling of my heart And she lives down in our al - ley.

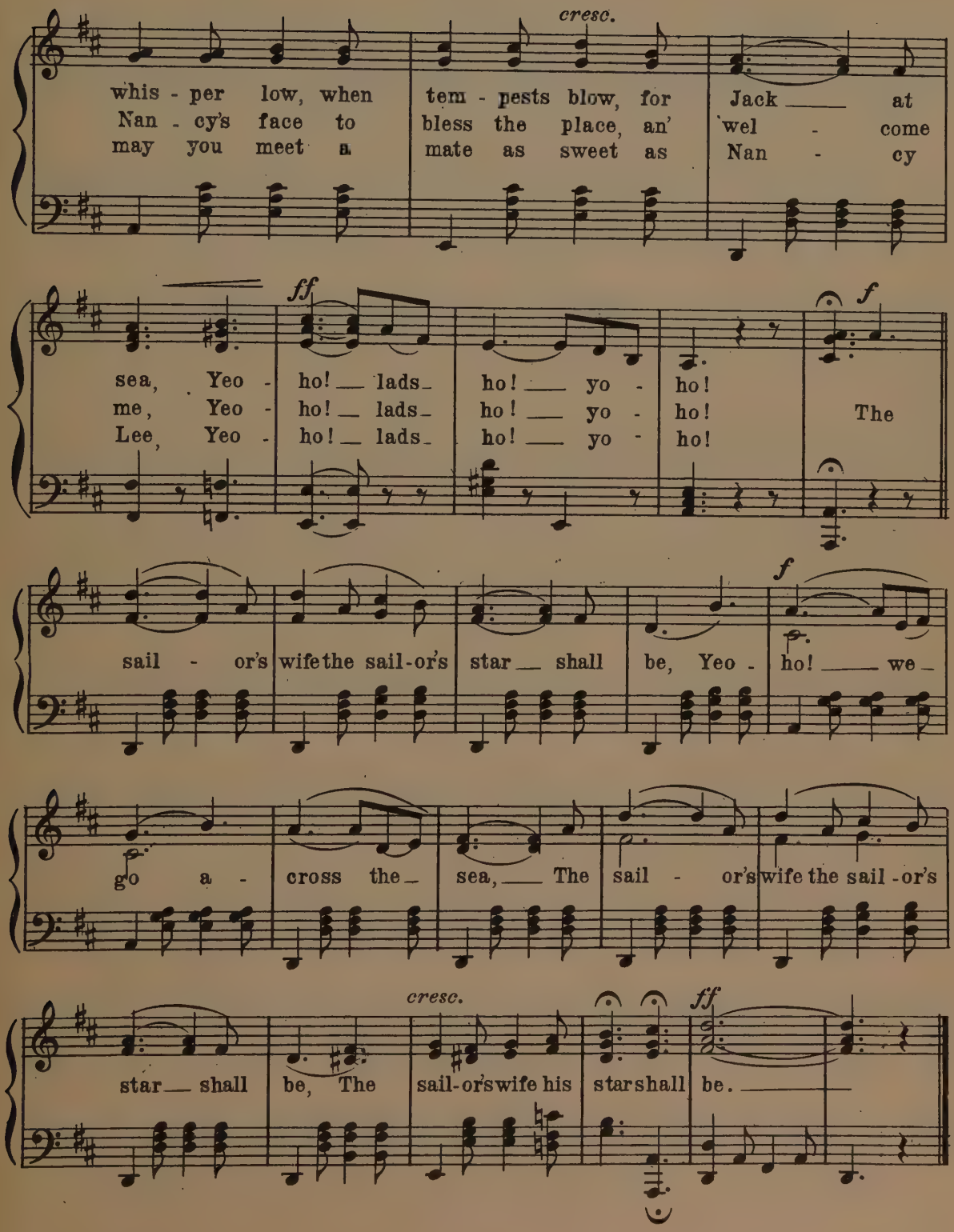
F. E. WEATHERLY

# Nancy Lee

STEPHEN ADAMS

Allegro


mf
1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo
2. The har bour's past the breez - es blow, Yeo
3. The boa's 'n pipes the watch be - low, Yeo
ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! There's none like
ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! 'Tis long, e'er
ho! lads! ho, Yeo ho! yeo- ho! Then here's a
mf
cresc.
Nan - cy Lee I trow, Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo
we come back I know, Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo
health be-fore us go, Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo
f
ho! See there she stands an' waves her hand up - on the
ho! But true an' bright from morn till night my home will
ho! A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at
quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a - way, she'll watch for me, An'
be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack at sea, An'
sea, An' keep our bones from Dav - y Jones, wher- e'er you be, An'

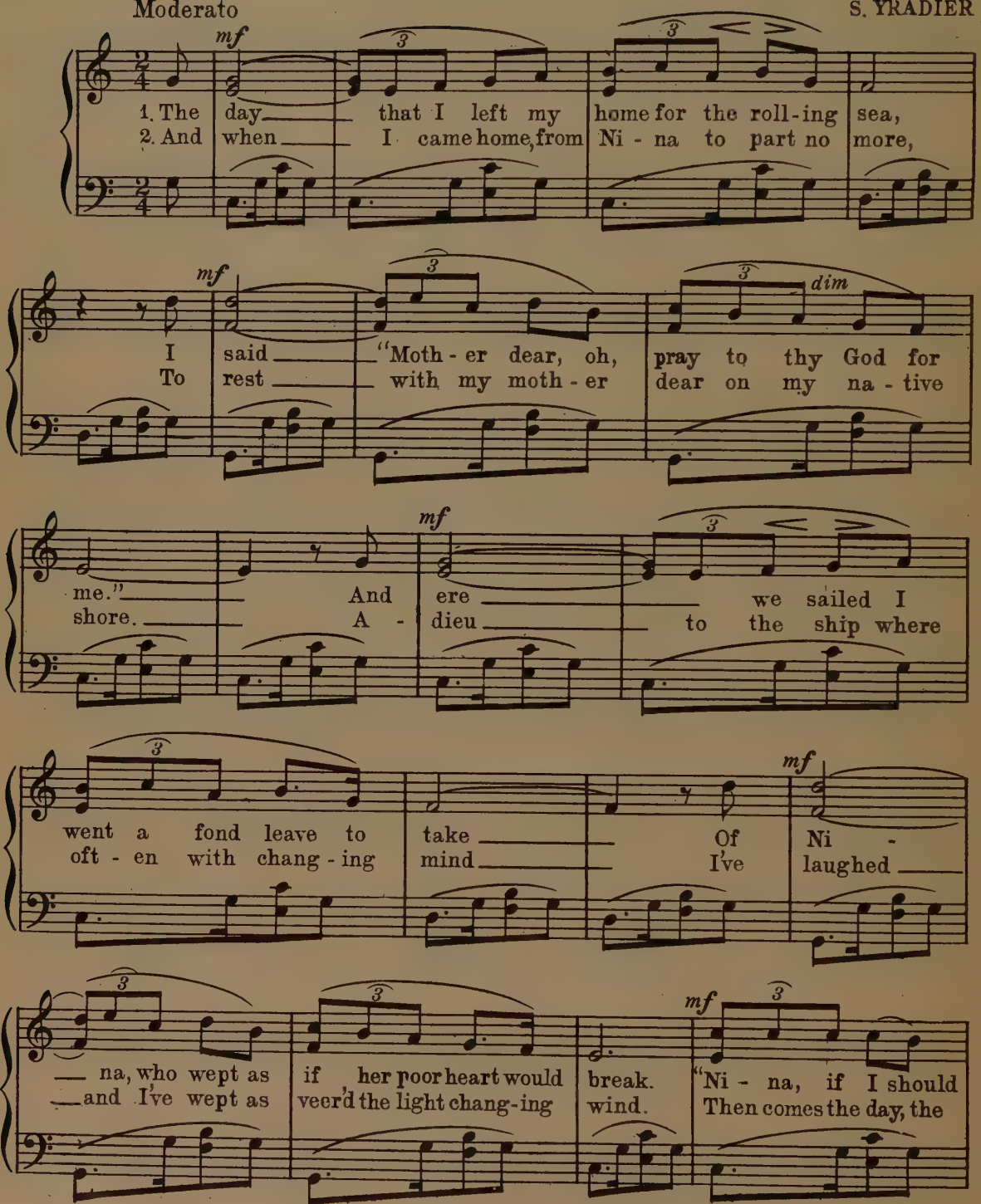

cresc.
whis - per low, when tem - pests blow, for Jack ___ at
Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come
may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy
ff
f
sea, Yeo - ho! ___ lads ho! ___ yo - ho!
me, Yeo - ho! ___ lads ho! ___ yo - ho!
Lee, Yeo - ho! ___ lads ho! ___ yo - ho!
The
f
sail - or's wife the sail-or's star ___ shall be, Yeo - ho! ___ we
go a - cross the sea, ___ The sail - or's wife the sail - or's
cresc.
ff
star ___ shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

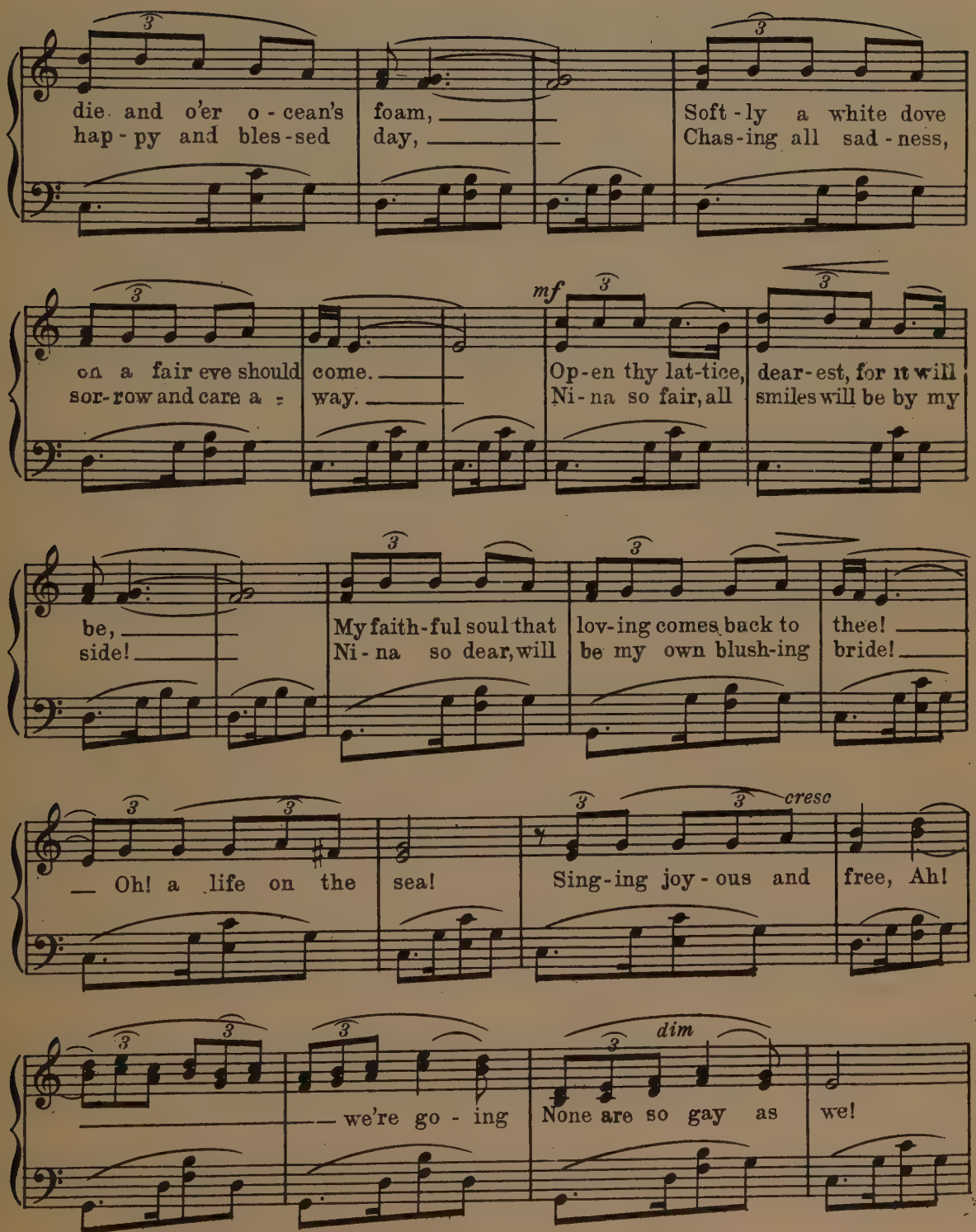
# La Paloma

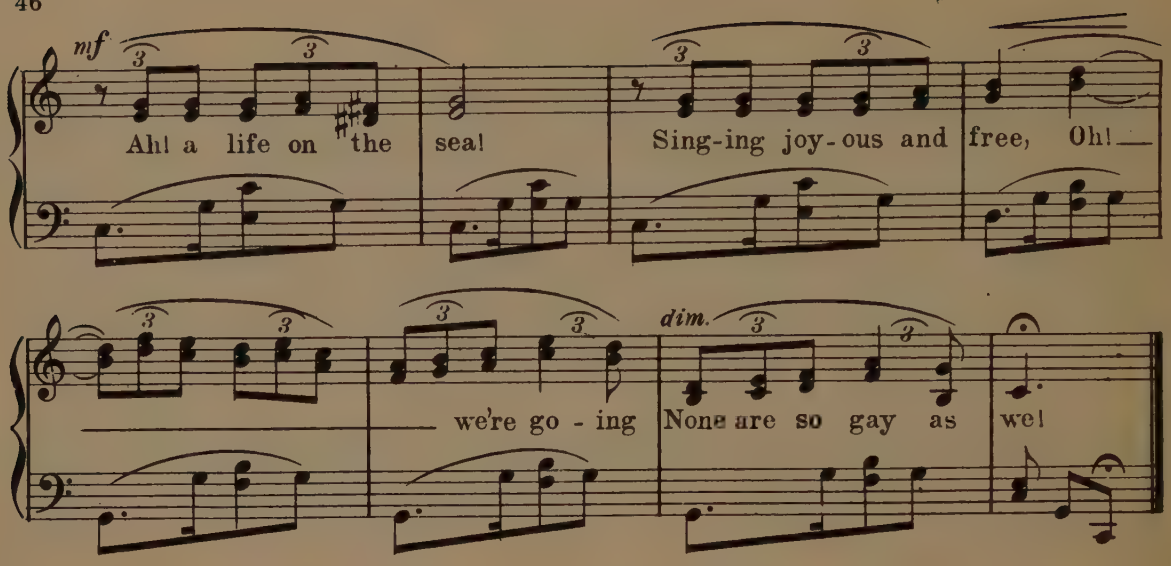
(The Dove)

Moderato

S. YRADIER

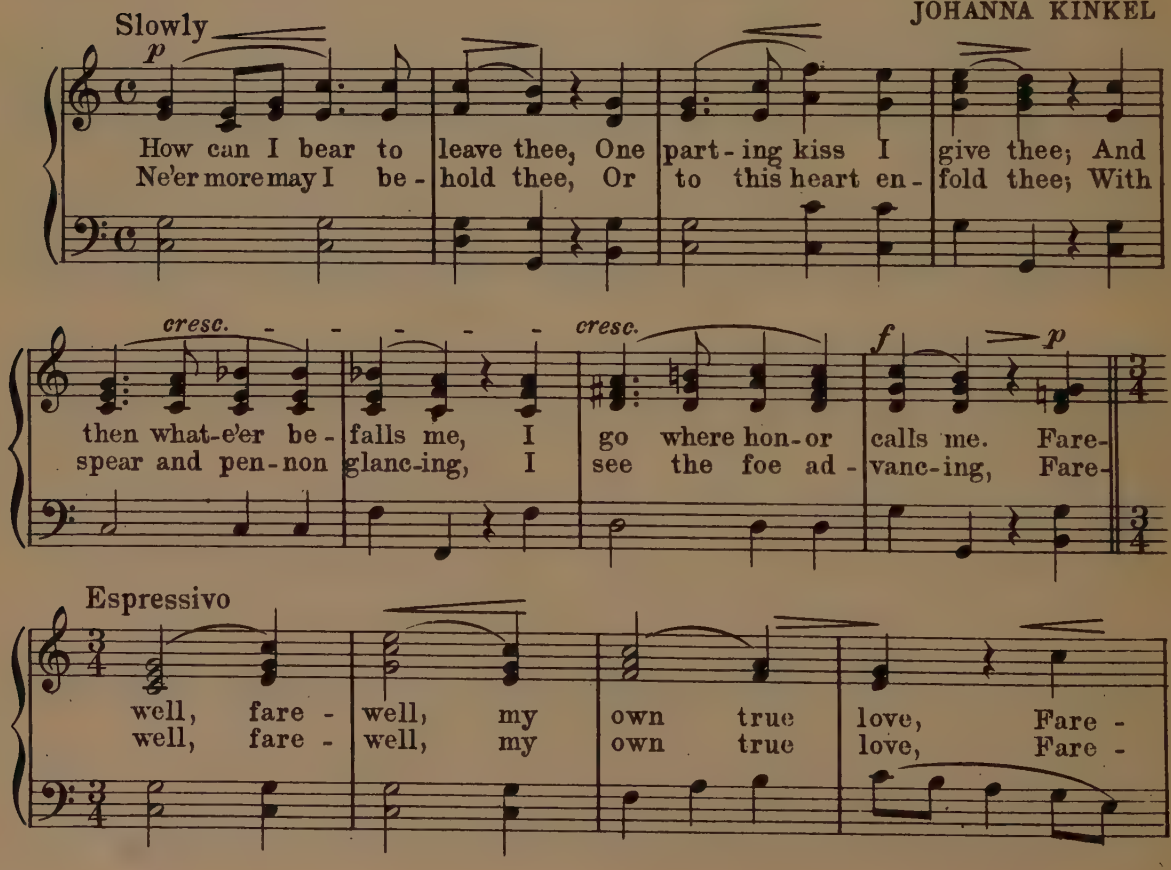
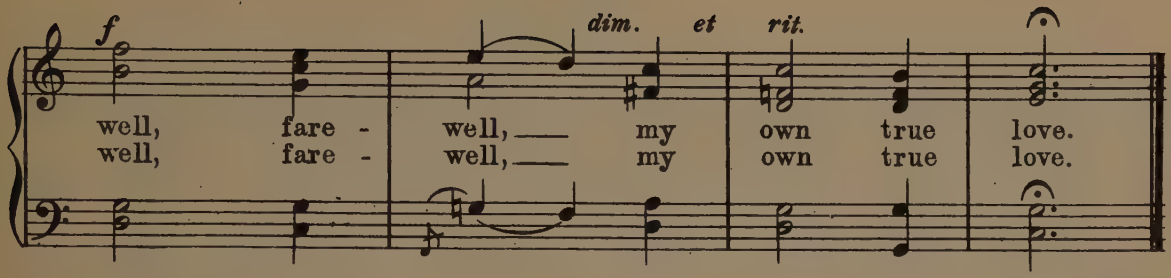

mf
1. The day that I left my home for the roll-ing sea,
2. And when I came home, from Ni - na to part no more,
mf
dim
I said "Moth - er dear, oh, pray to thy God for
To rest with my moth - er dear on my na - tive
mf
me." And ere we sailed I
shore. A - dieu to the ship where
went a fond leave to take Of Ni -
oft - en with chang - ing mind I've laughed
mf
na, who wept as if her poor heart would break. "Ni - na, if I should
and I've wept as veer'd the light chang-ing wind. Then comes the day, the


die and o'er o - cean's foam,
hap - py and bles - sed day,
Soft - ly a white dove
Chas - ing all sad - ness,
on a fair eve should come.
sor - row and care a - way.
mf
Op - en thy lat - tice,
Ni - na so fair, all
dear - est, for it will
smiles will be by my
be,
side!
My faith - ful soul that
Ni - na so dear, will
lov - ing comes back to
be my own blush - ing
thee!
bride!
cresc
Oh! a life on the sea!
Sing - ing joy - ous and
free, Ah!
dim
we're go - ing
None are so gay as
we!



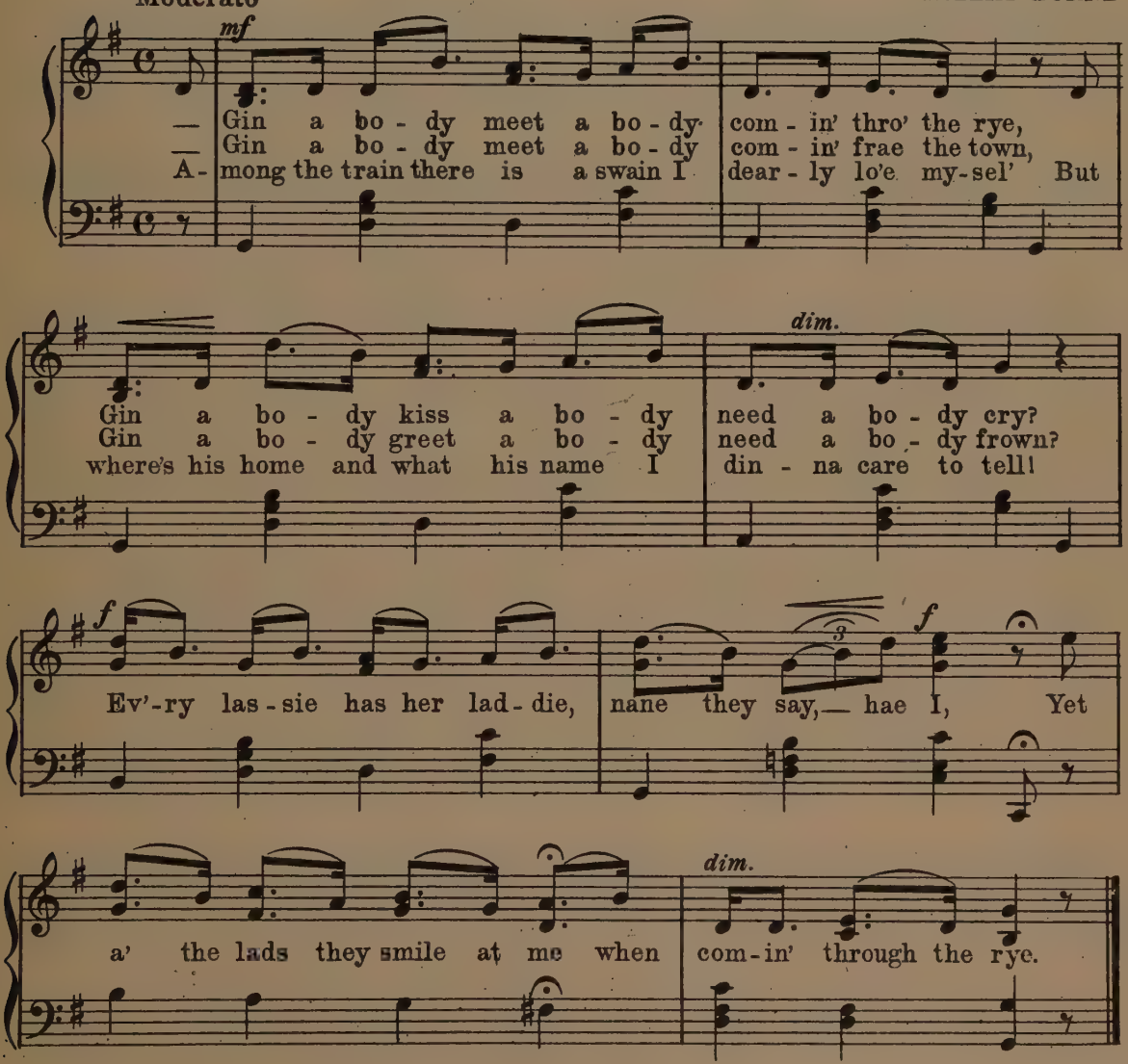

# Soldier's Farewell

JOHANNA KINKEL


Slowly
p
How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And
Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With
cresc.
cresc.
f
p
then what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me. Fare-
spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing, Fare-
Espressivo
well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-
well, fare-well, my own true love, Fare-

## Comin' Thro' the Rye

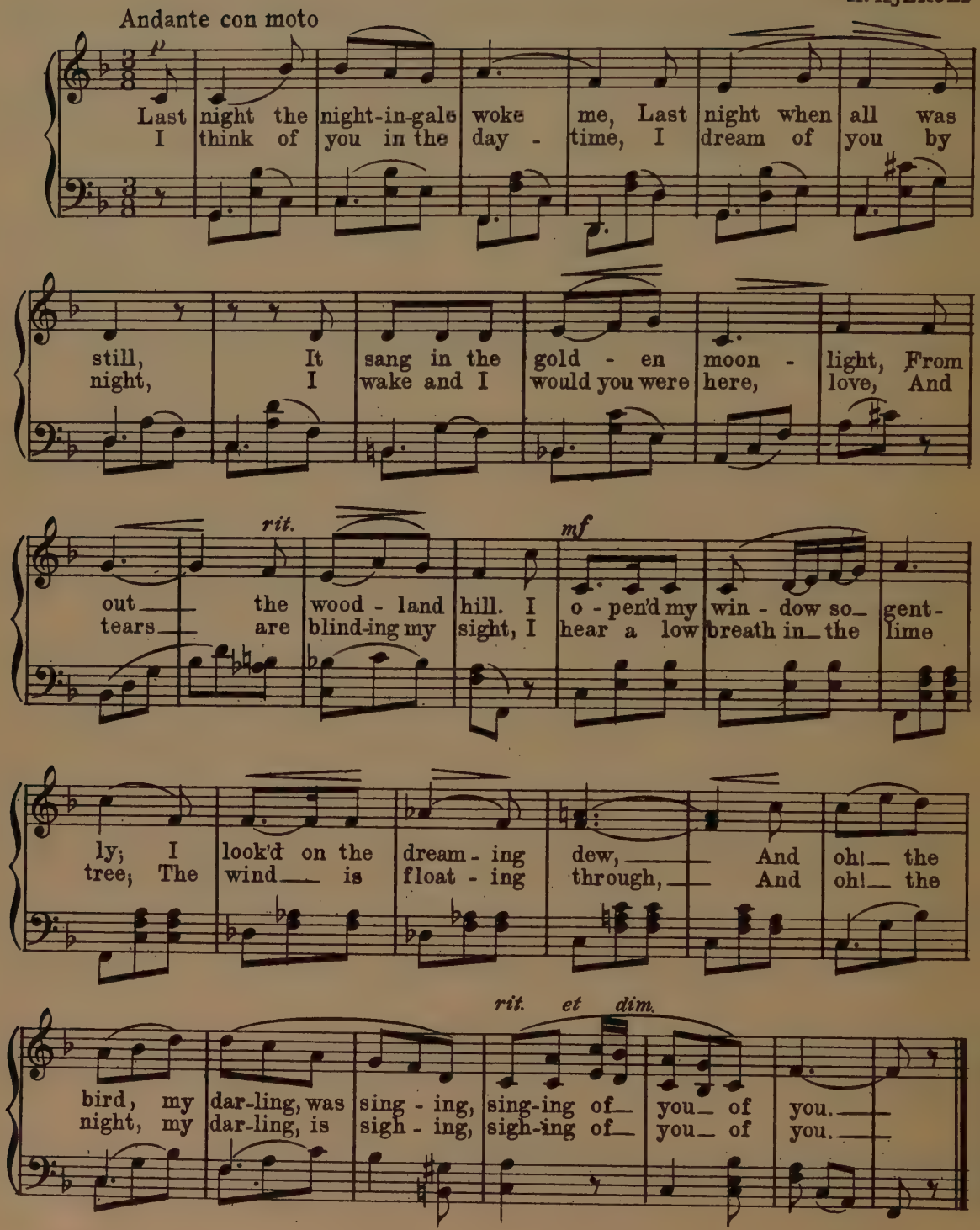
Moderato

ROBERT BURNS


mf
— Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy com - in' thro' the rye,
— Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy com - in' frae the town,
A - mong the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my-sel' But
dim.
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy need a bo - dy cry?
Gin a bo - dy greet a bo - dy need a bo - dy frown?
where's his home and what his name I din - na care to tell!
f
Ev'-ry las - sie has her lad - die, nane they say,— hae I, Yet
f
dim.
a' the lads they smile at me when com - in' through the rye.

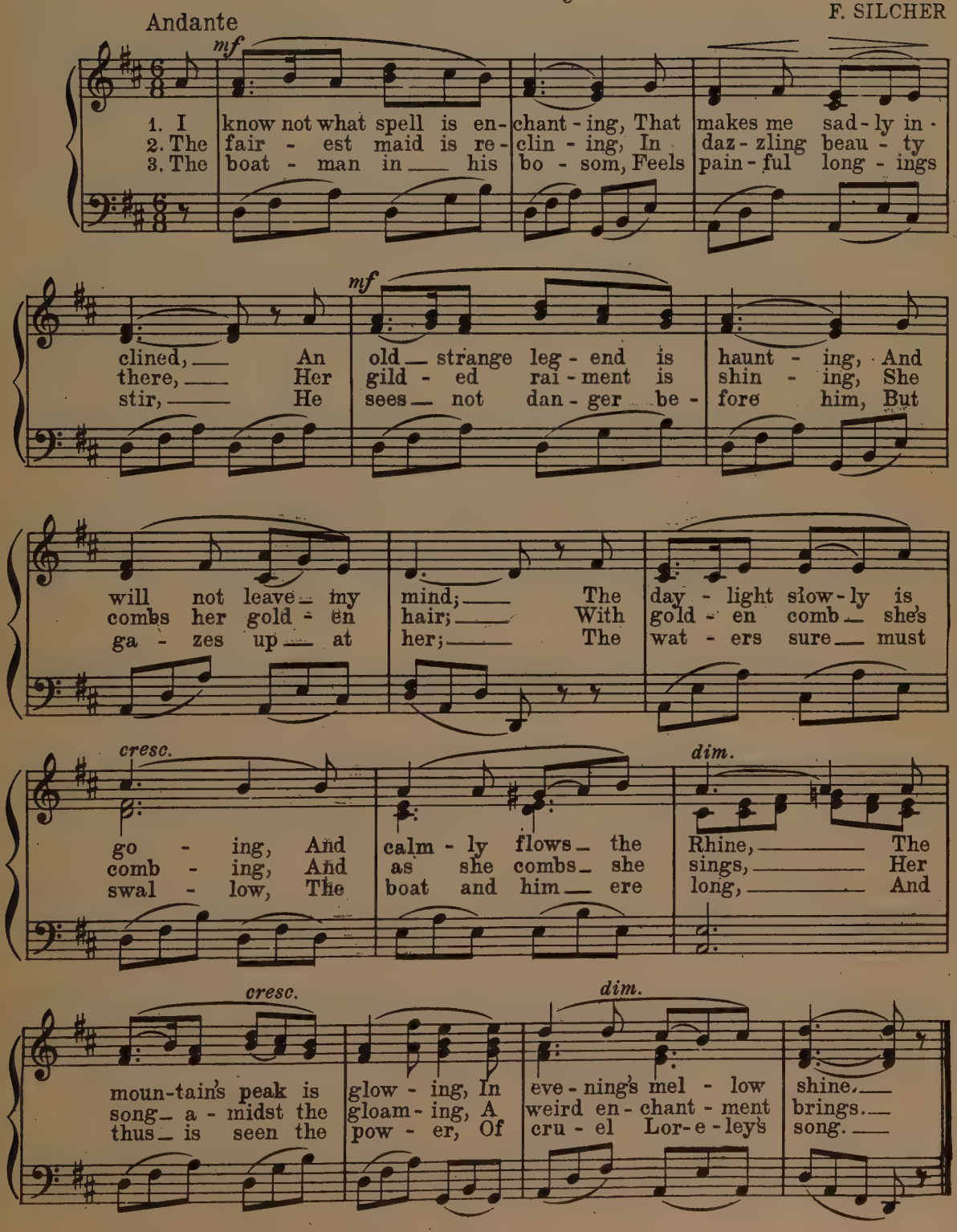
# Last Night

H. KJERULF


Andante con moto
Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was
I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by
still, It sang in the gold - en moon - light, From
night, I wake and I would you were here, love, And
rit.
mf
out the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so_ gent -
tears are blind-ing my sight, I hear a low breath in_ the lime
ly; I look'd on the dream - ing dew, And oh! the
tree; The wind is float - ing through, And oh! the
rit. et dim.
bird, my dar-ling, was sing - ing, sing-ing of you of you.
night, my dar-ling, is sigh - ing, sigh-ing of you of you.

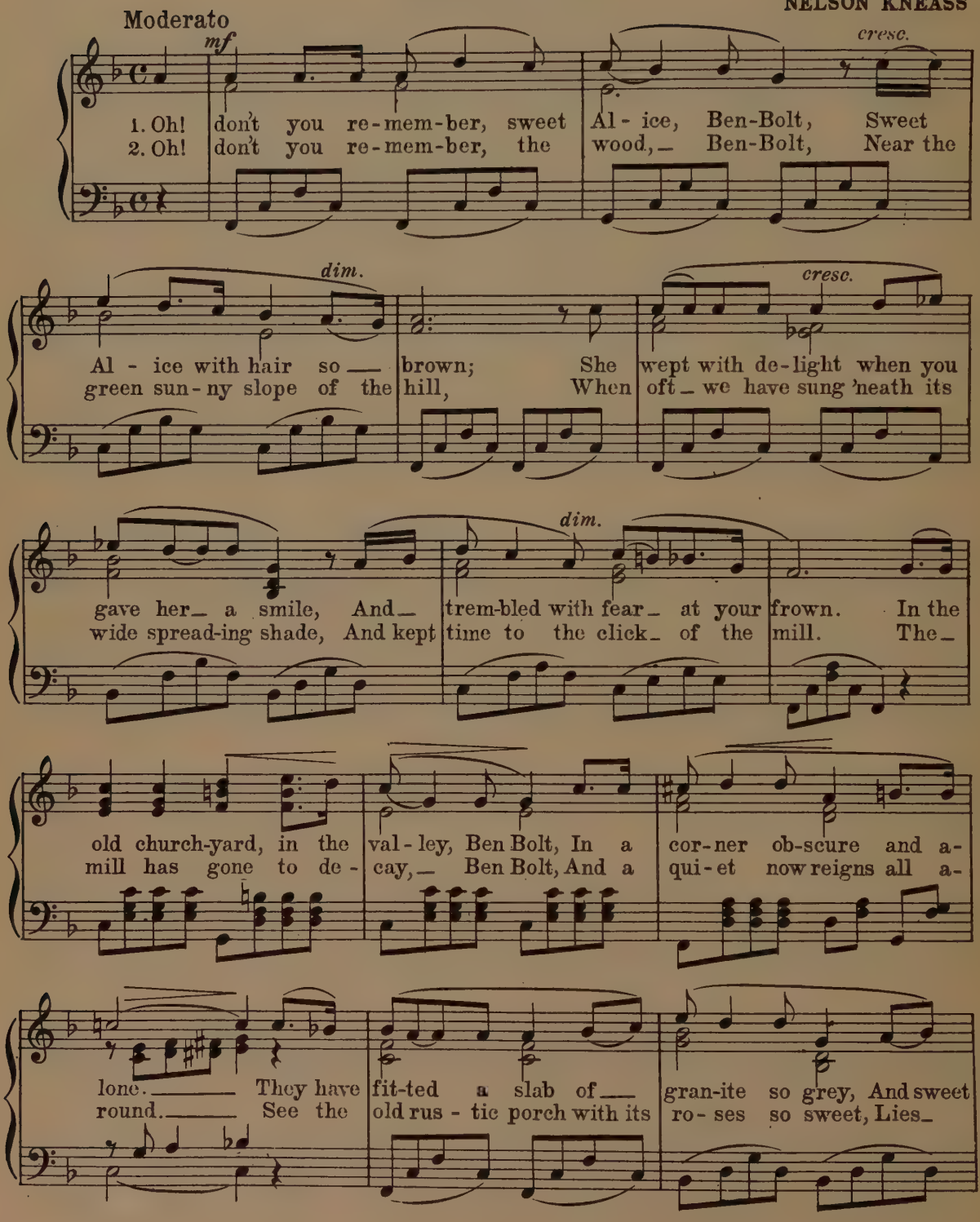
# The Loreley

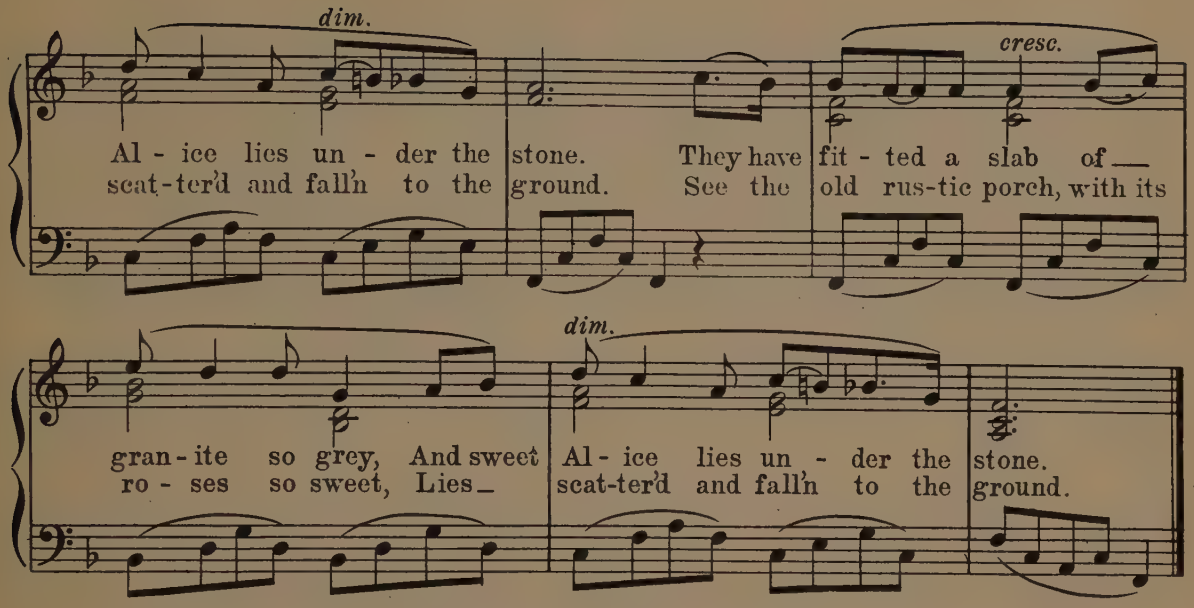
F. SILCHER


Andante
mf
1. I know not what spell is en- chant - ing, That makes me sad - ly in -
2. The fair - est maid is re- clin - ing, In daz - zling beau - ty
3. The boat - man in his bo - som, Feels pain - ful long - ings
mf
clined, An old strange leg - end is haunt - ing, And
there, Her gild - ed rai - ment is shin - ing, She
stir, He sees not dan - ger be - fore him, But
will not leave my mind; The day - light slow - ly is
combs her gold - en hair; With gold - en comb she's
ga - zes up at her; The wat - ers sure must
cresc.
go - ing, And calm - ly flows the Rhine, The
comb - ing, And as she combs she sings, Her
swal - low, The boat and him ere long, And
dim.
cresc.
moun-tain's peak is glow - ing, In eve - ning's mel - low shine.
song a - midst the gloam - ing, A weird en - chant - ment brings.
thus is seen the pow - er, Of cru - el Lor - e - ley's song.
dim.

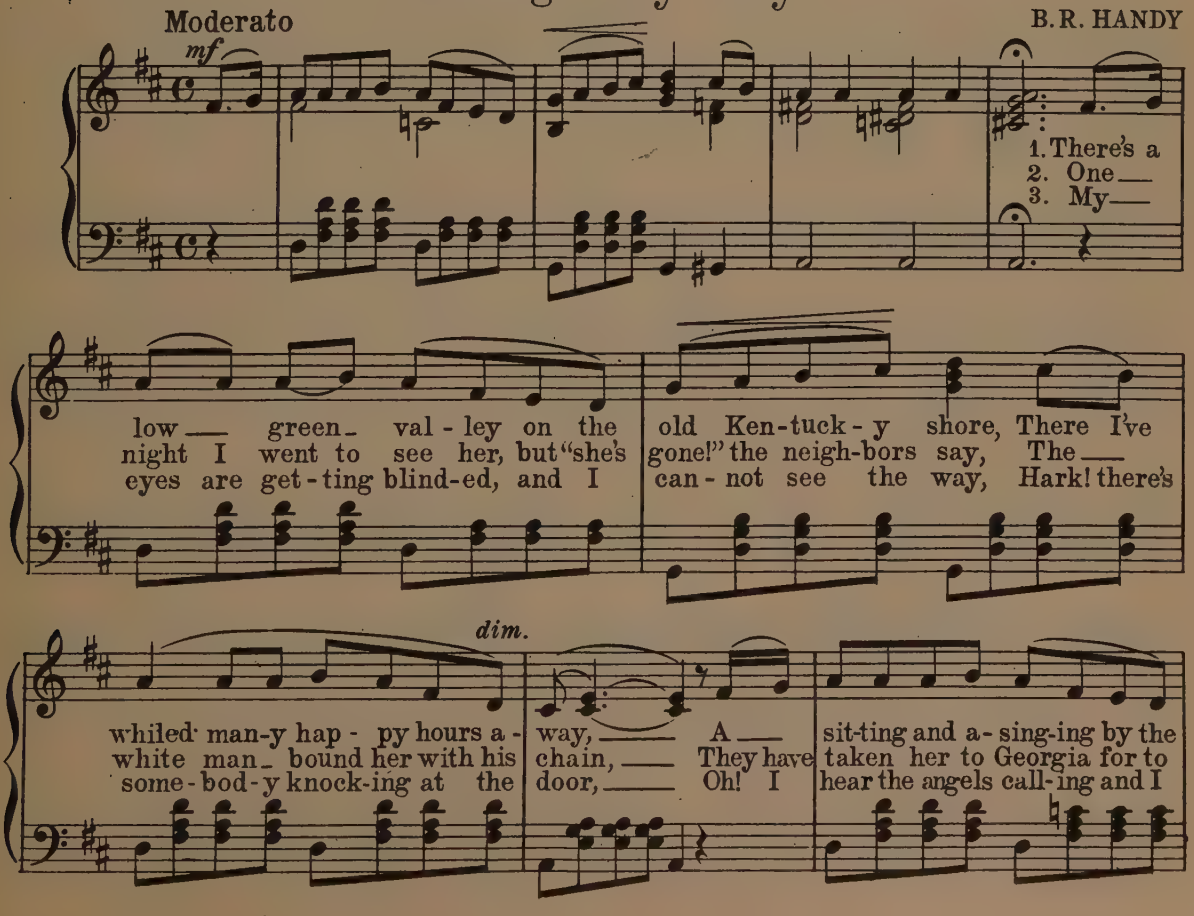
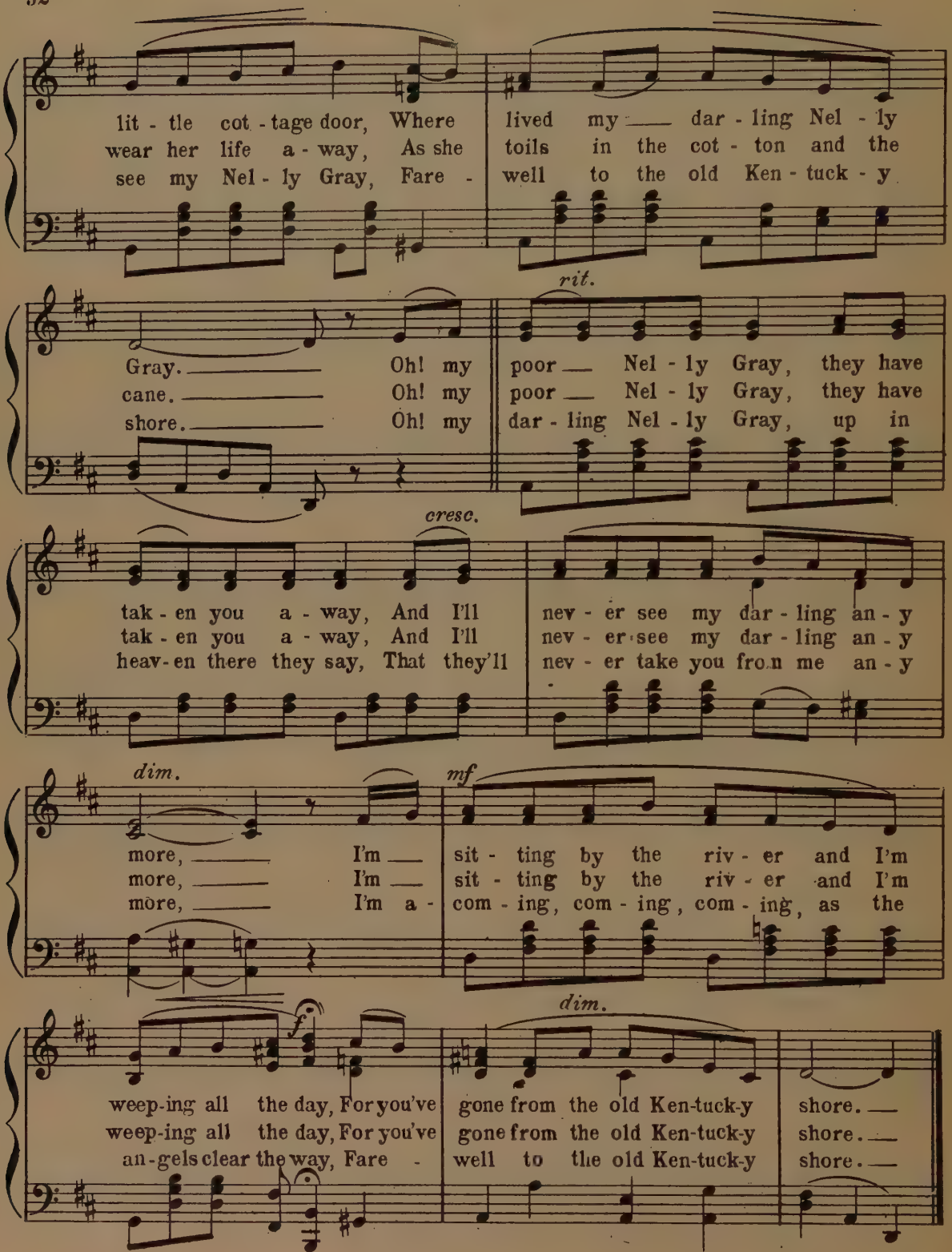
# Ben Bolt

NELSON KNEASS


Moderato
mf
cresc.
1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber, sweet Al-ice, Ben-Bolt, Sweet
2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber, the wood, Ben-Bolt, Near the
dim.
cresc.
Al-ice with hair so brown; She wept with de-light when you
green sun-ny slope of the hill, When oft we have sung 'neath its
dim.
gave her a smile, And trem-bled with fear at your frown. In the
wide spread-ing shade, And kept time to the click of the mill. The
old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner ob-scure and a-
mill has gone to de-cay, Ben Bolt, And a qui-et now reigns all a-
lone. They have fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so grey, And sweet
round. See the old rus-tic porch with its ro-ses so sweet, Lies


dim.
cresc.
Al - ice lies un - der the stone. They have fit - ted a slab of —
scat-ter'd and fall'n to the ground. See the old rus-tic porch, with its
dim.
gran - ite so grey, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone.
ro - ses so sweet, Lies — scat-ter'd and fall'n to the ground.

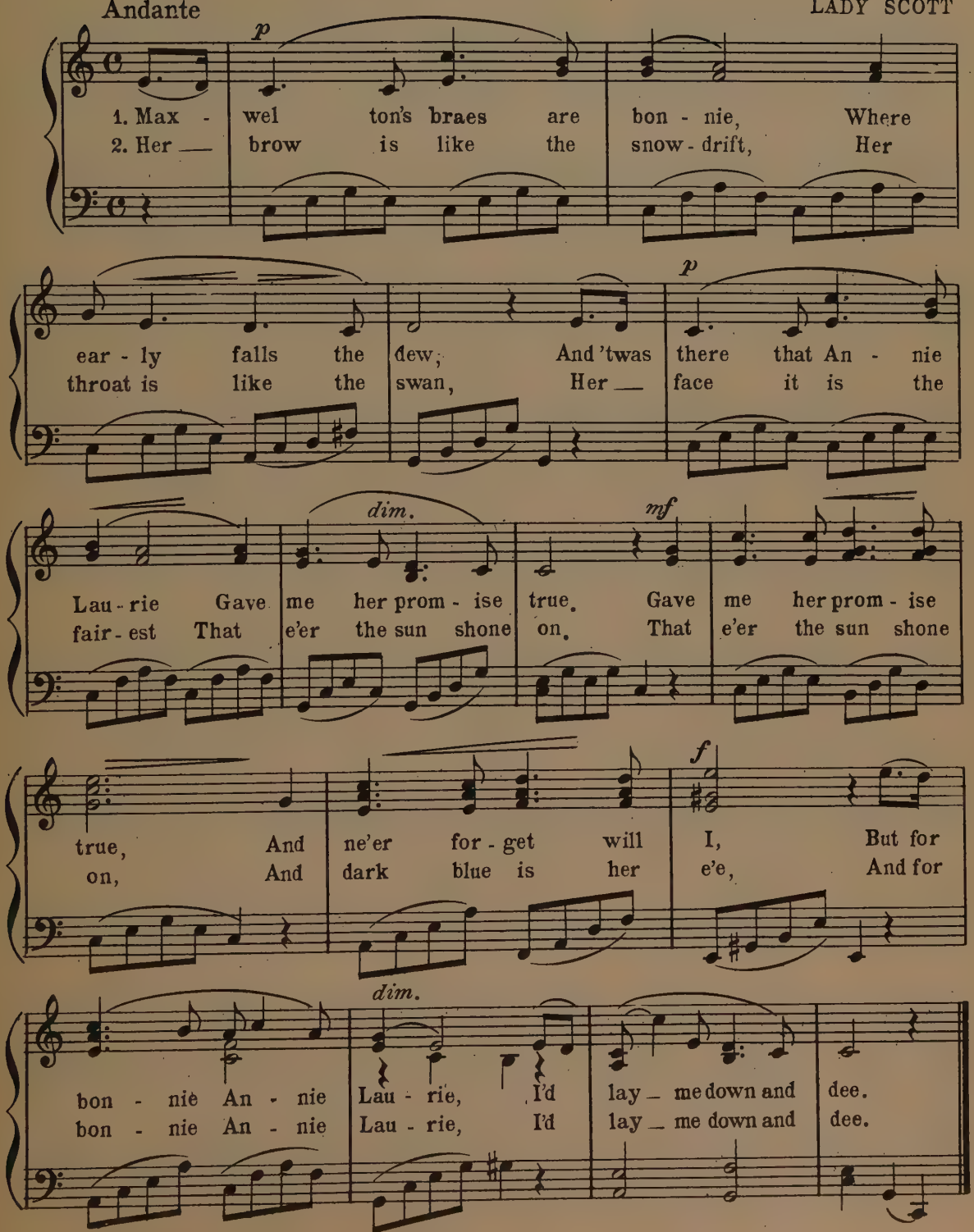
## Darling Nelly Gray


Moderato
mf
B. R. HANDY
1. There's a
2. One —
3. My —
low — green — val - ley on the old Ken-tuck - y shore, There I've
night I went to see her, but "she's gone!" the neigh-bors say, The —
eyes are get - ting blind-ed, and I can - not see the way, Hark! there's
dim.
whiled man-y hap - py hours a - way, — A — sit-ting and a - sing-ing by the
white man bound her with his chain, — They have taken her to Georgia for to
some - bod - y knock-ing at the door, — Oh! I hear the angels call-ing and I

lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my dar - ling Nel - ly
wear her life a - way, As she toils in the cot - ton and the
see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y
rit.
Gray. Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have
cane. Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have
shore. Oh! my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in
cresc.
tak - en you a - way, And I'll nev - er see my dar - ling an - y
tak - en you a - way, And I'll nev - er see my dar - ling an - y
heav - en there they say, That they'll nev - er take you from me an - y
dim.
mf
more, I'm sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
more, I'm sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
more, I'm a - com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, as the
f
dim.
weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.
weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.
an-gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

# Annie Laurie

Andante

LADY SCOTT

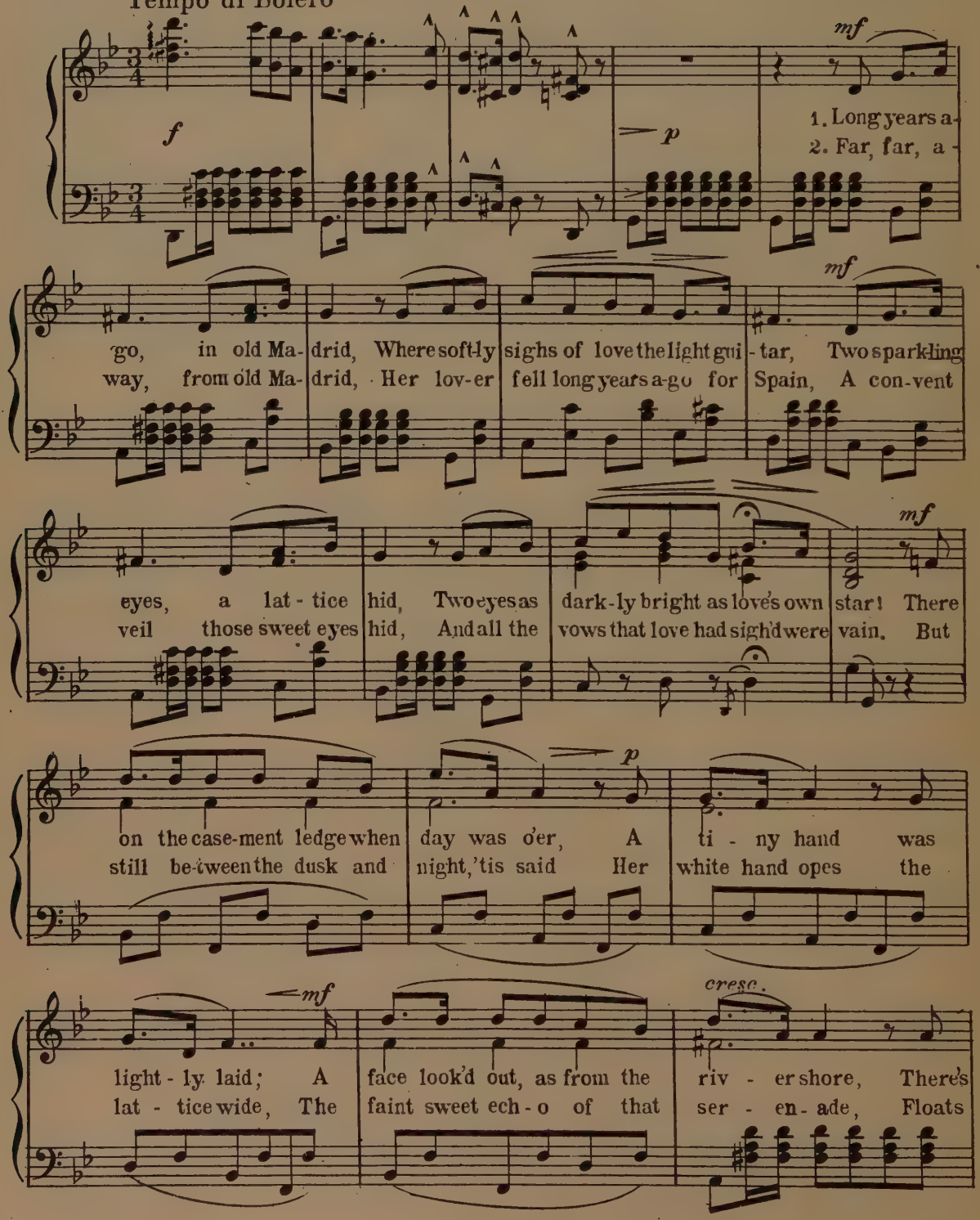

p
1. Max - wel ton's braes are bon - nie, Where
2. Her — brow is like the snow - drift, Her
ear - ly falls the dew; And 'twas there that An - nie
throat is like the swan, Her — face it is the
dim.
mf
Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise
fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone
f
true, And ne'er for - get will I, But for
on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for
dim.
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay — me down and dee.
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay — me down and dee.

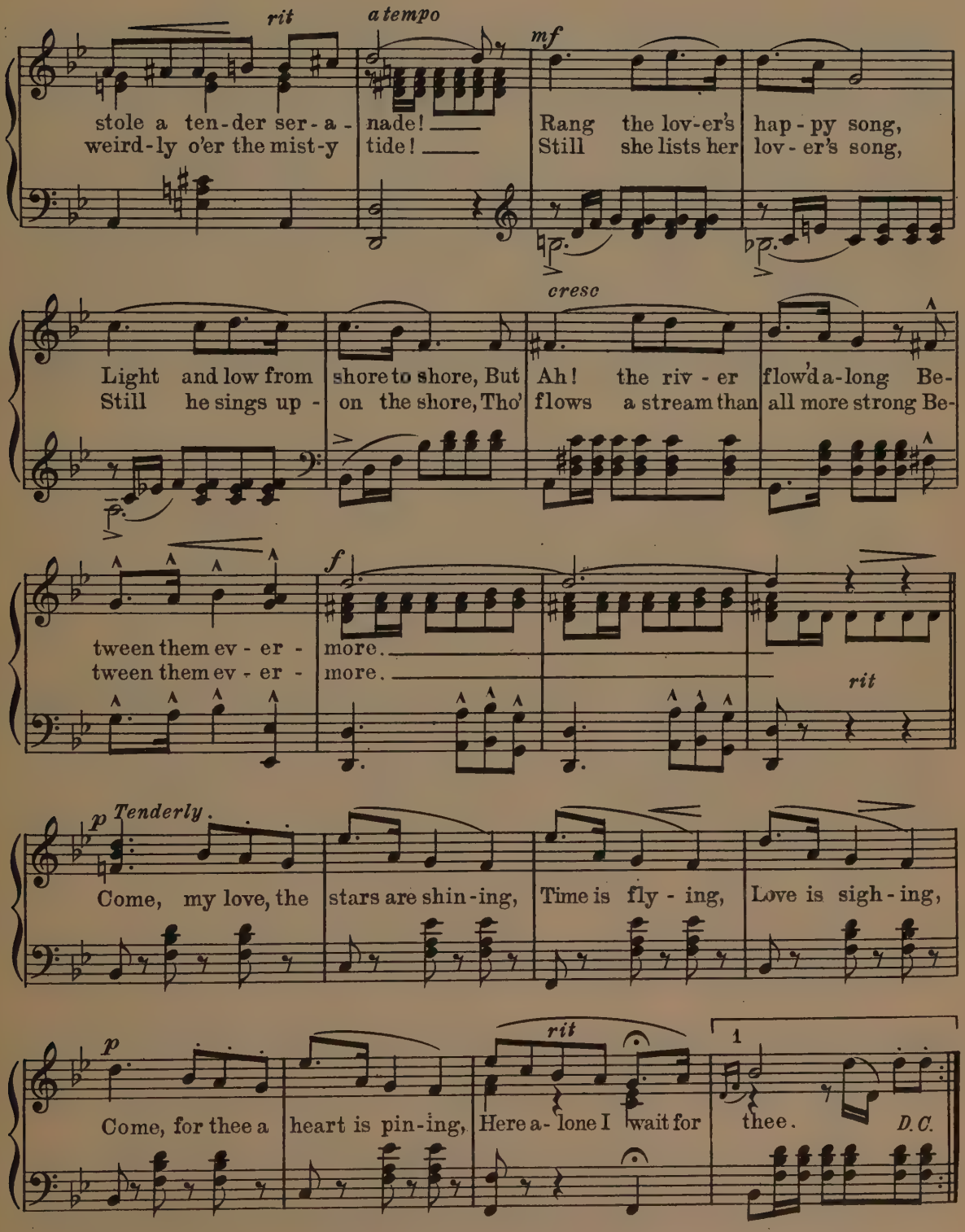
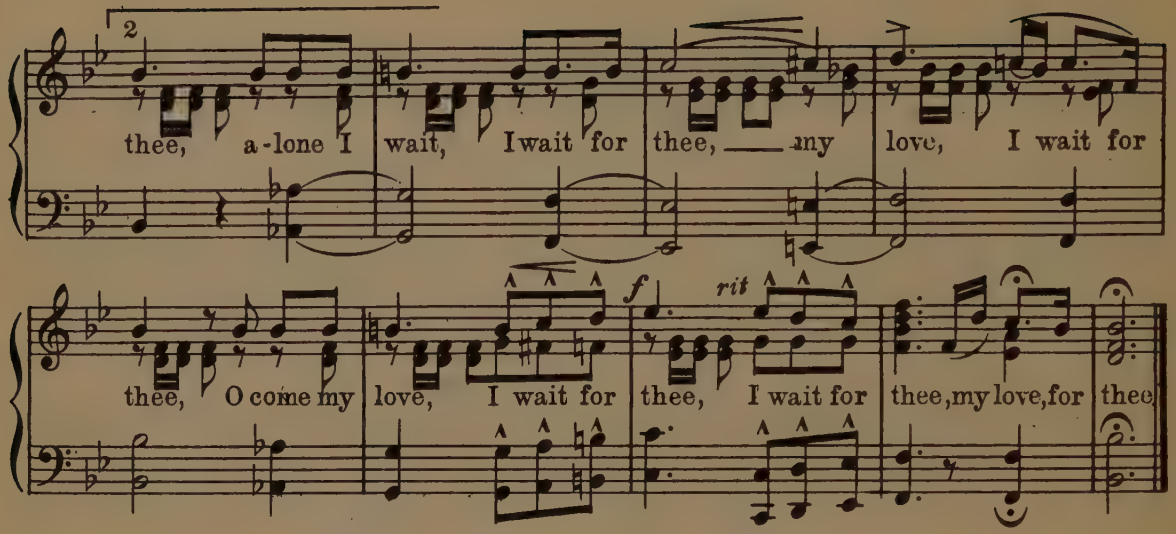
CLIFTON BINGHAM

# In Old Madrid

H. TROTÉRE

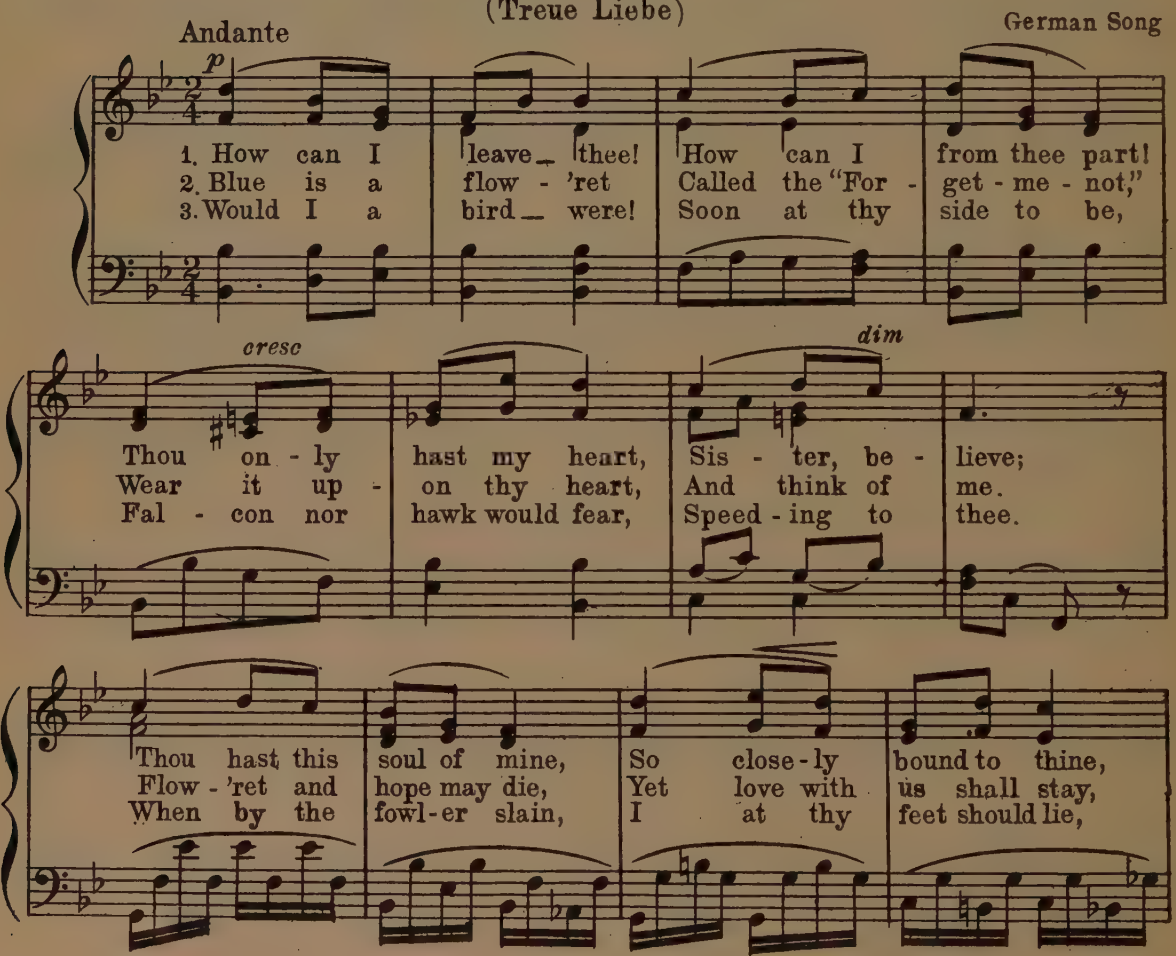
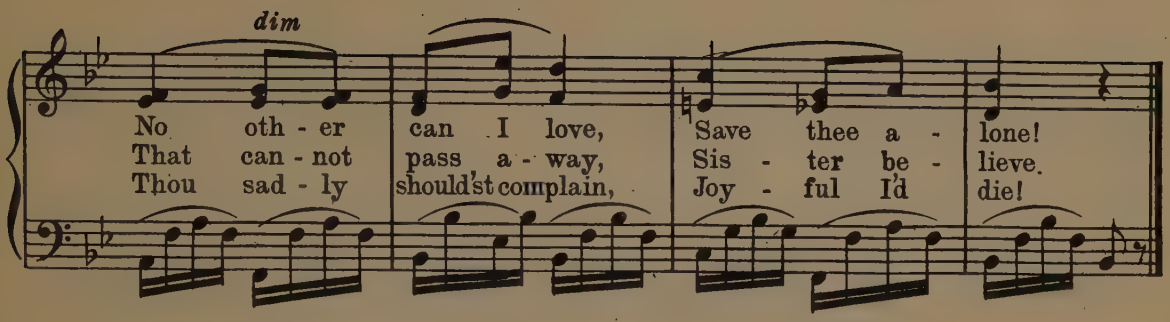
Tempo di Bolero


f
p
mf
1. Long years a-
2. Far, far, a-
go, in old Ma-drid, Where soft-ly sighs of love the light gui-tar, Two sparkling
way, from old Ma-drid, Her lov-er fell long years a-go for Spain, A con-vent
eyes, a lat-tice hid, Two eyes as dark-ly bright as love's own star! There
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain. But
on the case-ment ledge when day was o'er, A ti-ny hand was
still be-tween the dusk and night, 'tis said Her white hand opes the
light-ly laid; A face look'd out, as from the riv-er shore, There's
lat-tice wide, The faint sweet ech-o of that ser-en-ade, Floats
cresc.

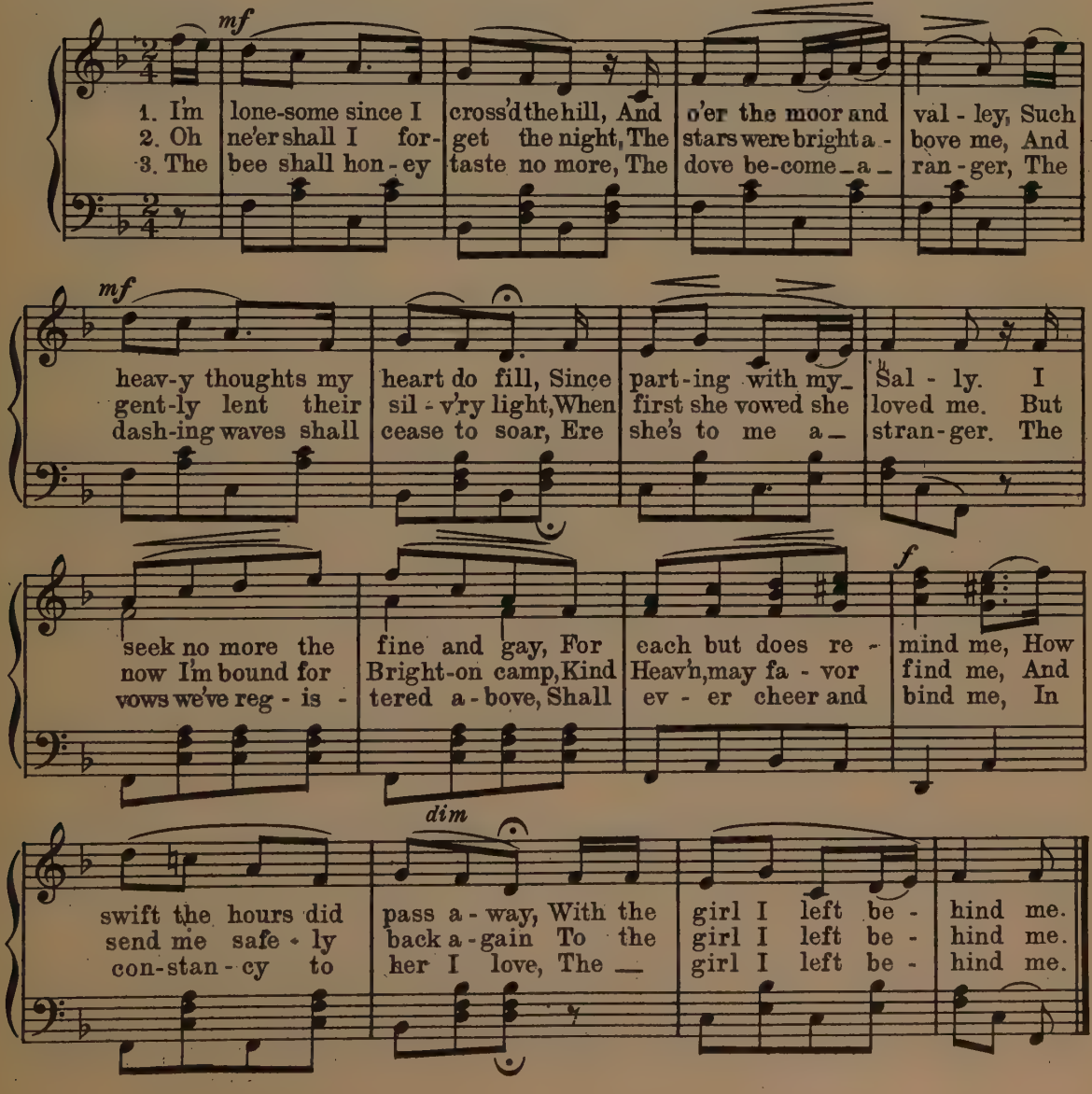

rit
a tempo
mf
stole a ten-der ser-a- nade!
weird-ly o'er the mist-y tide!
Rang the lov-er's hap-py song,
Still she lists her lov-er's song,
cresc
Light and low from shore to shore, But
Still he sings up- on the shore, Tho'
Ah! the riv-er flow'd a-long Be-
flows a stream than all more strong Be-
f
tween them ev-er- more.
tween them ev-er- more.
rit
p Tenderly.
Come, my love, the stars are shin-ing,
Time is fly-ing,
Love is sigh-ing,
p
rit
1
Come, for thee a heart is pin-ing,
Here a-lone I wait for thee.
D.C.

# How Can I Leave Thee!

(Treue Liebe)

German Song

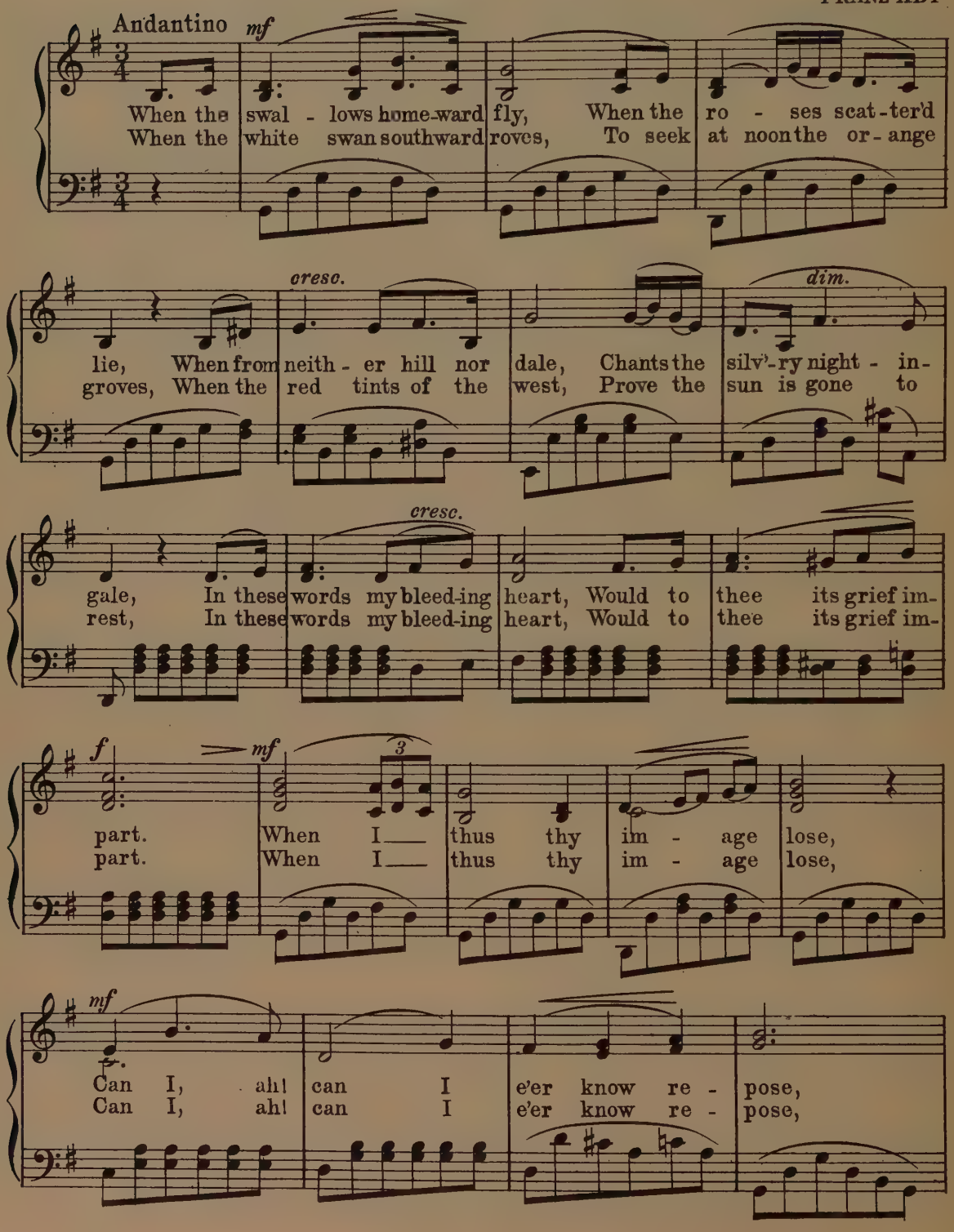
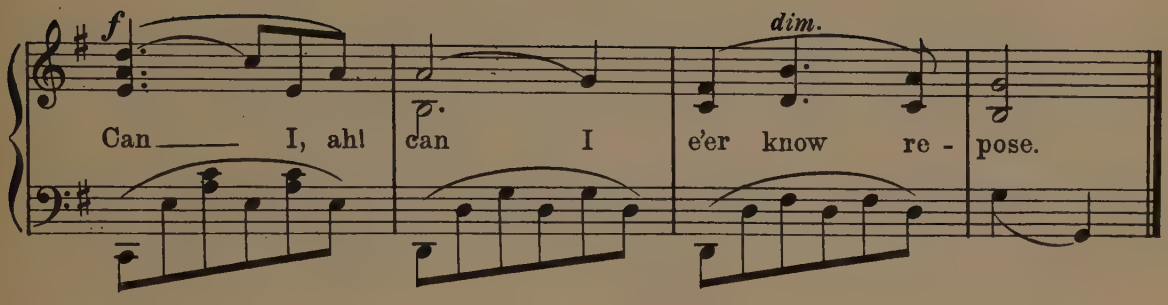

Andante
p
1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part!
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not,"
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be,
cresc
dim
Thou on - ly hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve;
Wear it up - on thy heart, And think of me.
Fal - con nor hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee.
Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly bound to thine,
Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay,
When by the fowl - er slain, I at thy feet should lie,

American Version

# The Girl I Left Behind Me

SAMUEL LOVER

mf
1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val - ley, Such
2. Oh ne'er shall I for- get the night, The stars were bright a - bove me, And
3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be-come a ran - ger, The
heav-y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - ly. I
gent-ly lent their sil - v'ry light, When first she vowed she loved me. But
dash-ing waves shall cease to soar, Ere she's to me a stran-ger. The
seek no more the fine and gay, For each but does re - mind me, How
now I'm bound for Bright-on camp, Kind Heav'n, may fa - vor find me, And
vows we've reg - is - tered a - bove, Shall ev - er cheer and bind me, In
dim
swift the hours did pass a - way, With the girl I left be - hind me.
send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I left be - hind me.
con-stan - cy to her I love, The girl I left be - hind me.

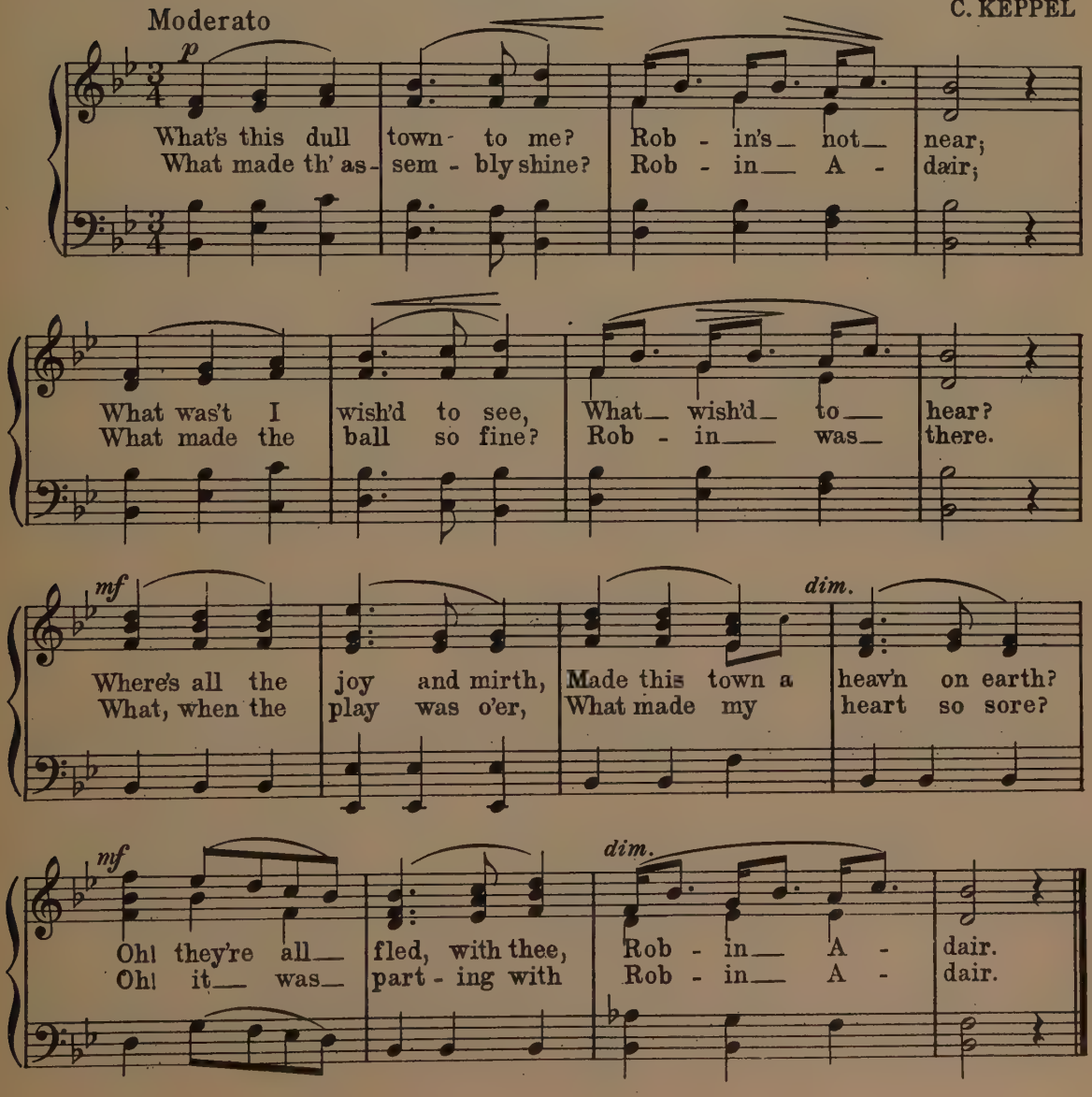
# When the Swallows Homeward Fly

FRANZ ABT


Andantino
mf
When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ro - ses scat-ter'd
When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the or-ange
cresc.
dim.
lie, When from neith - er hill nor dale, Chants the silv'-ry night - in-
groves, When the red tints of the west, Prove the sun is gone to
cresc.
gale, In these words my bleed-ing heart, Would to thee its grief im-
rest, In these words my bleed-ing heart, Would to thee its grief im-
f
mf
3
part. When I thus thy im - age lose,
part. When I thus thy im - age lose,
mf
Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,
Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose,

# Robin Adair

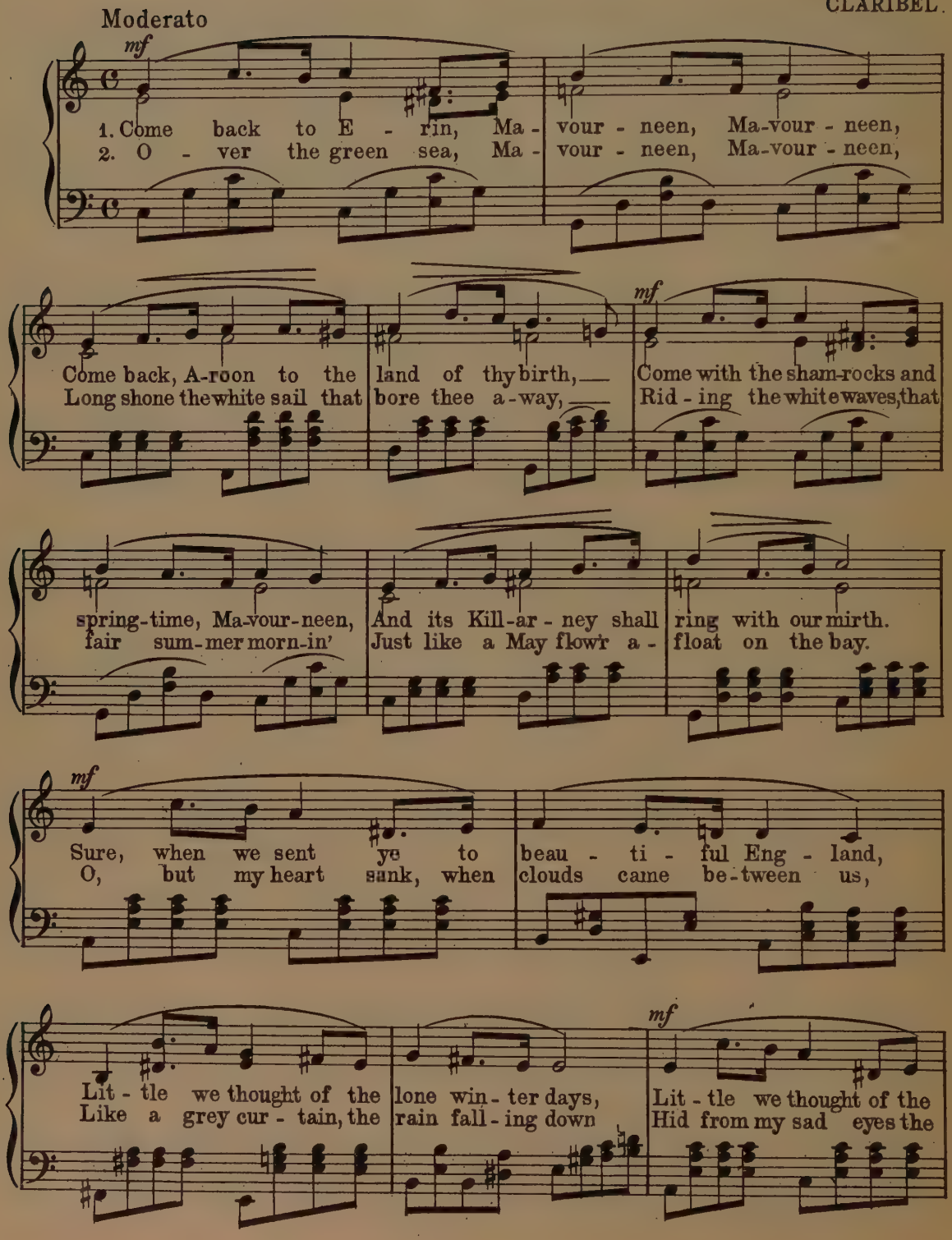
C. KEPPEL

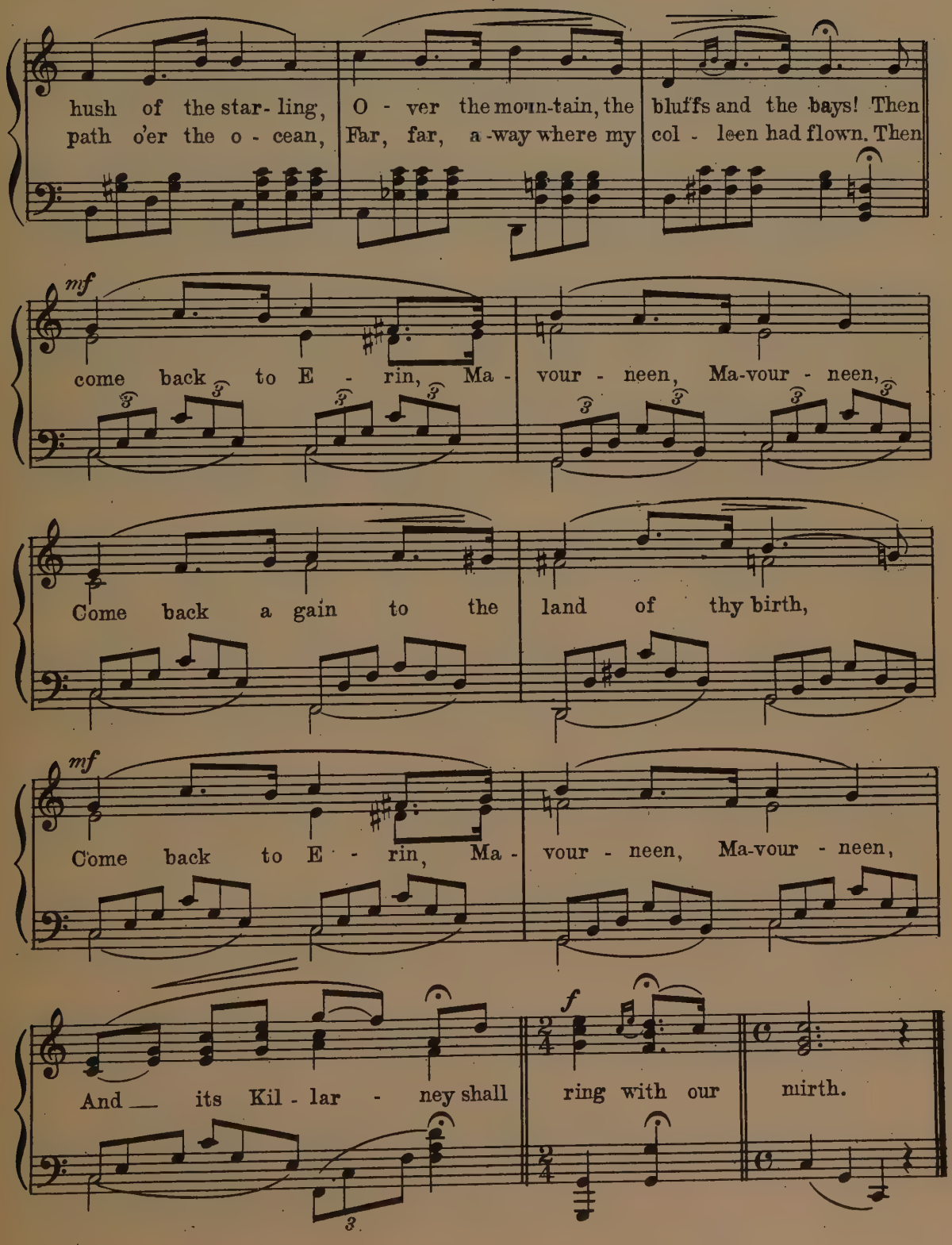
Moderato


p
What's this dull town - to me? Rob - in's not near;
What made th' as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair;
What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?
What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there.
mf
dim.
Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth?
What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore?
mf
dim.
Oh! they're all fled, with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.

# Come Back to Erin

CLARIBEL.

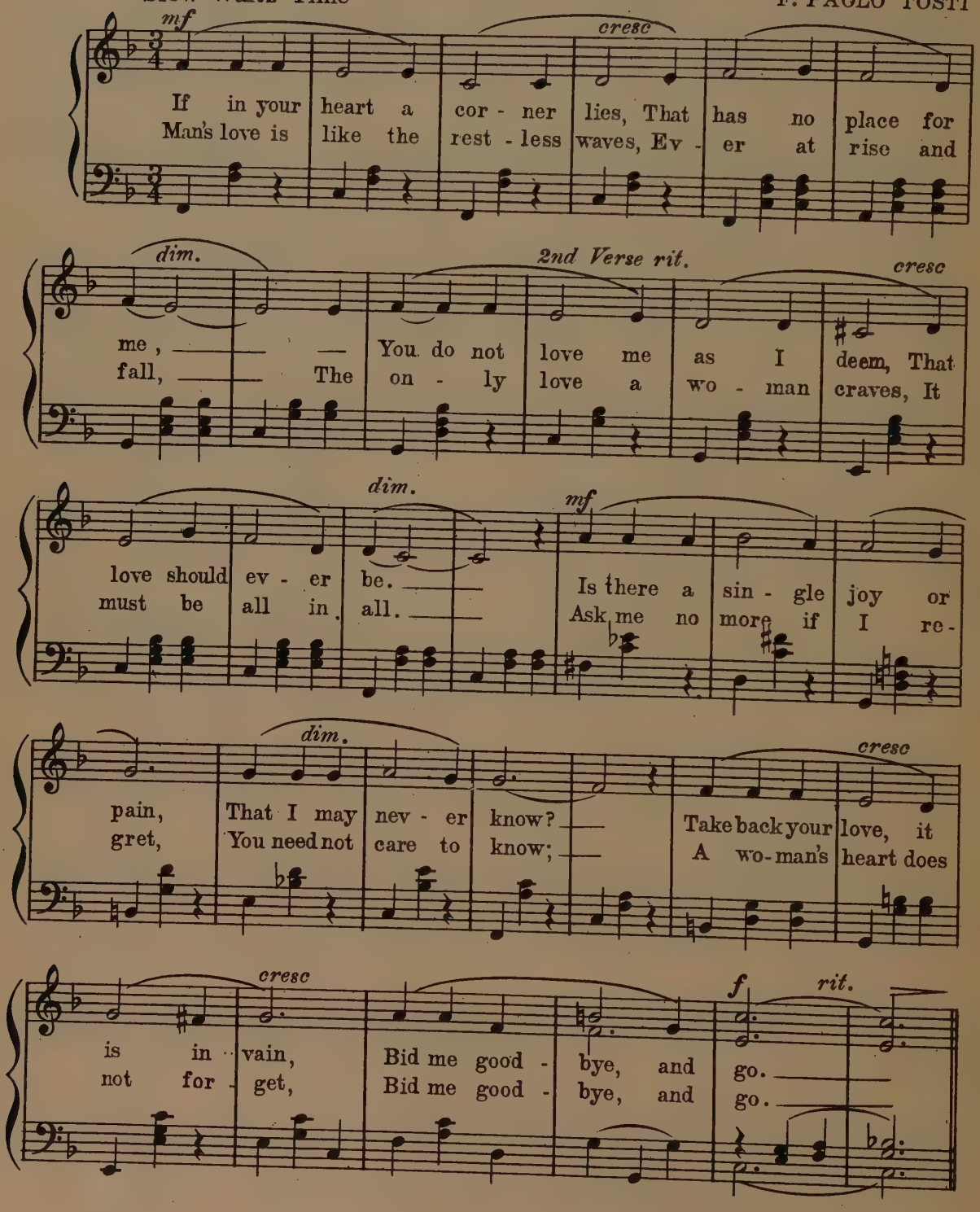

Moderato
mf
1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,
Come back, A-roon to the land of thy birth, Come with the sham-rocks and
Long shone the white sail that bore thee a-way, Rid - ing the white waves, that
mf
spring-time, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kill-ar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
fair sum-mer morn-in' Just like a May flow'r a - float on the bay.
mf
Sure, when we sent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
O, but my heart sank, when clouds came be-tween us,
mf
Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the
Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down Hid from my sad eyes the

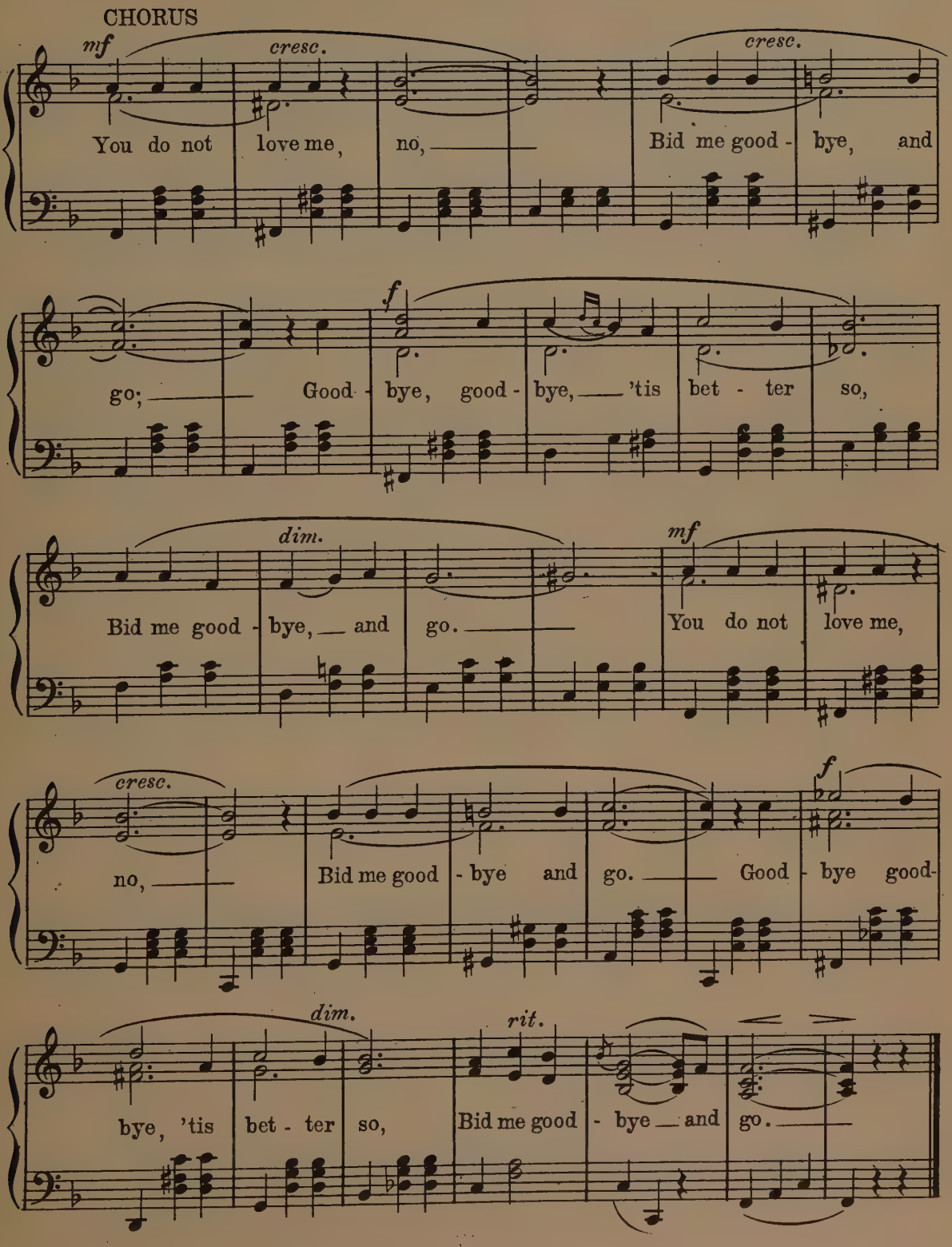

hush of the star- ling, O - ver the moun-tain, the bluffs and the bays! Then
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far, a -way where my col - leen had flown. Then
mf
come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,
Come back a gain to the land of thy birth,
mf
Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen,
f
And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

# Bid Me Good-bye

Slow Waltz Time

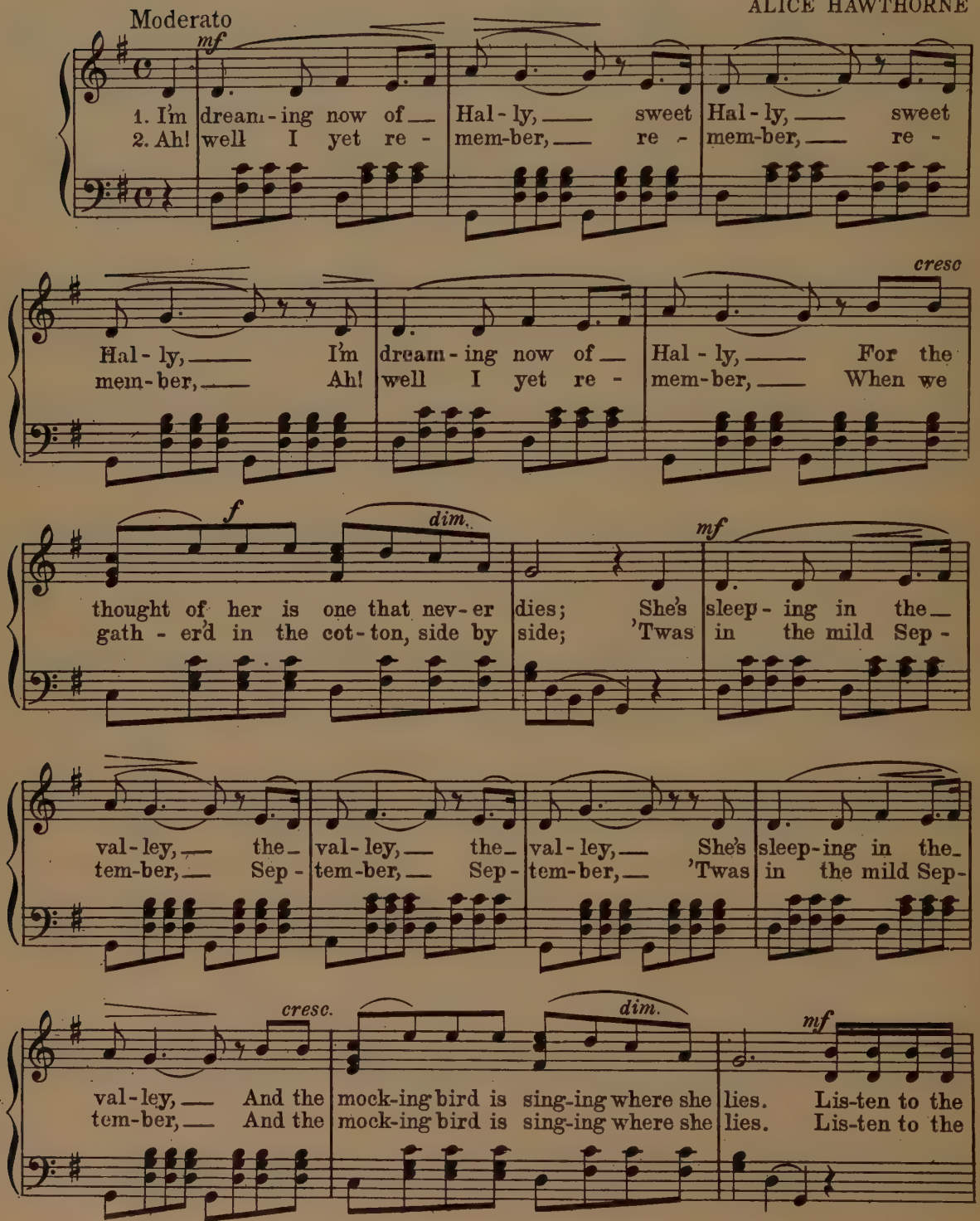
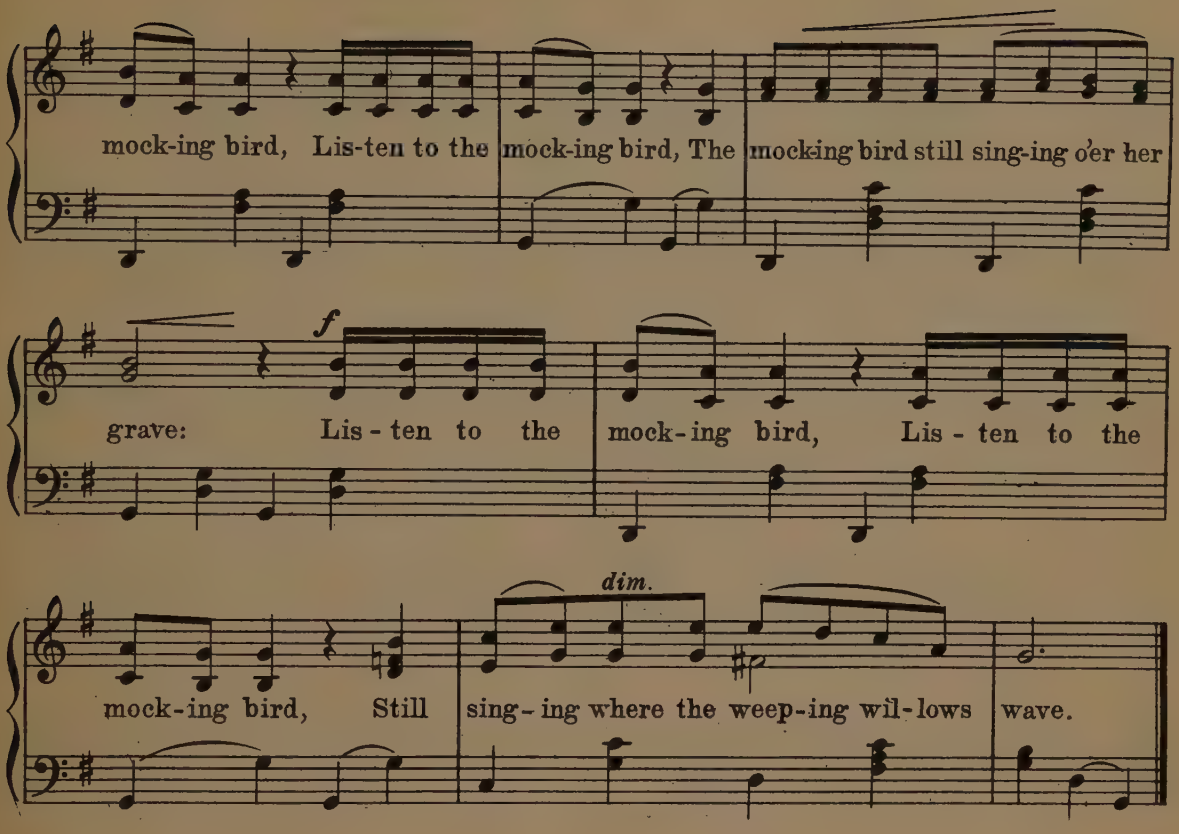
F. PAOLO TOSTI


mf
cresc
If in your heart a cor - ner lies, That has no place for
Man's love is like the rest - less waves, Ev - er at rise and
dim.
2nd Verse rit.
cresc
me, — — You do not love me as I deem, That
fall, — The on - ly love a wo - man craves, It
dim.
mf
love should ev - er be. — Is there a sin - gle joy or
must be all in all. — Ask me no more if I re -
dim.
cresc
pain, That I may nev - er know? — Take back your love, it
gret, You need not care to know; — A wo-man's heart does
cresc
f
rit.
is in vain, Bid me good - bye, and go. —
not for get, Bid me good - bye, and go. —


CHORUS
mf
cresc.
cresc.
You do not love me, no, Bid me good - bye, and
go; Good - bye, good - bye, 'tis bet - ter so,
f
dim.
mf
Bid me good - bye, and go. You do not love me,
cresc.
f
no, Bid me good - bye and go. Good - bye good-
dim.
rit.
bye, 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good - bye and go.

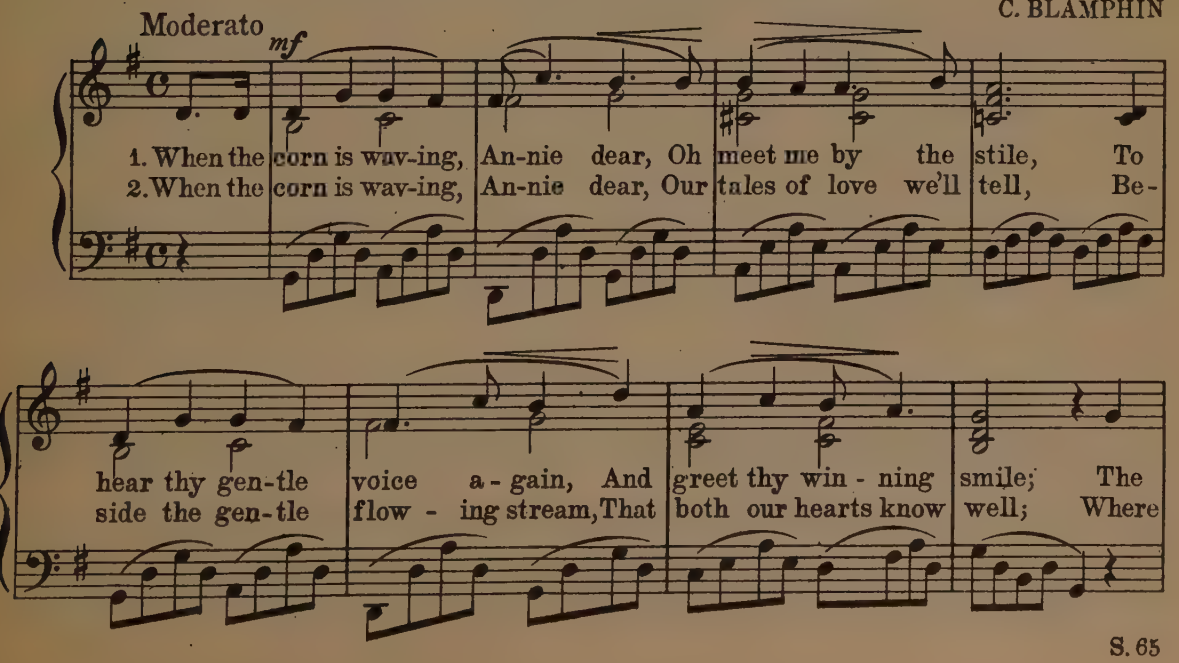
# Listen To The Mocking Bird

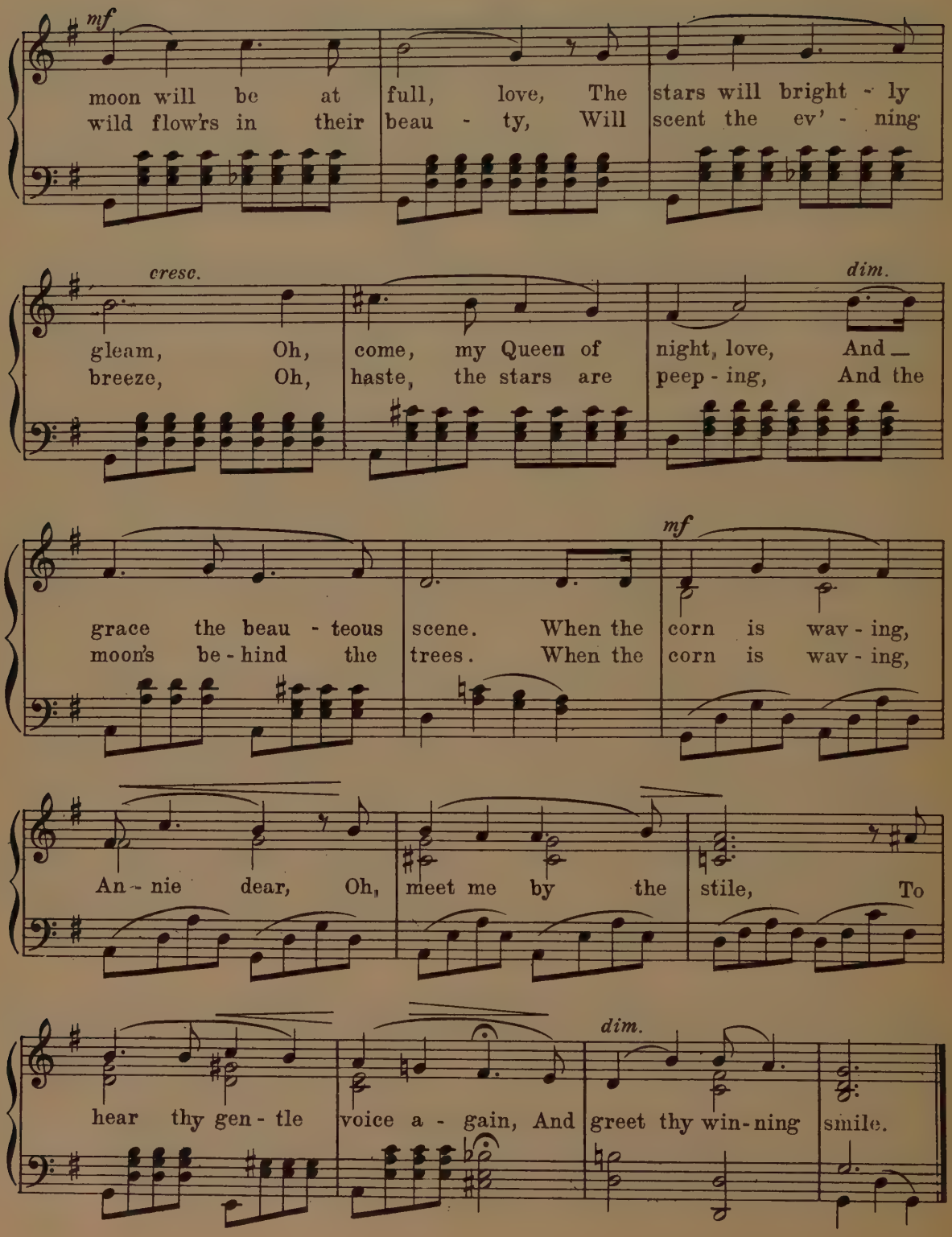
ALICE HAWTHORNE


Moderato
mf
1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly, sweet
2. Ah! well I yet re- mem-ber, re- mem-ber, re-
cresc
Hal-ly, I'm dream-ing now of Hal-ly, For the
mem-ber, Ah! well I yet re- mem-ber, When we
f
dim.
mf
thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's sleep-ing in the
gath-er'd in the cot-ton, side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep-
val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleep-ing in the
tem-ber, Sep- tem-ber, Sep- tem-ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep-
cresc.
dim.
mf
val-ley, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies. Lis-ten to the
tem-ber, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies. Lis-ten to the

mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mocking bird still sing-ing o'er her
f
grave: Lis - ten to the mock-ing bird, Lis - ten to the
dim.
mock-ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

# When The Corn Is Waving

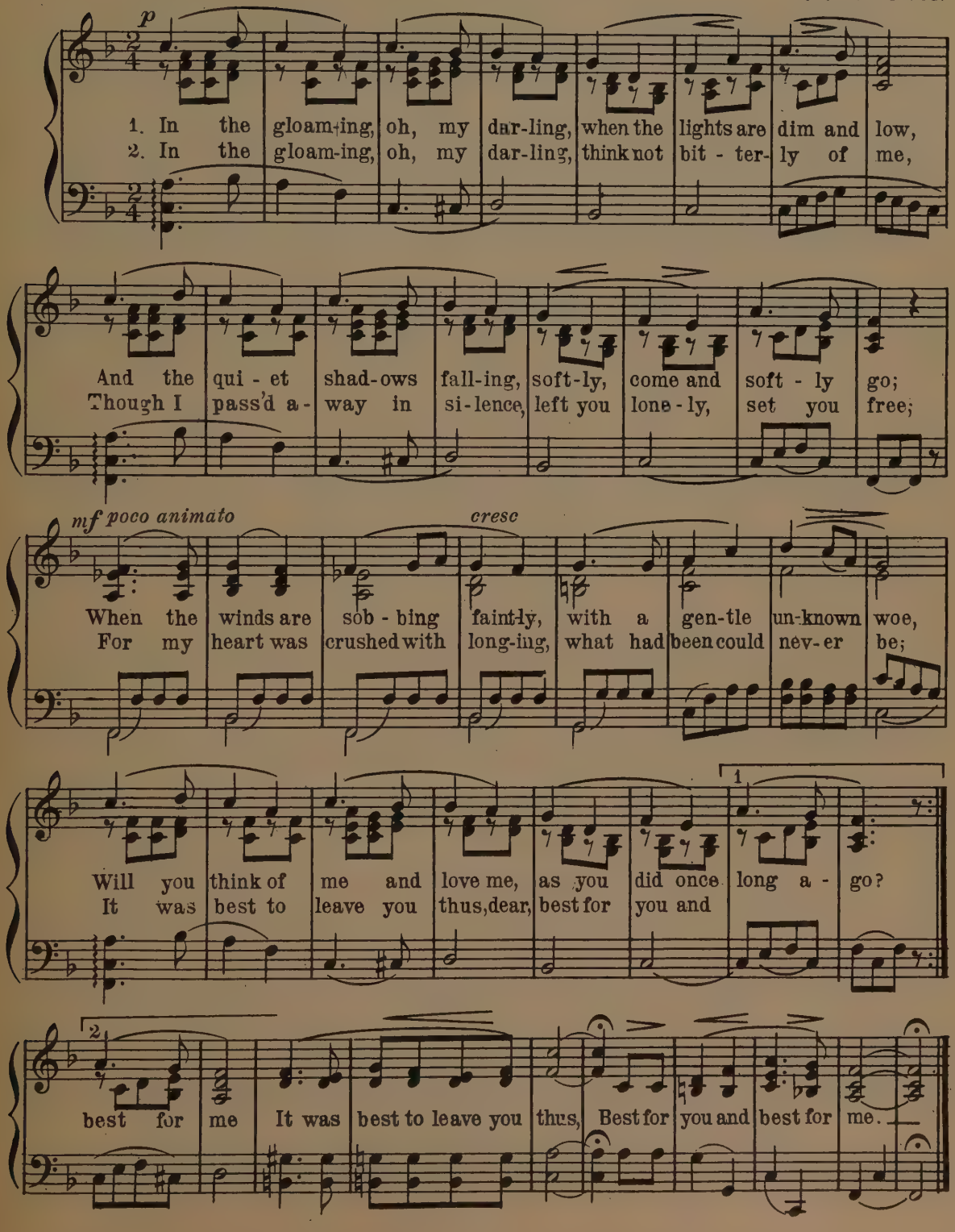
C. BLAMPHIN


Moderato
mf
1. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To
2. When the corn is wav-ing, An-nie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell, Be-
hear thy gen-tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile; The
side the gen-tle flow - ing stream, That both our hearts know well; Where


mf
moon will be at full, love, The stars will bright - ly
wild flow'rs in their beau - ty, Will scent the ev' - ning
cresc.
dim.
gleam, Oh, come, my Queen of night, love, And
breeze, Oh, haste, the stars are peep - ing, And the
mf
grace the beau - teous scene. When the corn is wav - ing,
moon's be - hind the trees. When the corn is wav - ing,
An - nie dear, Oh, meet me by the stile, To
dim.
hear thy gen - tle voice a - gain, And greet thy win - ning smile.

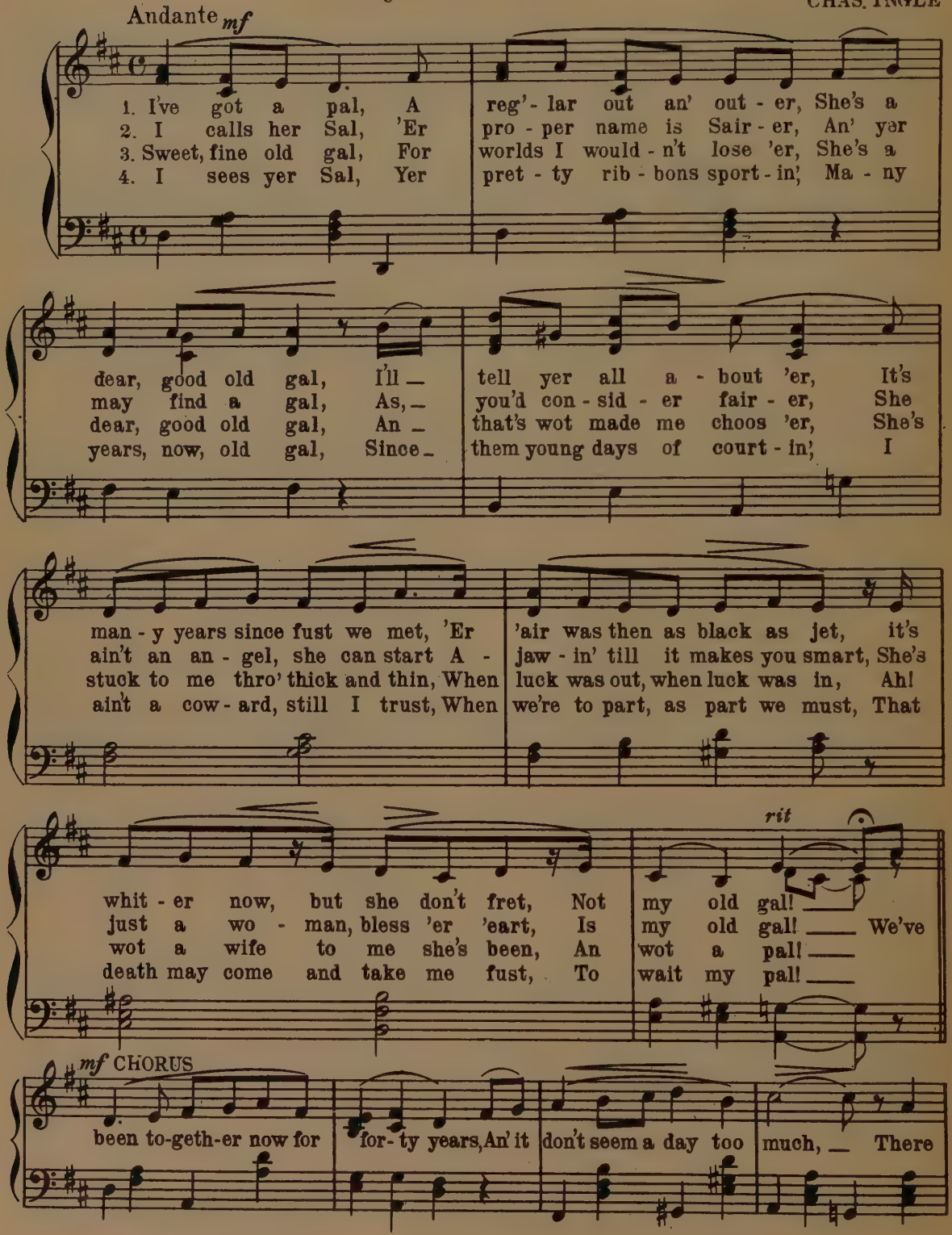
# In The Gloaming

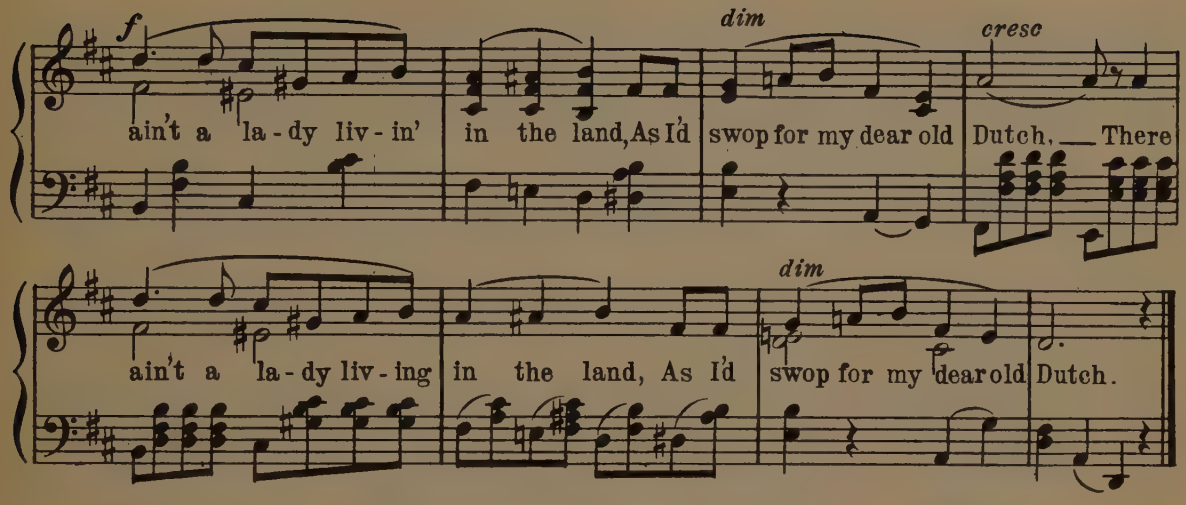
Andante

A. F. HARRISON

p
1. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, when the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloam-ing, oh, my dar-ling, think not bit - ter-ly of me,
And the qui - et shad-ows fall-ing, soft-ly, come and soft - ly go;
Though I pass'd a - way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free;
mf poco animato
cresc
When the winds are sob - bing faint-ly, with a gen-tle un-known woe,
For my heart was crushed with long-ing, what had been could nev-er be;
1
Will you think of me and love me, as you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and
2
best for me
It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

# My Old Dutch

CHAS. INGLE

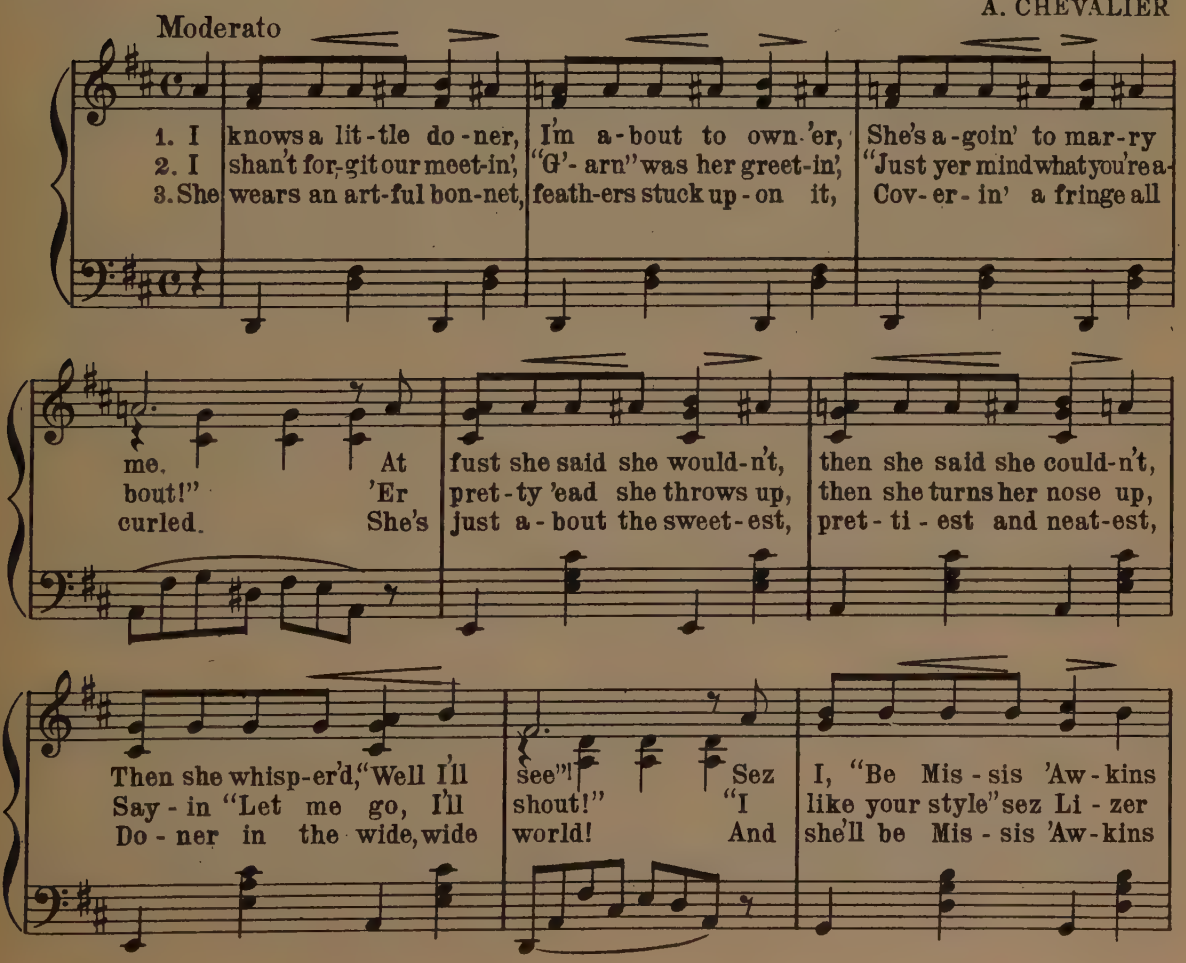
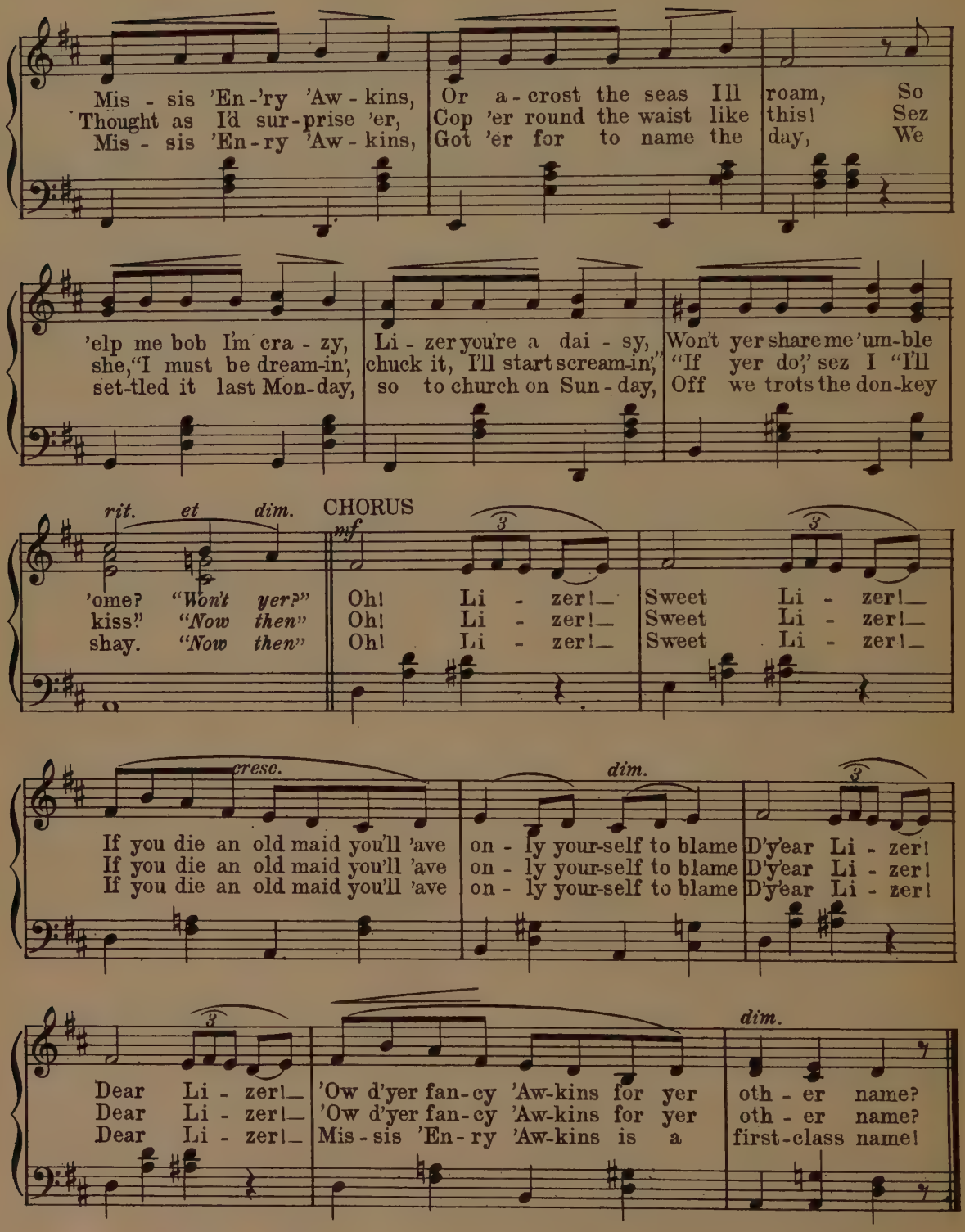

Andante mf
1. I've got a pal, A reg'- lar out an' out - er, She's a
2. I calls her Sal, 'Er pro - per name is Sair - er, An' yer
3. Sweet, fine old gal, For worlds I would - n't lose 'er, She's a
4. I sees yer Sal, Yer pret - ty rib - bons sport - in', Ma - ny
dear, good old gal, I'll — tell yer all a - bout 'er, It's
may find a gal, As, — you'd con - sid - er fair - er, She
dear, good old gal, An — that's wot made me choos 'er, She's
years, now, old gal, Since — them young days of court - in', I
man - y years since fust we met, 'Er 'air was then as black as jet, it's
ain't an an - gel, she can start A - jaw - in' till it makes you smart, She's
stuck to me thro' thick and thin, When luck was out, when luck was in, Ah!
ain't a cow - ard, still I trust, When we're to part, as part we must, That
rit
whit - er now, but she don't fret, Not my old gal! ___
just a wo - man, bless 'er 'eart, Is my old gal! ___ We've
wot a wife to me she's been, An wot a pal! ___
death may come and take me fust, To wait my pal! ___
mf CHORUS
been to-geth-er now for for- ty years, An' it don't seem a day too much, — There


f
dim
cresc
ain't a la-dy liv-in' in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch. There
dim
ain't a la-dy liv-ing in the land, As I'd swop for my dear old Dutch.

# The Future Mrs. 'Awkins

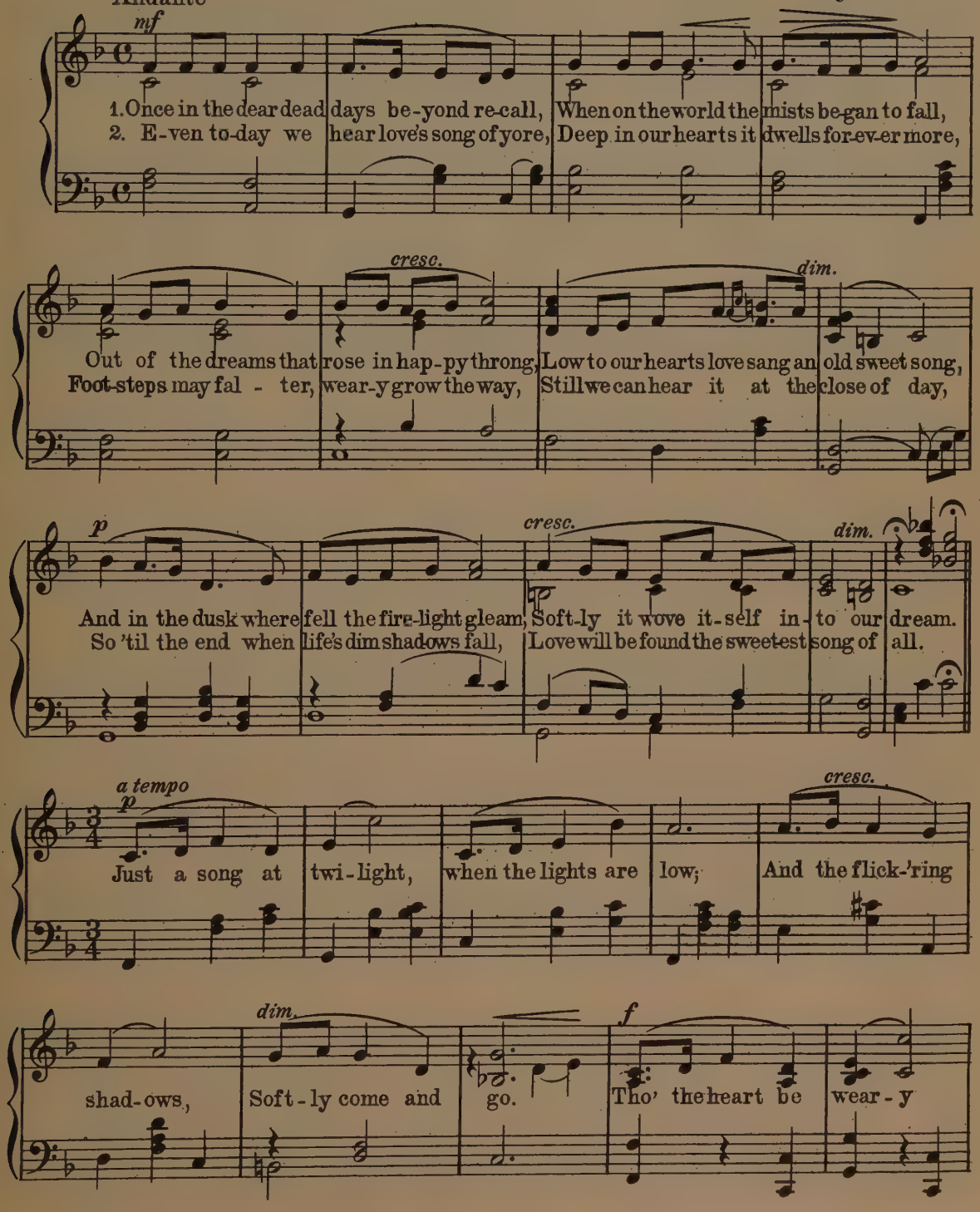
A. CHEVALIER

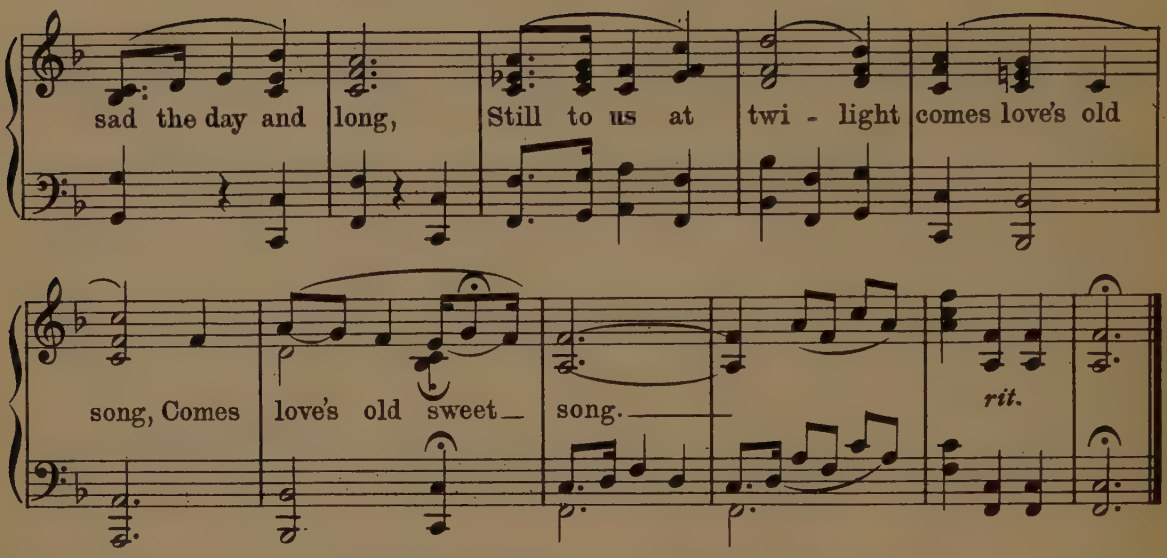
Moderato


1. I knows a lit-tle do-ner, I'm a-bout to own 'er, She's a-goin' to mar-ry
2. I shan't for-git our meet-in', "G'-arn" was her greet-in', "Just yer mind what you're a-
3. She wears an art-ful bon-net, feath-ers stuck up-on it, Cov-er-in' a fringe all
me. At fust she said she would-n't, then she said she could-n't,
bout!" 'Er pret-ty 'ead she throws up, then she turns her nose up,
curled. She's just a-bout the sweet-est, pret-ti-est and neat-est,
Then she whisp-er'd, "Well I'll see"! Sez I, "Be Mis-sis 'Aw-kins
Say-in "Let me go, I'll shout!" "I like your style" sez Li-zer
Do-ner in the wide, wide world! And she'll be Mis-sis 'Aw-kins

Mis - sis 'En-'ry 'Aw - kins, Or a - crost the seas I'll roam, So
Thought as I'd sur-prise 'er, Cop 'er round the waist like this! Sez
Mis - sis 'En-ry 'Aw - kins, Got 'er for to name the day, We
'elp me bob I'm cra - zy, Li - zer you're a dai - sy, Won't yer share me 'um-ble
she, "I must be dream-in', chuck it, I'll start scream-in'," "If yer do," sez I "I'll
set-tled it last Mon-day, so to church on Sun - day, Off we trots the don-key
rit. et dim.
'ome? "Won't yer?"
kiss?" "Now then"
shay. "Now then"
CHORUS
mf
Oh! Li - zer!
Oh! Li - zer!
Oh! Li - zer!
Sweet Li - zer!
Sweet Li - zer!
Sweet Li - zer!
cresc.
dim.
If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your-self to blame D'y'ear Li - zer!
If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your-self to blame D'y'ear Li - zer!
If you die an old maid you'll 'ave on - ly your-self to blame D'y'ear Li - zer!
dim.
Dear Li - zer!
Dear Li - zer!
Dear Li - zer!
'Ow d'yer fan-cy 'Aw-kins for yer oth - er name?
'Ow d'yer fan-cy 'Aw-kins for yer oth - er name?
Mis - sis 'En - ry 'Aw-kins is a first-class name!

# Love's Old Sweet Song

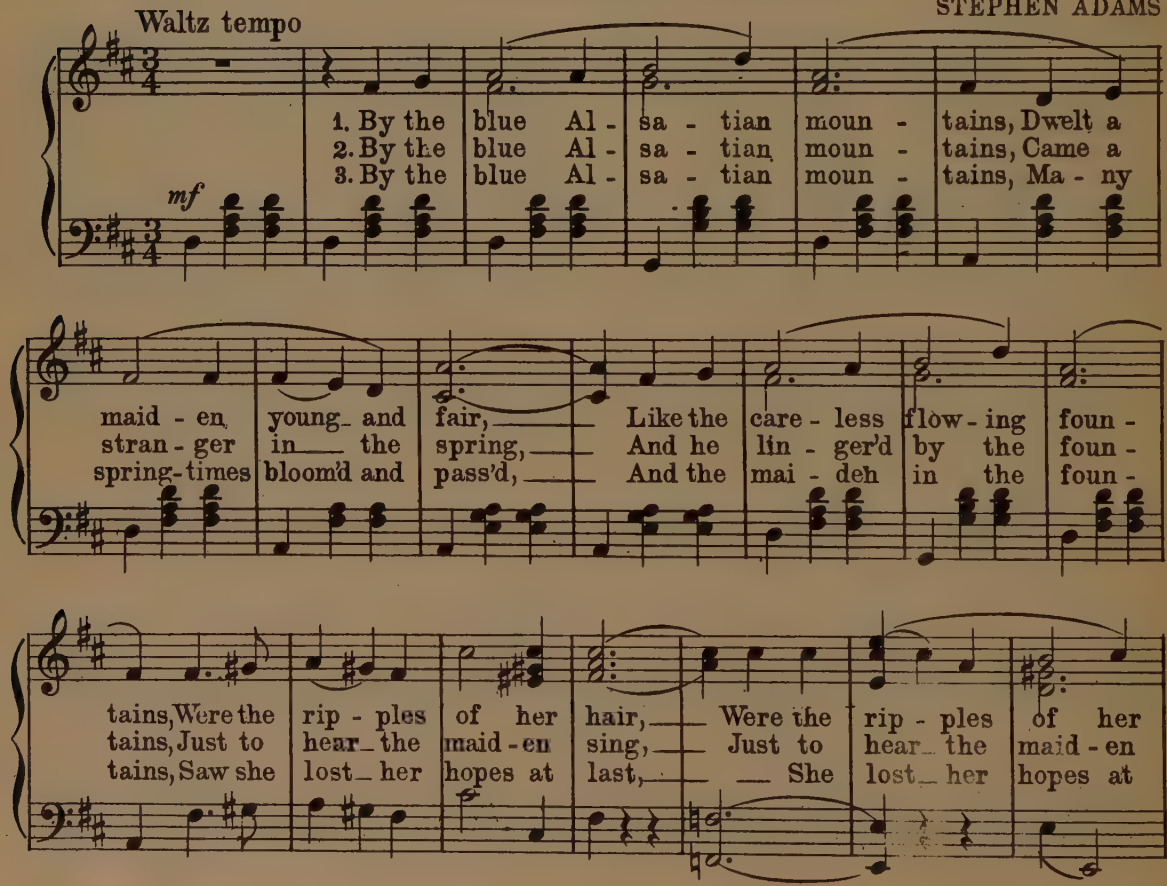
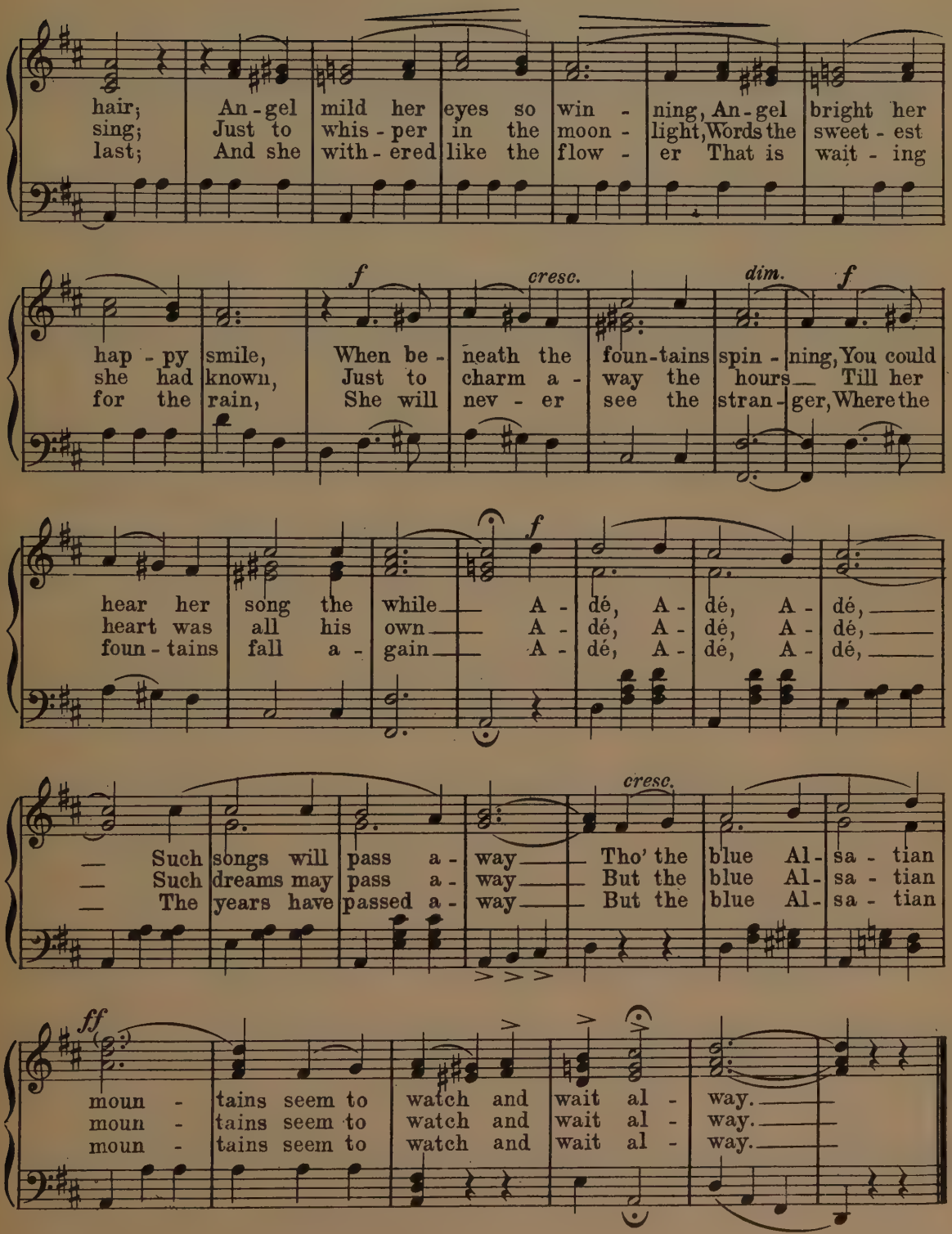
Andante

J. L. MOLLOY

mf
1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er more,
cresc.
dim.
Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
Foot-steps may fal - ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day,
p
cresc.
dim.
And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
So 'til the end when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
a tempo
p
cresc.
Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low; And the flick-'ring
dim.
f
shad-ows, Soft-ly come and go. Tho' the heart be wear-y



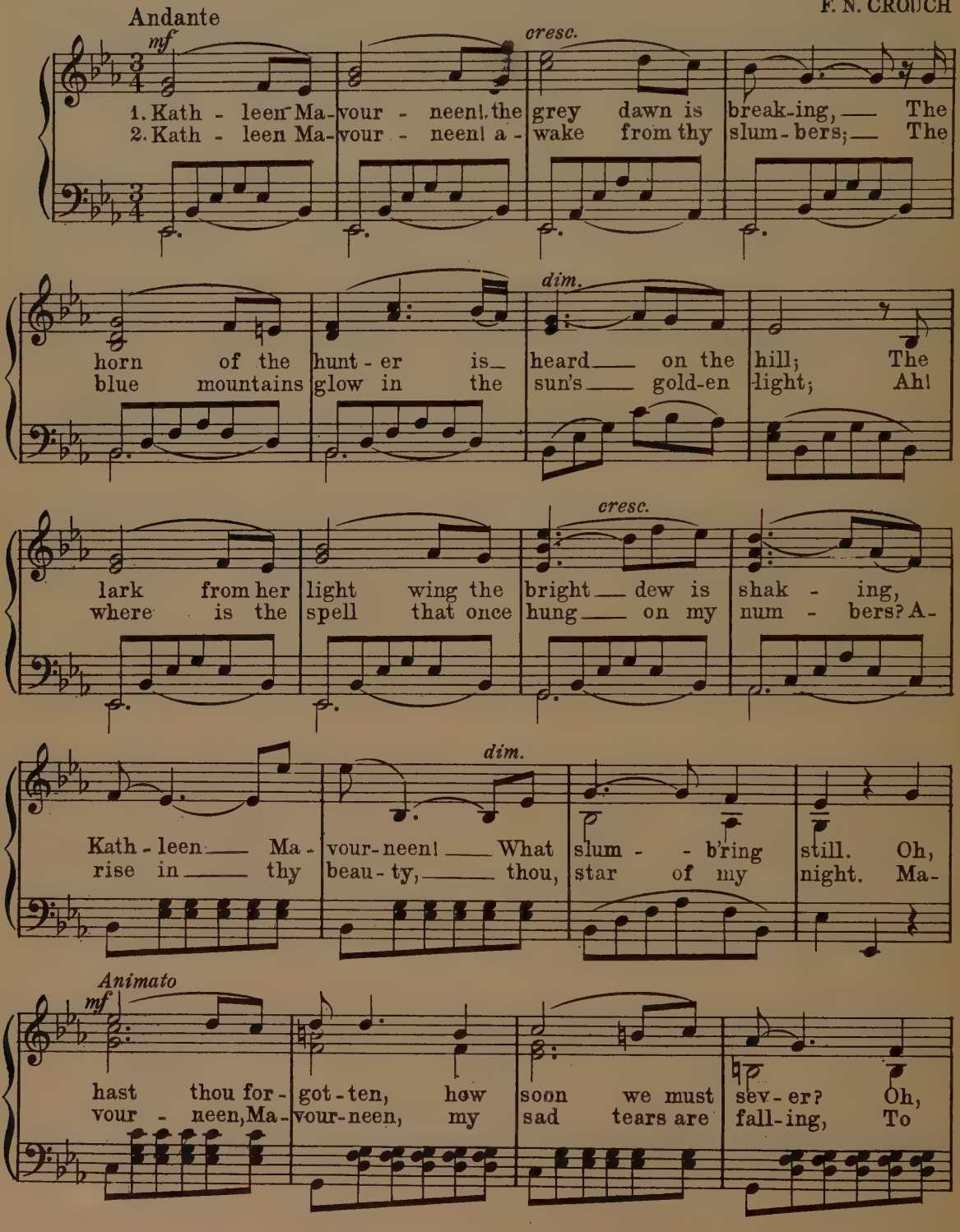
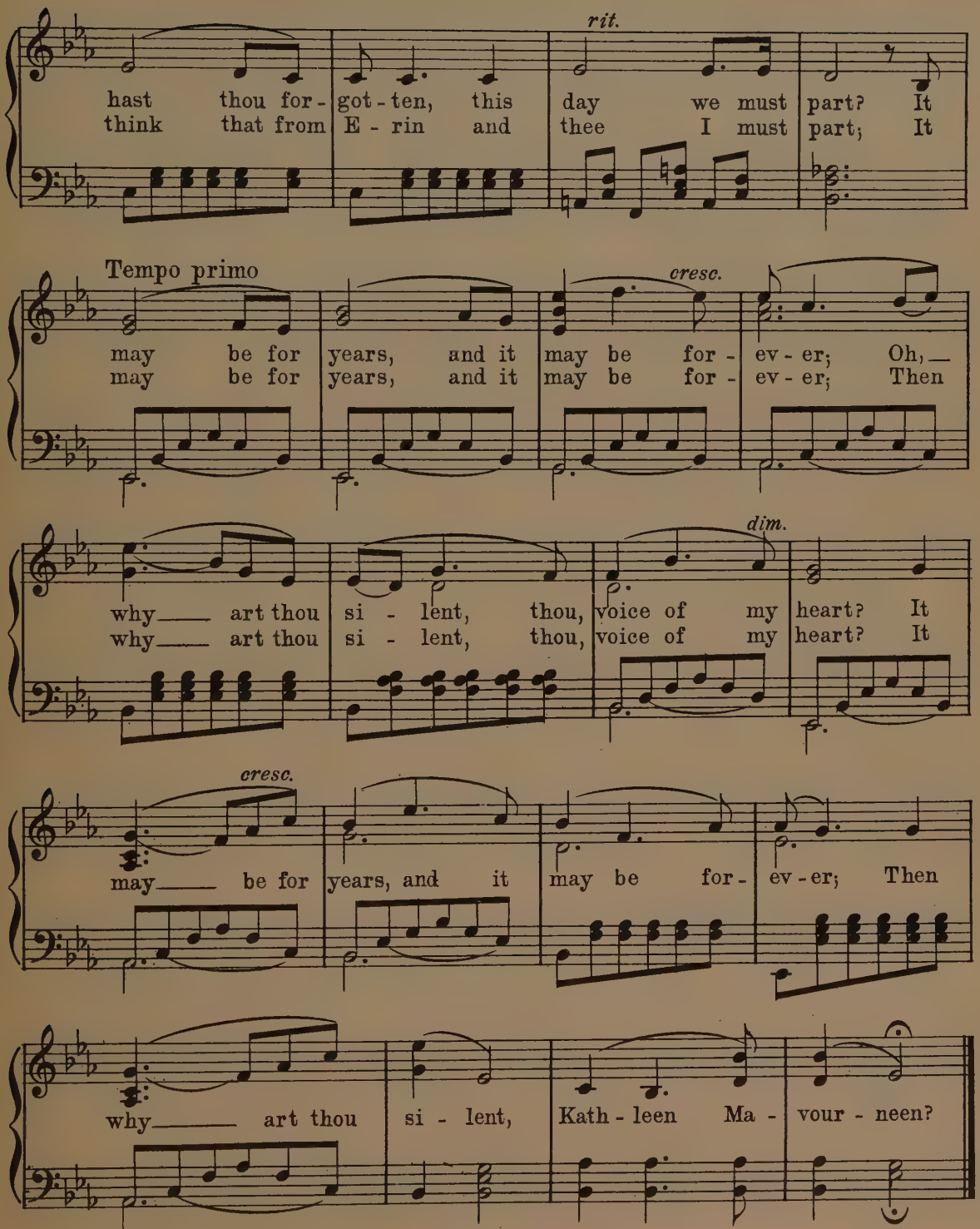

## The Blue Alsatian Mountains

STEPHEN ADAMS


Waltz tempo
mf
1. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Dwelt a
2. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Came a
3. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains, Ma - ny
maid - en young and fair, Like the care - less flow - ing foun -
stran - ger in the spring, And he lin - ger'd by the foun -
spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, And the mai - den in the foun -
tains, Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the rip - ples of her
tains, Just to hear the maid - en sing, Just to hear the maid - en
tains, Saw she lost her hopes at last, She lost her hopes at

hair; An-gel mild her eyes so win- ning, An-gel bright her
sing; Just to whis-per in the moon- light, Words the sweet-est
last; And she with-ered like the flow- er That is wait- ing
f cresc. dim. f
hap-py smile, When be- neath the foun-tains spin- ning, You could
she had known, Just to charm a- way the hours Till her
for the rain, She will nev- er see the stran-ger, Where the
f
hear her song the while A- dé, A- dé, A- dé,
heart was all his own A- dé, A- dé, A- dé,
foun-tains fall a- gain A- dé, A- dé, A- dé,
cresc.
Such songs will pass a- way Tho' the blue Al- sa- tian
Such dreams may pass a- way But the blue Al- sa- tian
The years have passed a- way But the blue Al- sa- tian
ff
moun- tains seem to watch and wait al- way.
moun- tains seem to watch and wait al- way.
moun- tains seem to watch and wait al- way.

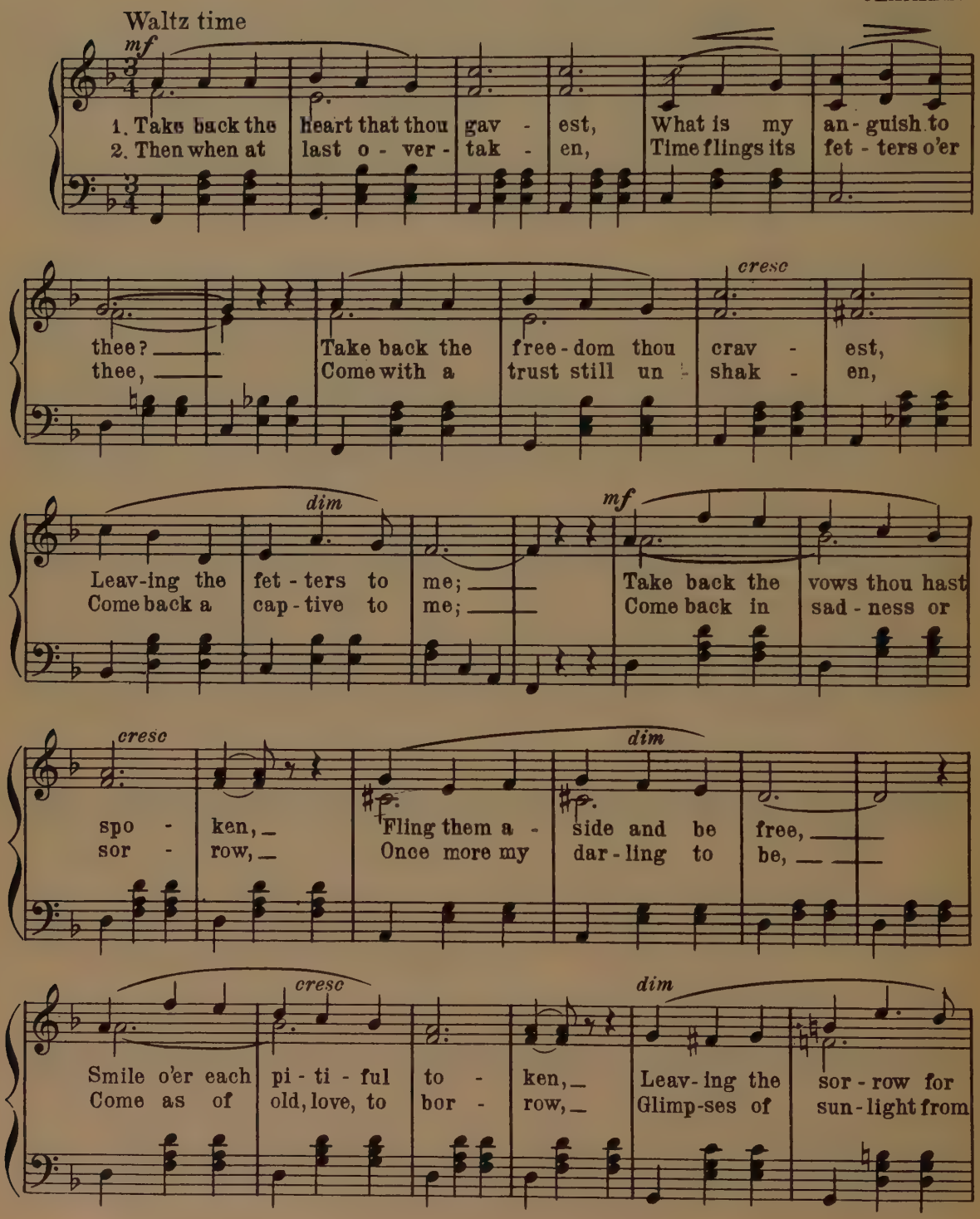
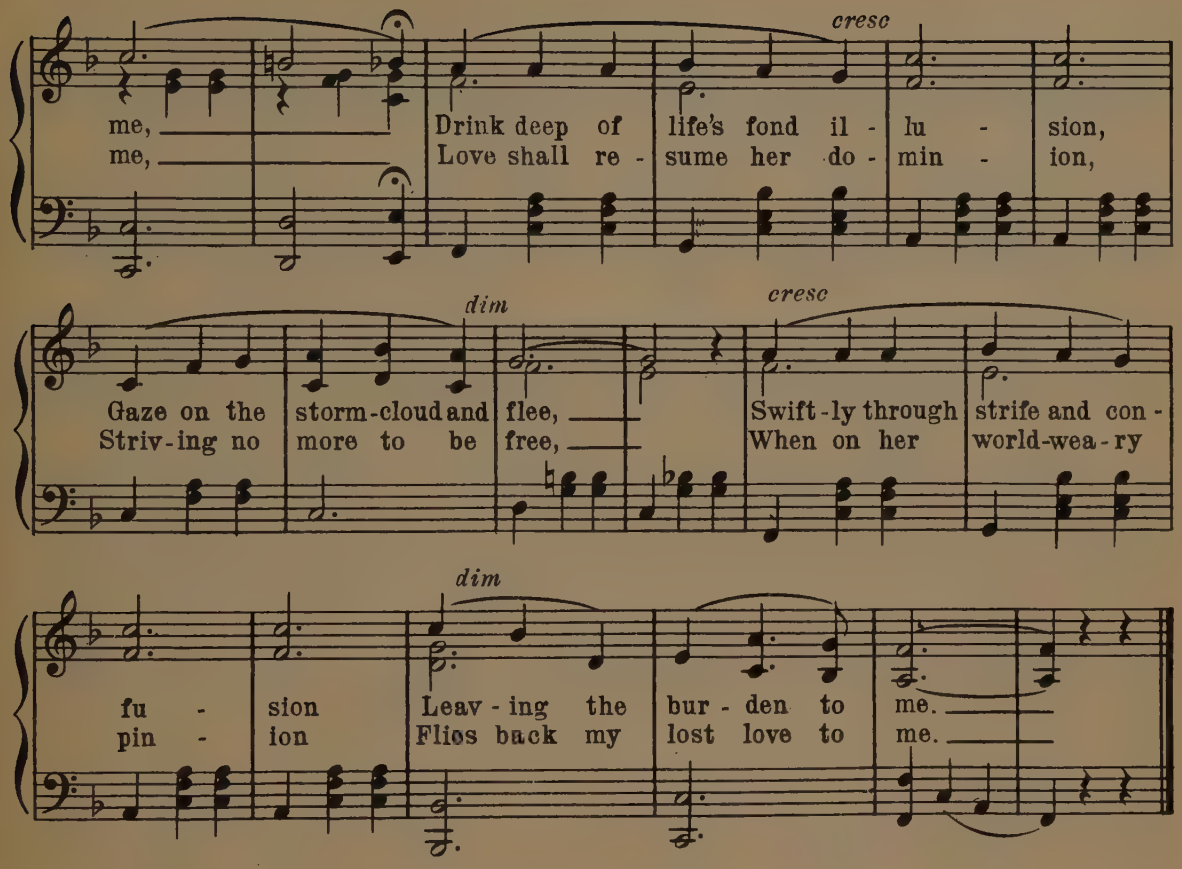
# Kathleen Mavourneen

F. N. CROUCH


Andante
mf
cresc.
1. Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, The
2. Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen! a - wake from thy slum-bers; The
dim.
horn of the hunt - er is heard on the hill; The
blue mountains glow in the sun's gold-en light; Ah!
cresc.
lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing,
where is the spell that once hung on my num - bers? A-
dim.
Kath - leen Ma - vour-neen! What slum - - b'ring still. Oh,
rise in thy beau - ty, thou, star of my night. Ma-
Animato
mf
hast thou for - got - ten, how soon we must sev - er? Oh,
vour - neen, Ma-vour-neen, my sad tears are fall-ing, To

rit.
hast thou for- got - ten, this day we must part? It
think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It
Tempo primo
cresc.
may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Oh,
may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then
dim.
why art thou si - lent, thou, voice of my heart? It
why art thou si - lent, thou, voice of my heart? It
cresc.
may be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then
why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

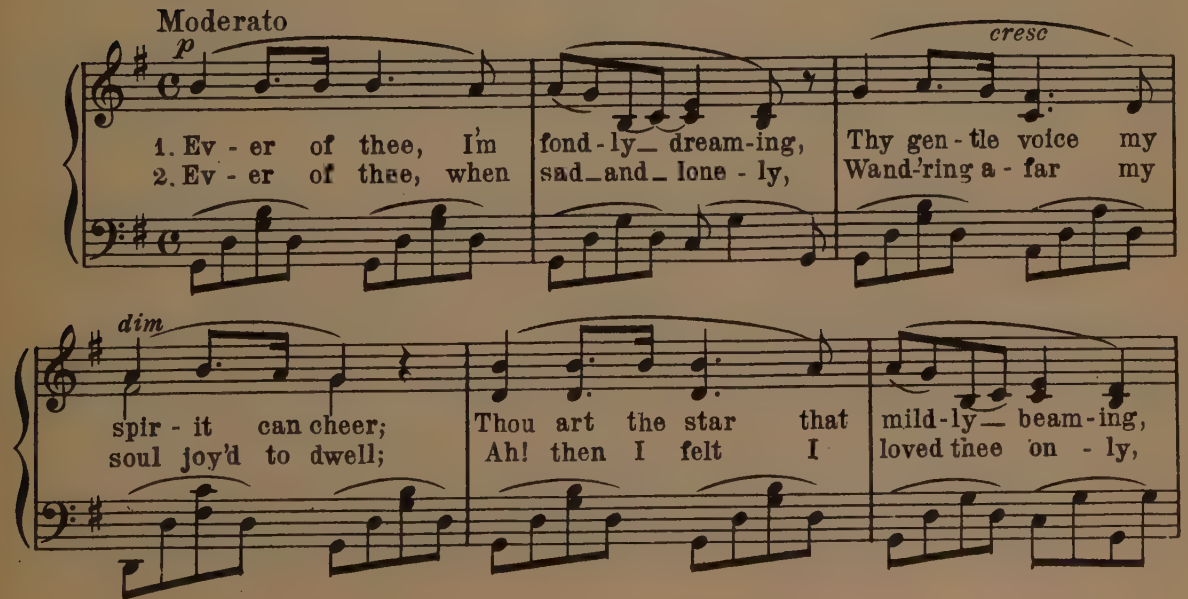
# Take Back The Heart

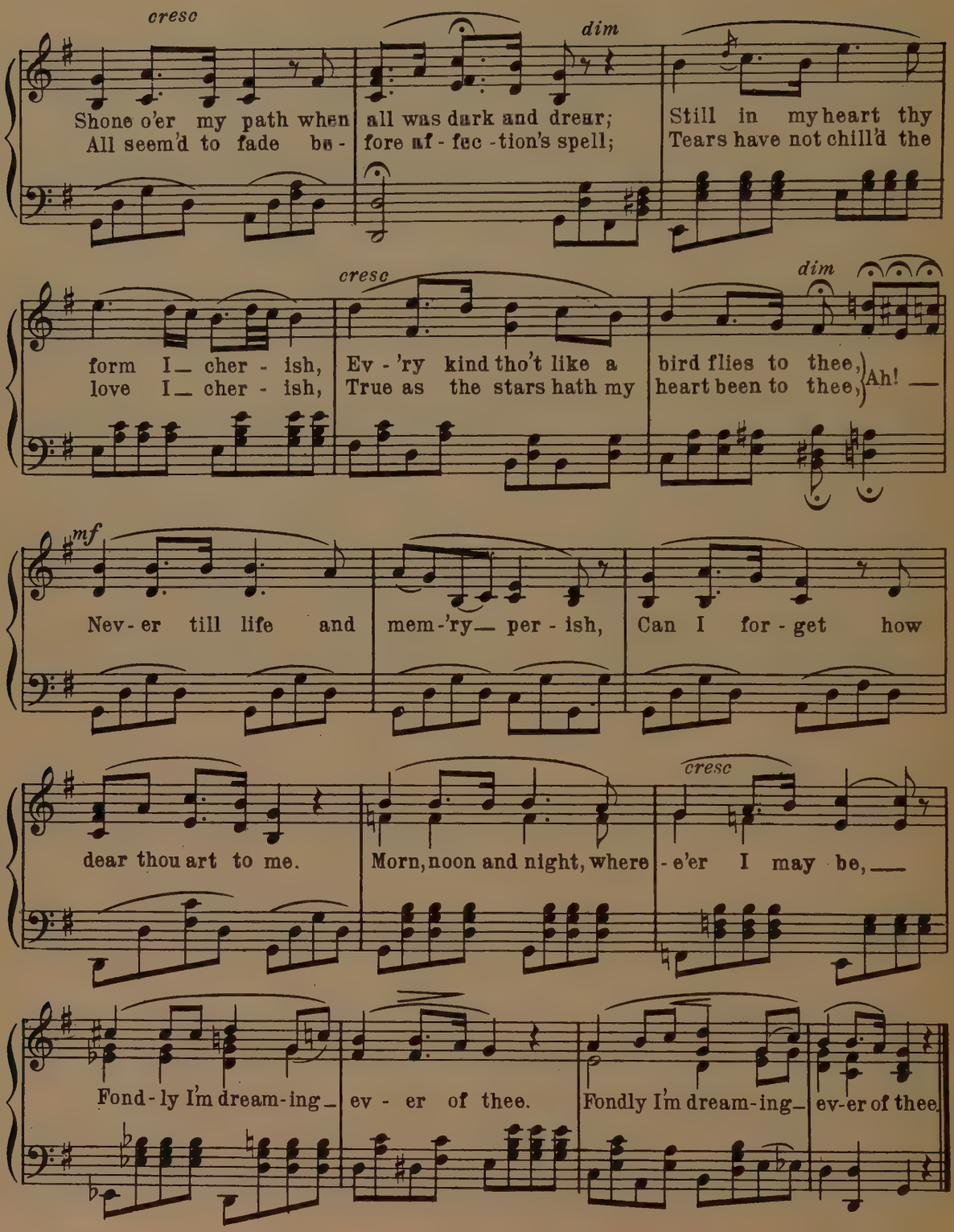
CLARIBEL


Waltz time
mf
1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my an - guish to
2. Then when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet - ters o'er
cresc
thee? Take back the free - dom thou crav - est,
thee, Come with a trust still un - shak - en,
dim
mf
Leav-ing the fet - ters to me; Take back the vows thou hast
Come back a cap - tive to me; Come back in sad - ness or
cresc
dim
spo - ken, Fling them a - side and be free,
sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be,
cresc
dim
Smile o'er each pi - ti - ful to - ken, Leav - ing the sor - row for
Come as of old, love, to bor - row, Glimp-ses of sun - light from

cresc
me,
me,
Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion,
Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion,
dim
cresc
Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee,
Striv-ing no more to be free,
Swift-ly through strife and con -
When on her world-wea-ry
dim
fu - sion
pin - ion
Leav-ing the bur - den to me.
Flies back my lost love to me.

## Ever of Thee

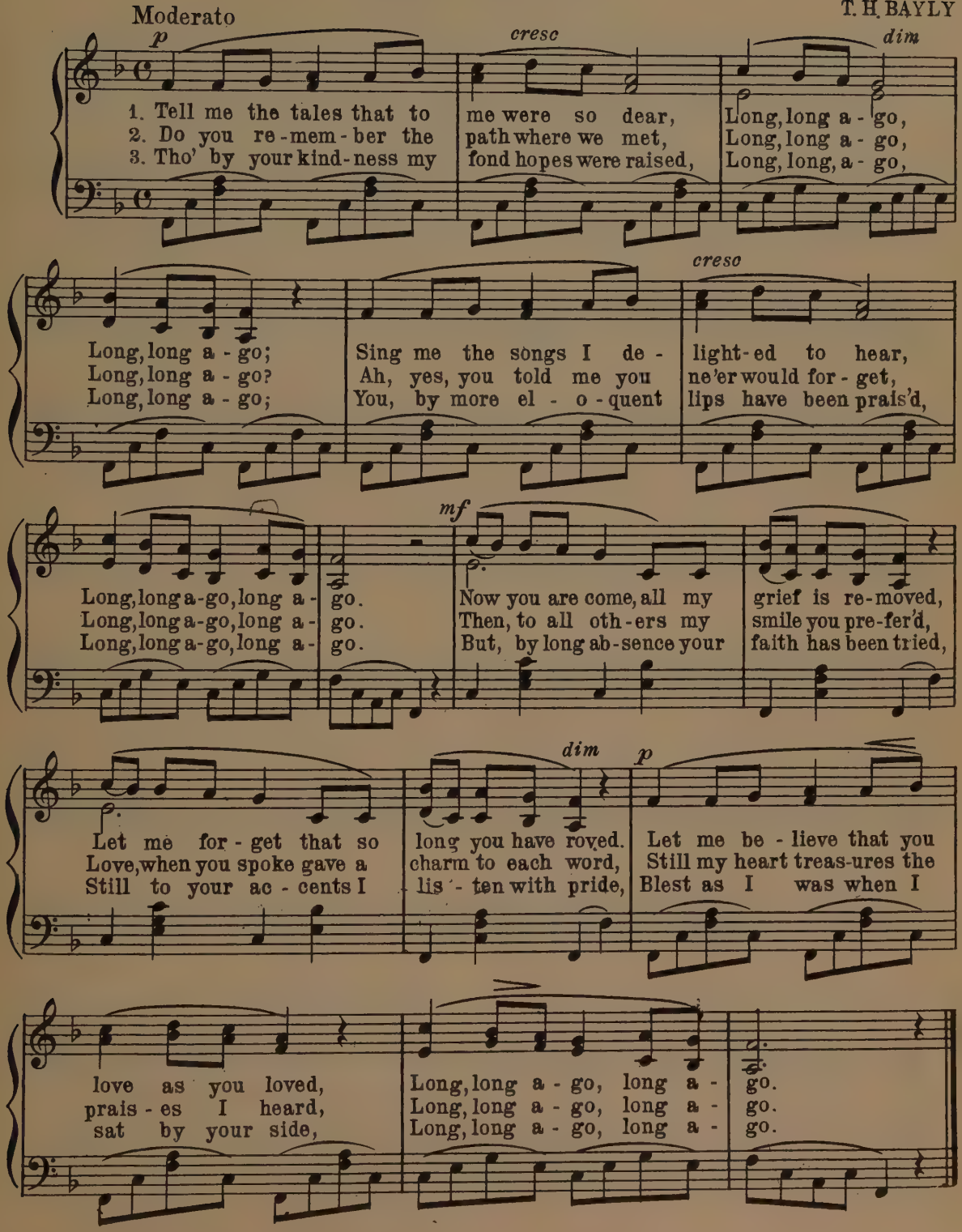
F. HALL


Moderato
p
cresc
1. Ev - er of thee, I'm fond-ly dream-ing,
2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly,
Thy gen - tle voice my
Wand'ring a - far my
dim
spir - it can cheer;
soul joy'd to dwell;
Thou art the star that
Ah! then I felt I
mild-ly beam-ing,
loved thee on - ly,


cresc
dim
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear; Still in my heart thy
All seem'd to fade be- fore af - fec -tion's spell; Tears have not chill'd the
cresc
dim
form I_ cher - ish, Ev - 'ry kind tho't like a bird flies to thee,
love I_ cher - ish, True as the stars hath my heart been to thee, Ah! _
mf
Nev- er till life and mem-'ry_ per - ish, Can I for - get how
dear thou art to me. Morn, noon and night, where - e'er I may be, _
cresc
Fond - ly I'm dream-ing_ ev - er of thee. Fondly I'm dream-ing_ ev-er of thee.

# Long, Long Ago

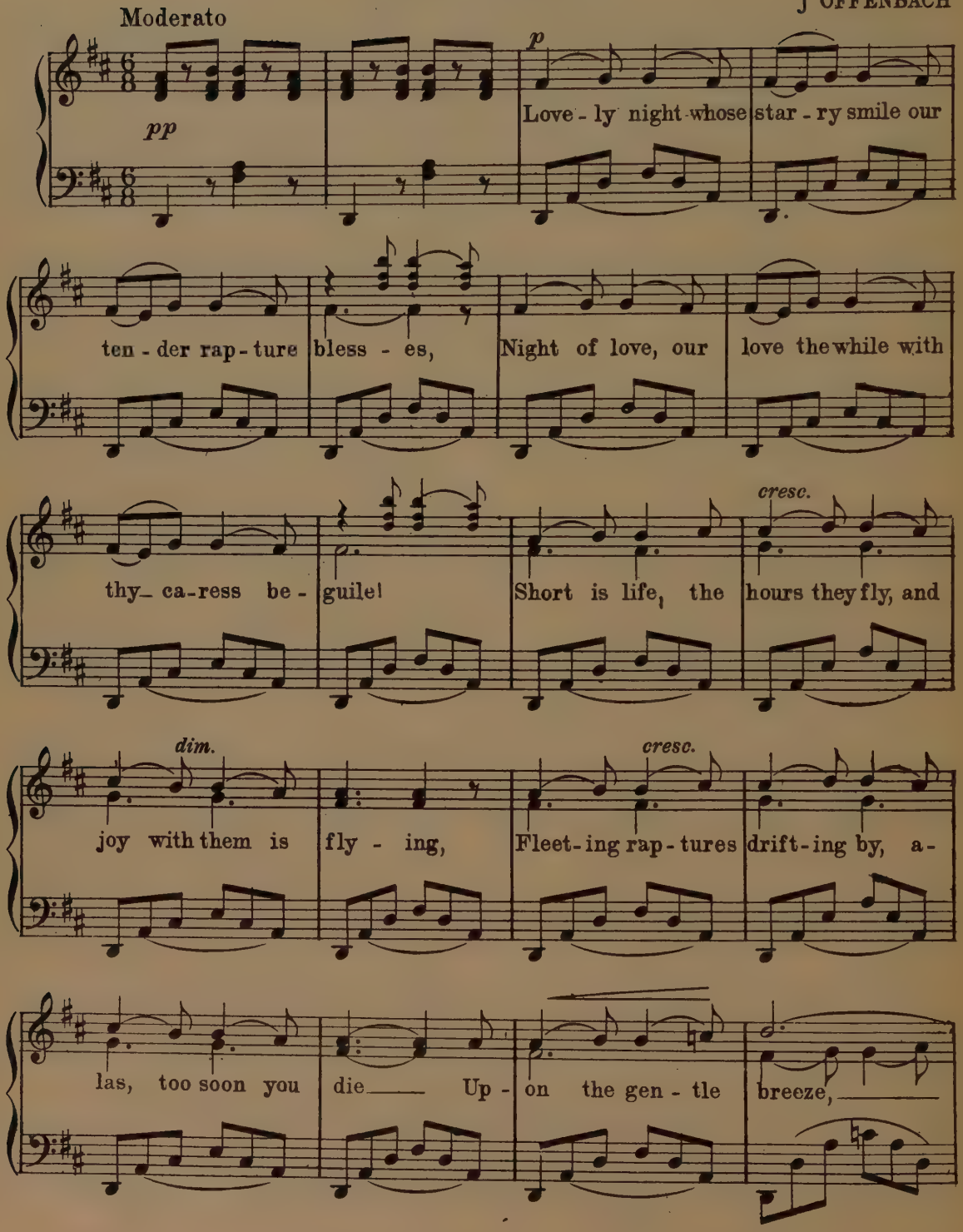
T. H. BAYLY

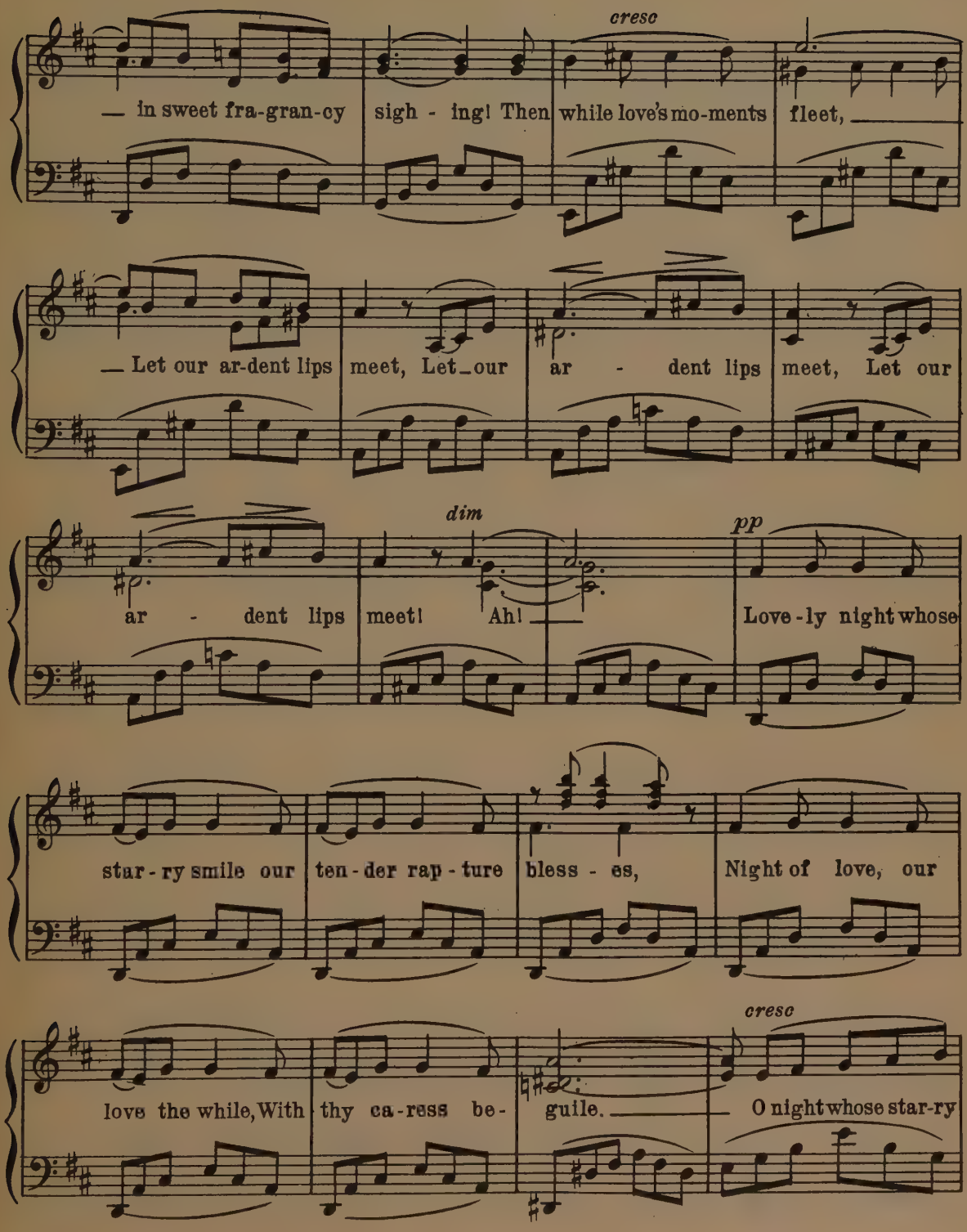

Moderato
p
cresc
dim
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go,
3. Tho' by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long, a - go,
Long, long a - go; Long, long a - go? Long, long a - go;
Sing me the songs I de - light-ed to hear, Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, You, by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd,
creso
Long, long a-go, long a - go. Long, long a-go, long a - go. Long, long a-go, long a - go.
mf
Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Then, to all oth-ers my smile you pre-fer'd, But, by long ab-sence your faith has been tried,
Let me for - get that so long you have roved. Love, when you spoke gave a charm to each word, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride,
dim
p
Let me be - lieve that you Still my heart treas-ures the Blest as I was when I
love as you loved, prais - es I heard, sat by your side,
Long, long a - go, long a - go. Long, long a - go, long a - go. Long, long a - go, long a - go.

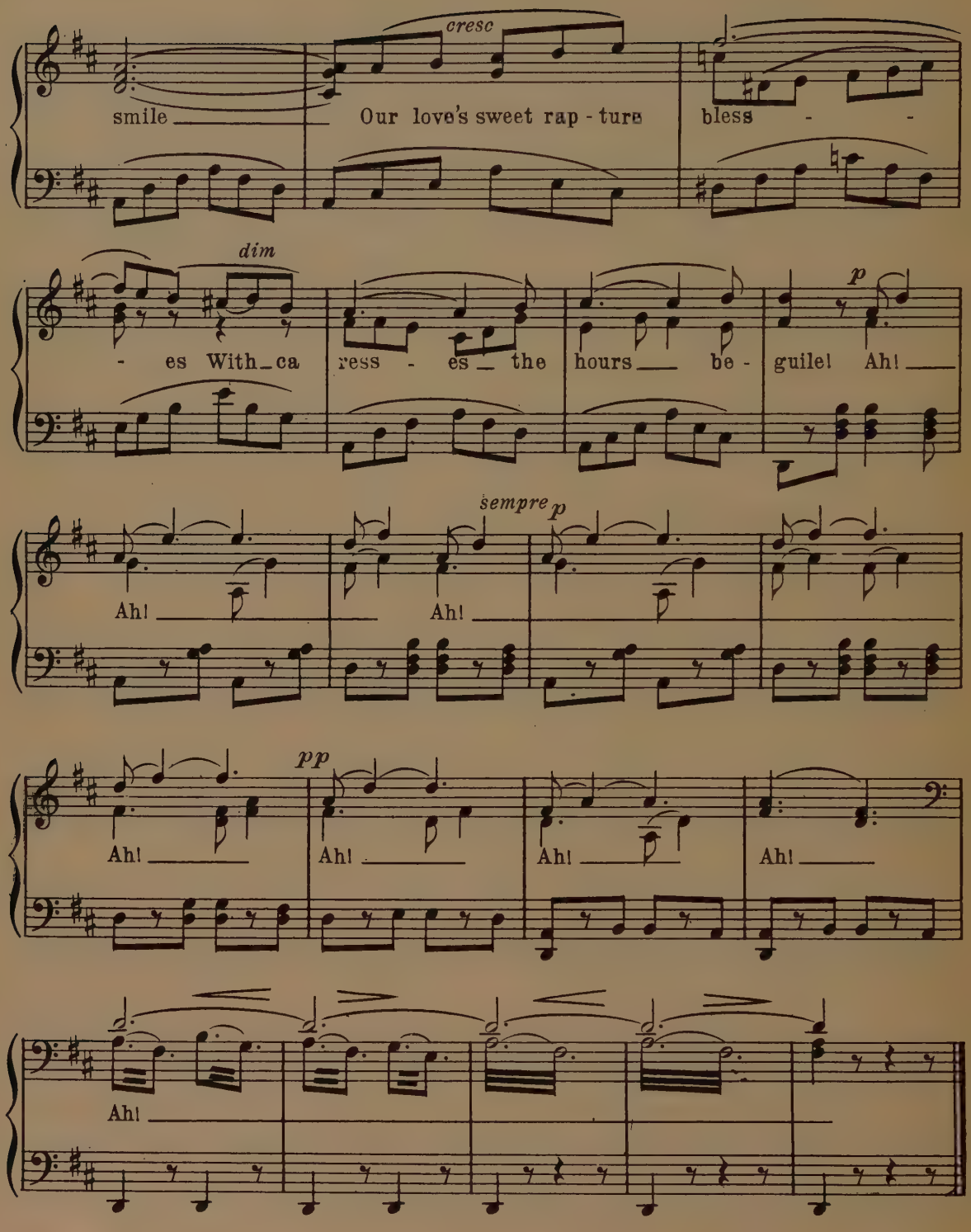
# Lovely Night

(Tales of Hoffman)

J OFFENBACH


Moderato
pp
p
Love - ly night whose star - ry smile our
ten - der rap - ture bless - es,
Night of love, our love the while with
thy_ ca-ress be - guile!
cresc.
Short is life, the hours they fly, and
dim.
joy with them is fly - ing,
cresc.
Fleet-ing rap-tures drift-ing by, a-
las, too soon you die_____
Up - on the gen - tle breeze,_____


cresc
— in sweet fra-gran-cy sigh - ing! Then while love's mo-ments fleet, —
— Let our ar-dent lips meet, Let our ar - dent lips meet, Let our
dim
pp
ar - dent lips meet! Ah! — Love-ly night whose
star-ry smile our ten-der rap-ture bless - es, Night of love, our
cresc
love the while, With thy ca-ress be- guile. — O night whose star-ry

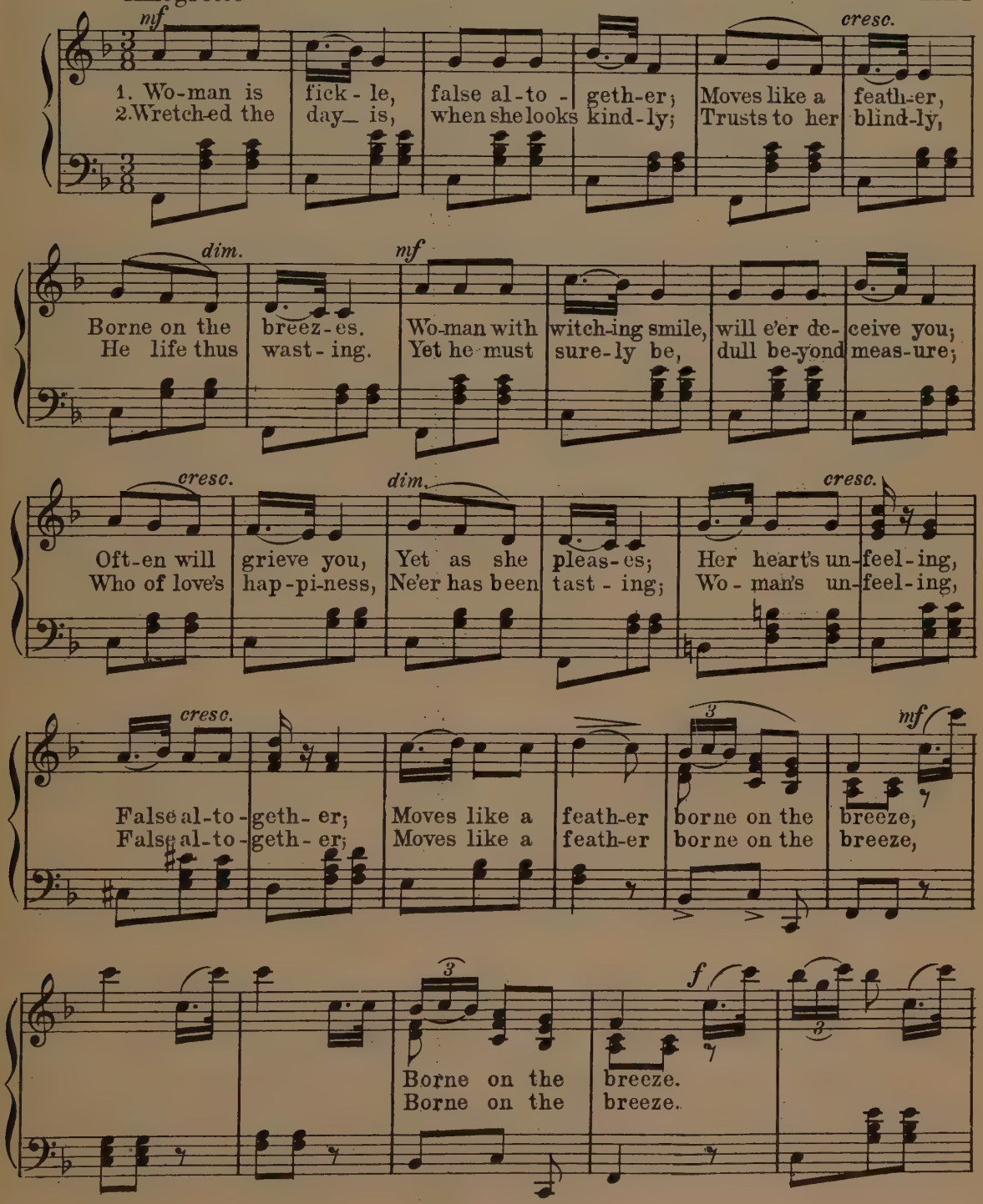
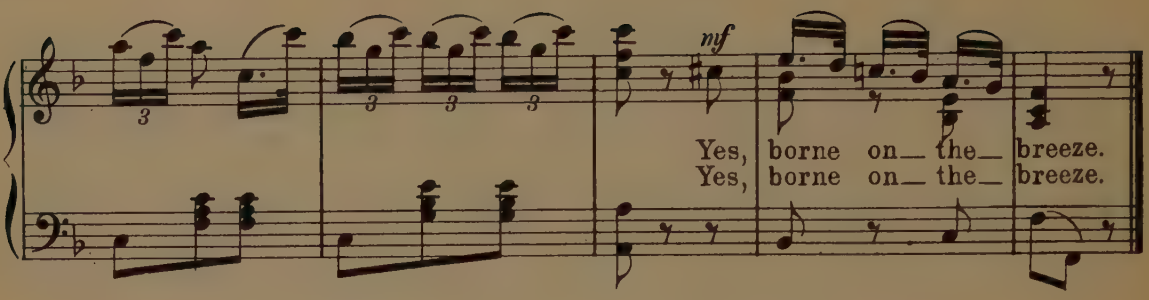

cresc
smile
Our love's sweet rap - ture
bless - -
dim
- es With ca ress - es the hours be - guile! Ah!
p
sempre p
Ah! Ah!
pp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ah!

# Woman is Fickle

(Rigoletto)

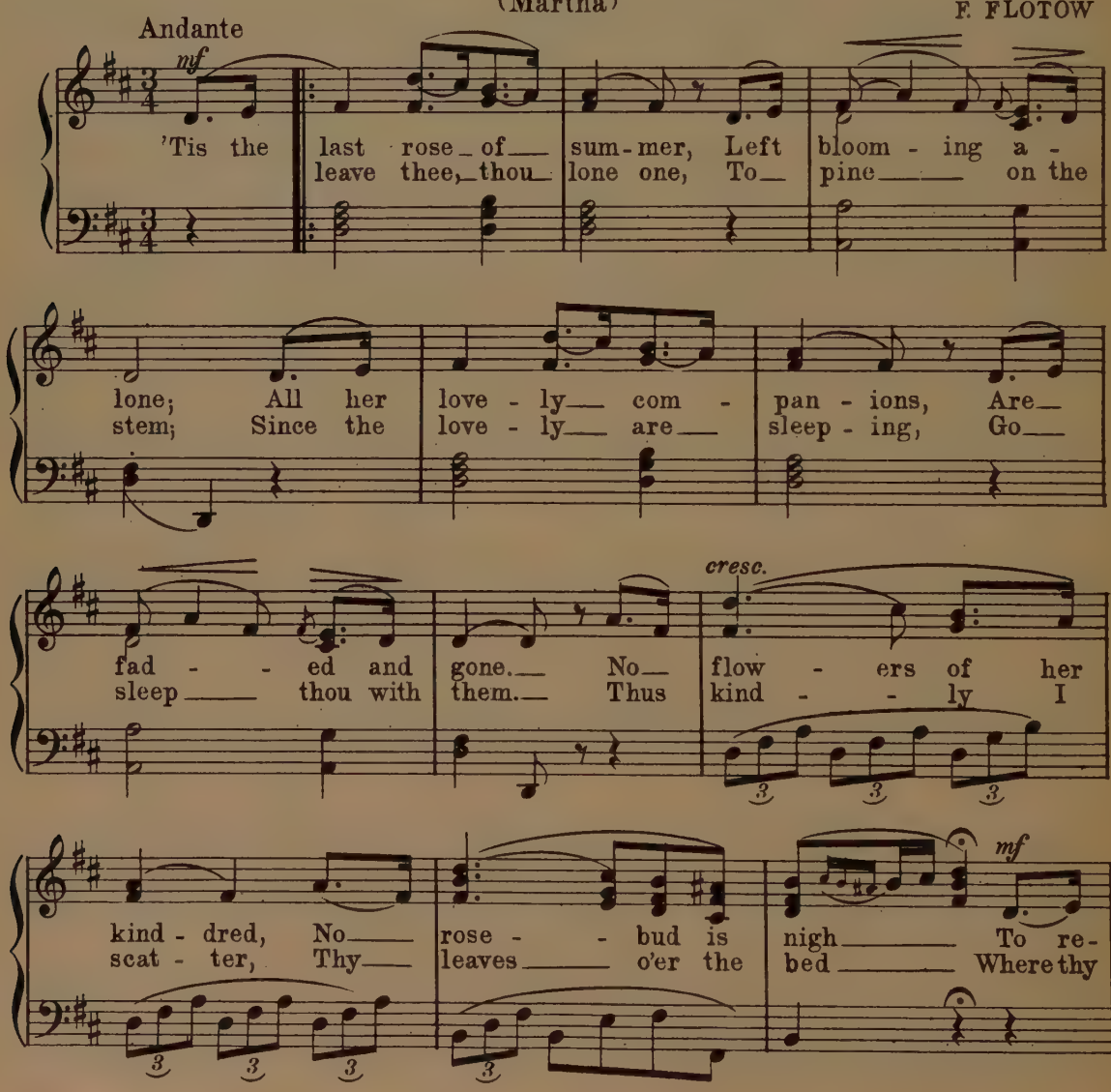
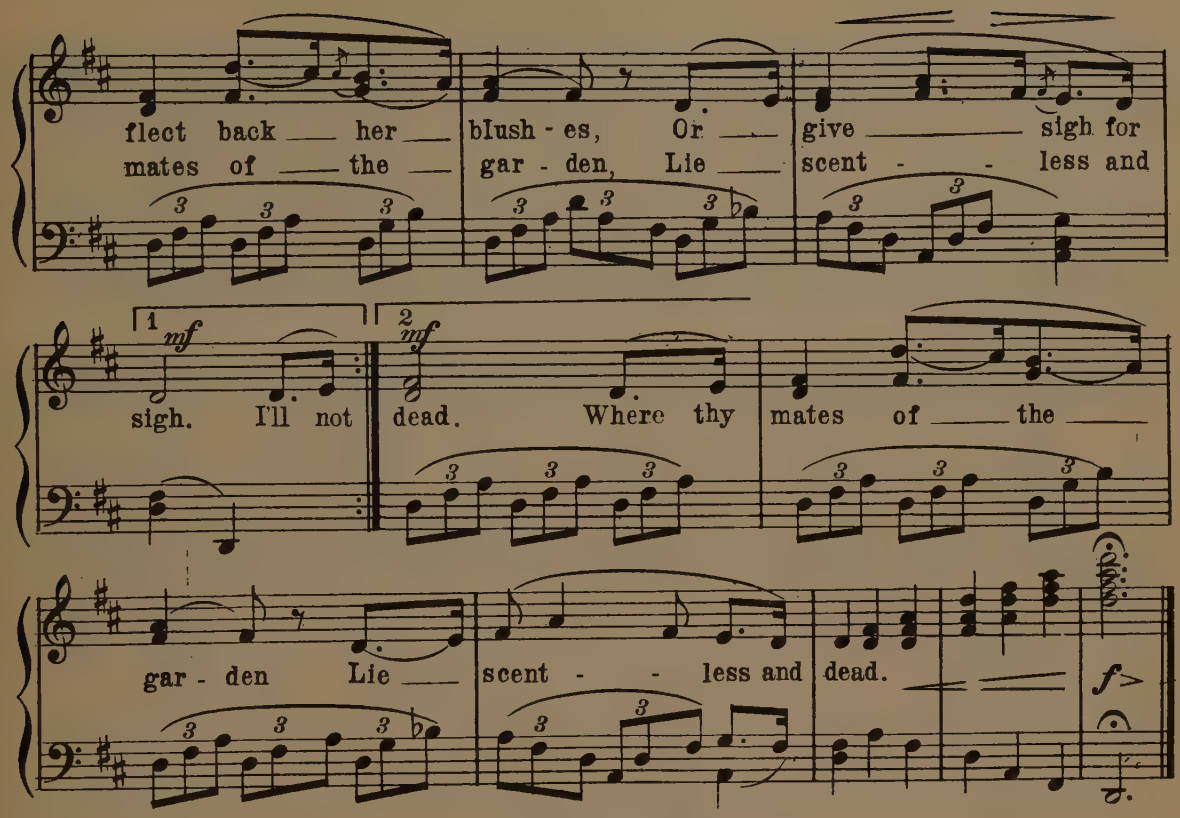
Allegretto

G. VERDI


mf
cresc.
1. Wo-man is fick-le, false al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er,
2. Wretch-ed the day is, when she looks kind-ly; Trusts to her blind-ly,
dim.
mf
Borne on the breez-es. Wo-man with witch-ing smile, will e'er de-ceive you;
He life thus wast-ing. Yet he must sure-ly be, dull be-yond meas-ure;
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
Oft-en will grieve you, Yet as she pleas-es; Her heart's un-feel-ing,
Who of love's hap-pi-ness, Ne'er has been tast-ing; Wo-man's un-feel-ing,
cresc.
3
mf
False al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er borne on the breeze,
False al-to-geth-er; Moves like a feath-er borne on the breeze,
3
f
Borne on the breeze.
Borne on the breeze.

# The Last Rose of Summer

(Martha)

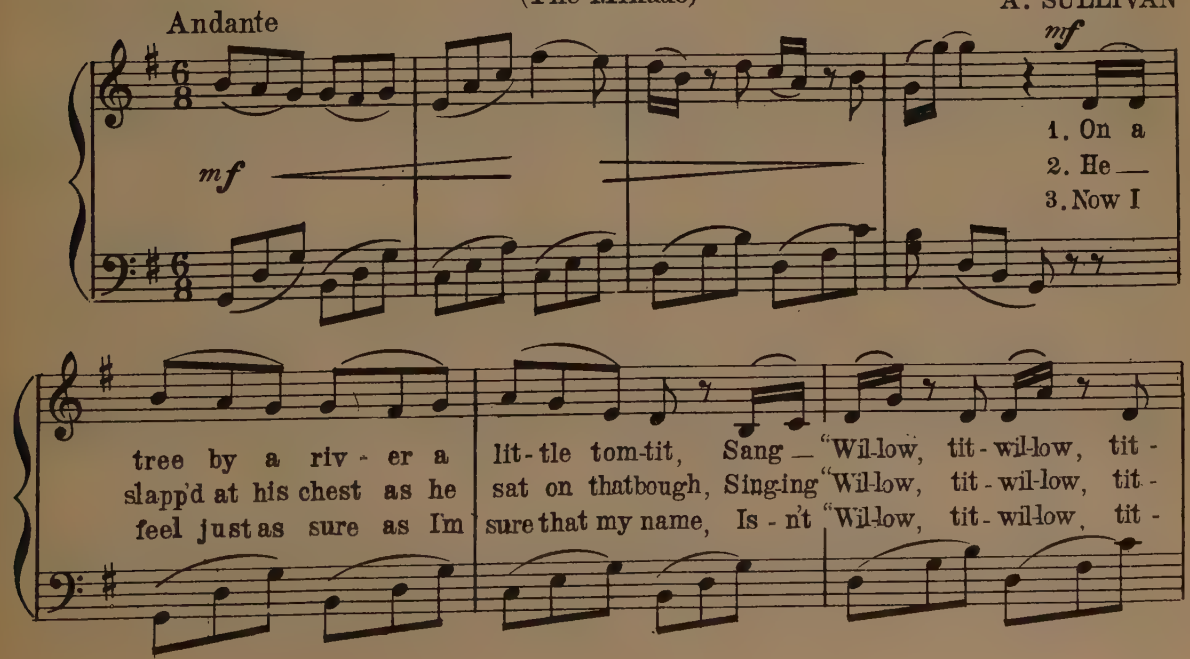
F. FLOTOW

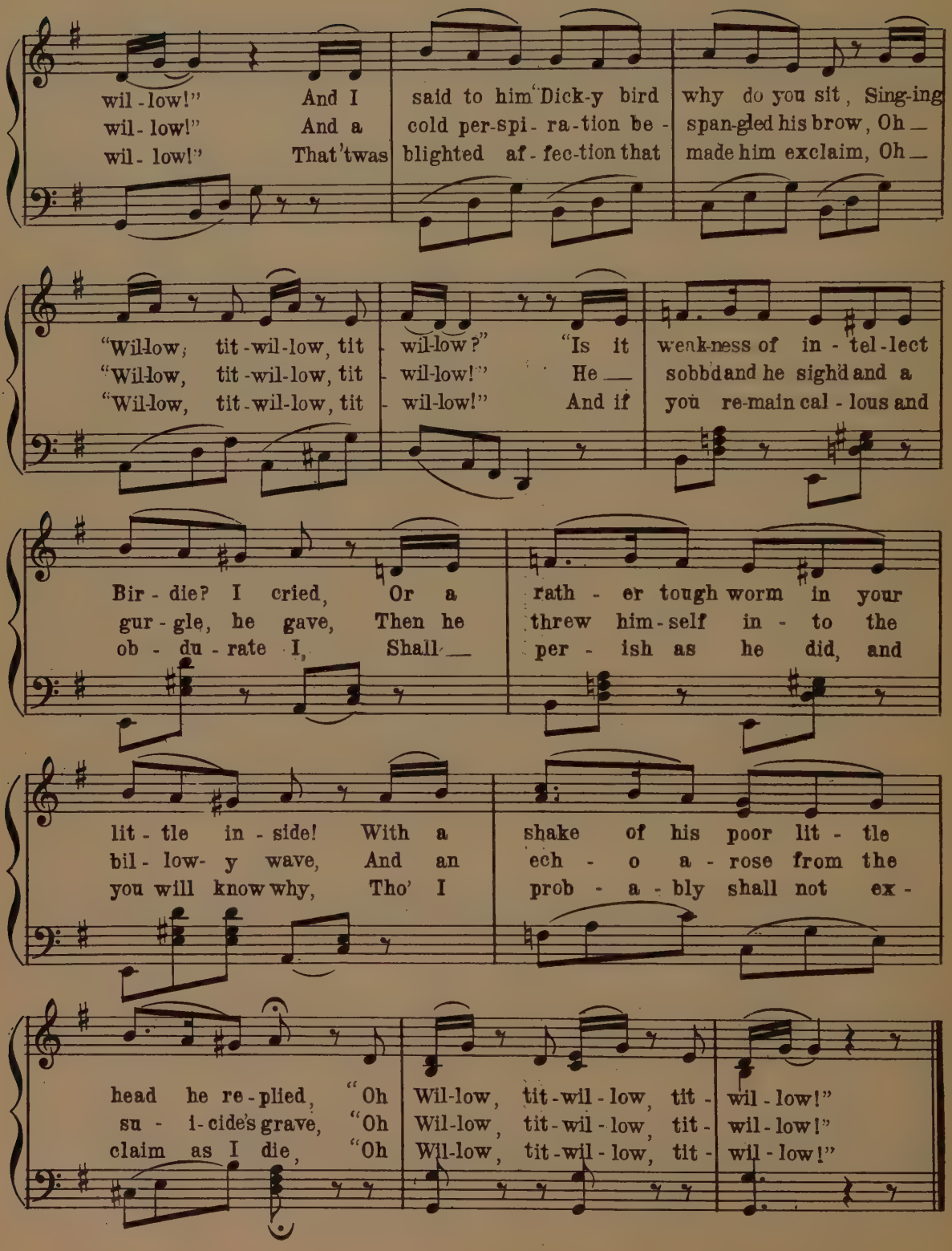

Andante
mf
'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a -
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions, Are
stem; Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go
fad - - ed and gone. No flow - ers of her
sleep thou with them. Thus kind - - ly I
cresc.
kind - dred, No rose - - bud is nigh To re-
scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy
mf

flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for
mates of the gar - den, Lie scent - less and
1
mf
sigh. I'll not
2
mf
dead. Where thy mates of the
gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
f

## Tit Willow

(The Mikado)

A. SULLIVAN


Andante
mf
mf
1. On a
2. He
3. Now I
tree by a riv - er a lit - tle tom-tit, Sang "Wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit -
slapp'd at his chest as he sat on thatbough, Singing "Wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit -
feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name, Is - n't "Wil-low, tit - wil-low, tit -

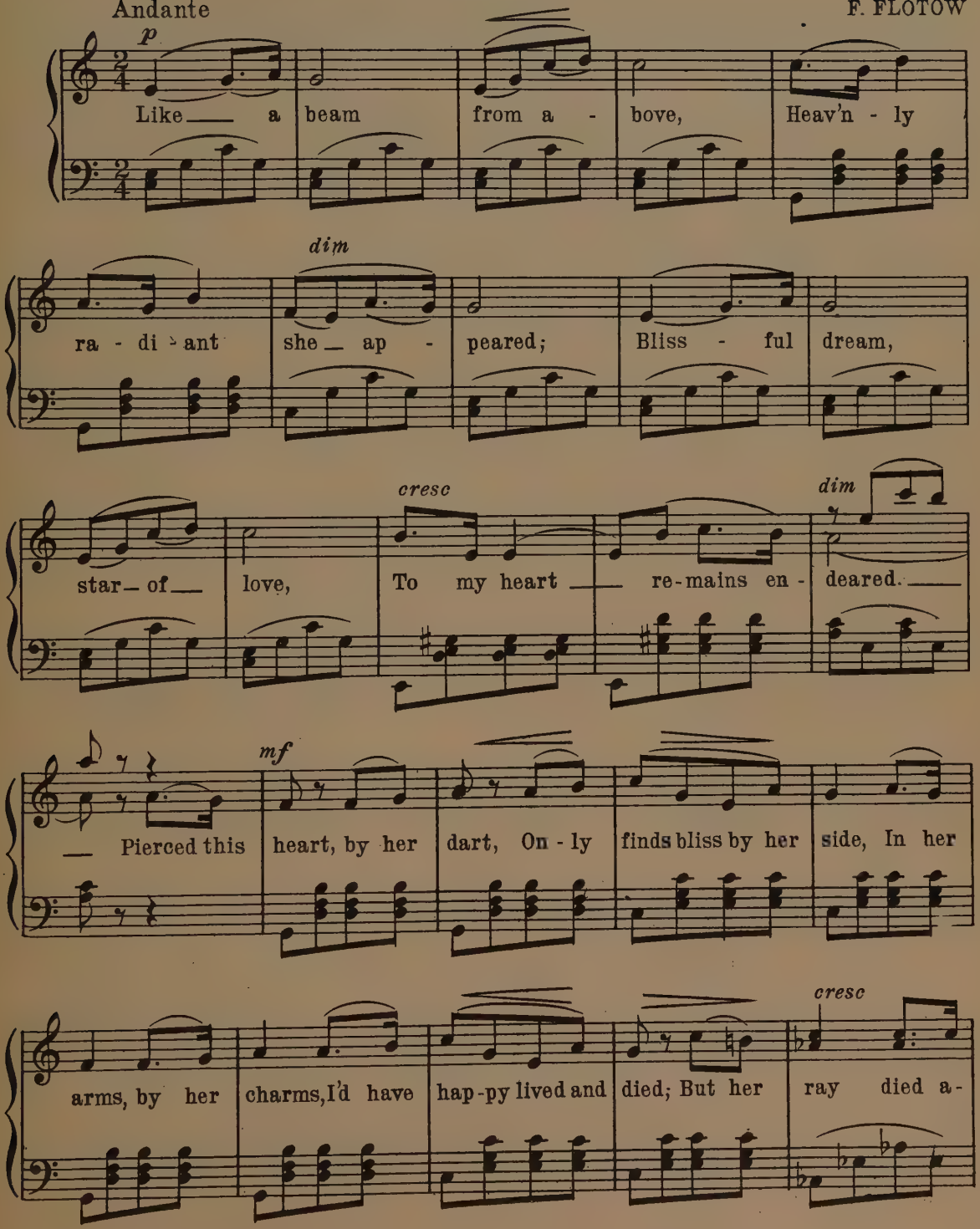

wil - low!" And I said to him "Dick-y bird why do you sit, Sing-ing
wil - low!" And a cold per-spi - ra - tion be - span-gled his brow, Oh —
wil - low!" That 'twas blighted af - fec-tion that made him exclaim, Oh —
"Wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil-low?" "Is it weak-ness of in - tel - lect
"Wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil-low!" He — sobbd and he sighd and a
"Wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil-low!" And if you re-main cal - lous and
Bir - die? I cried, Or a rath - er tough worm in your
gur - gle, he gave, Then he threw him - self in - to the
ob - du - rate I, Shall — per - ish as he did, and
lit - tle in - side! With a shake of his poor lit - tle
bil - low - y wave, And an ech - o a - rose from the
you will know why, Tho' I prob - a - bly shall not ex -
head he re - plied, "Oh Wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"
su - i - cide's grave, "Oh Wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"
claim as I die, "Oh Wil-low, tit - wil - low, tit - wil - low!"

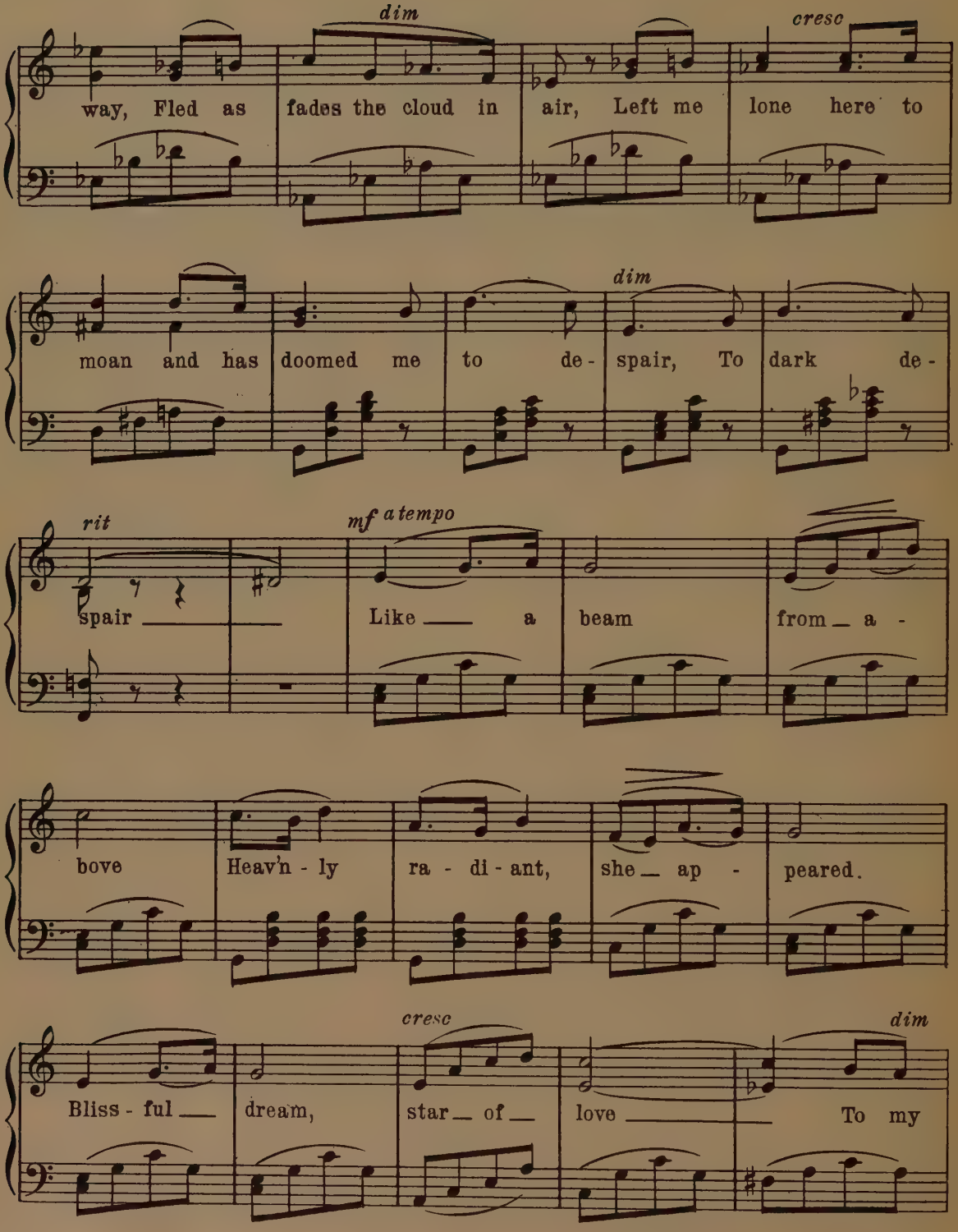
# Ah! So Pure

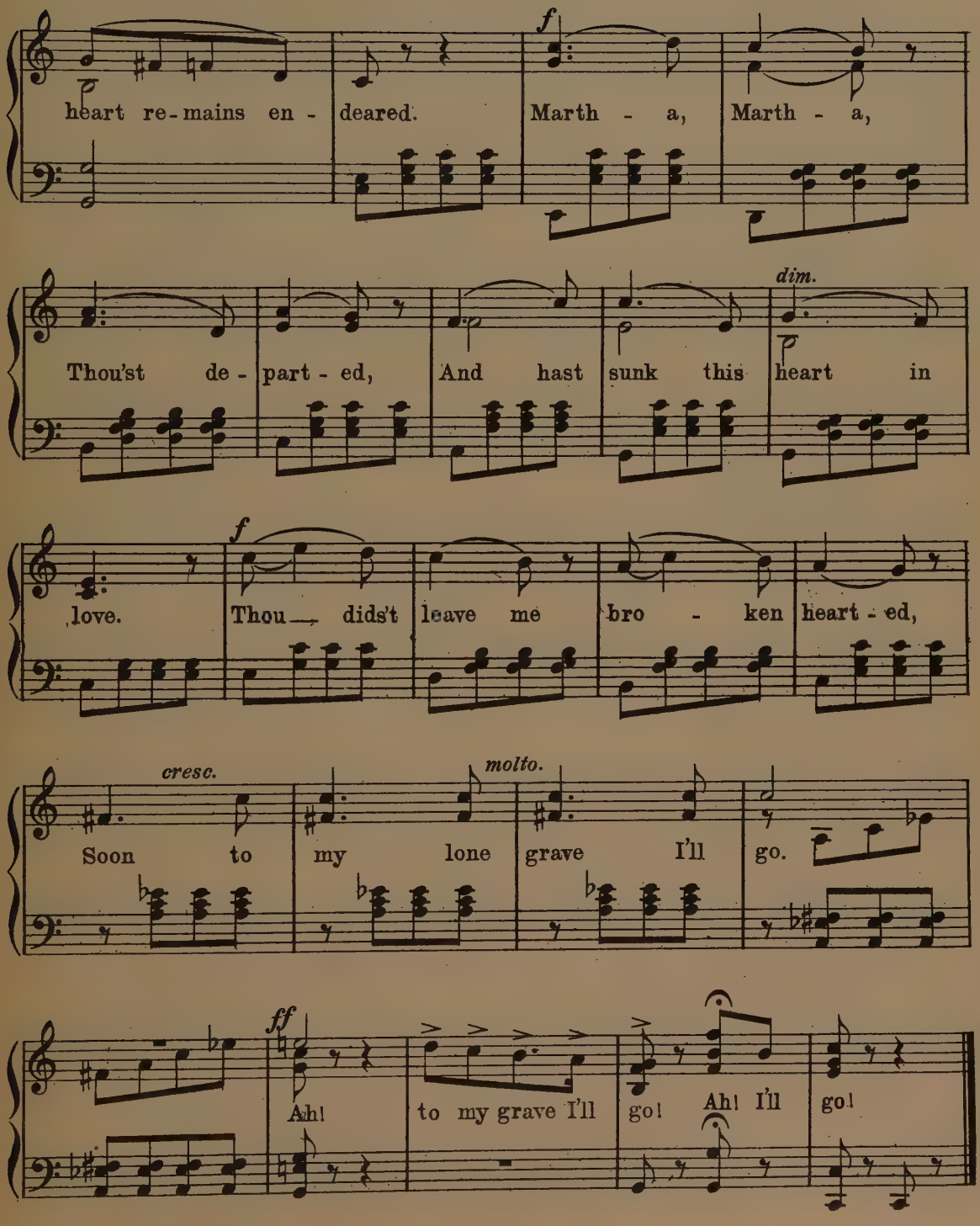
(Martha)

Andante

F. FLOTOW

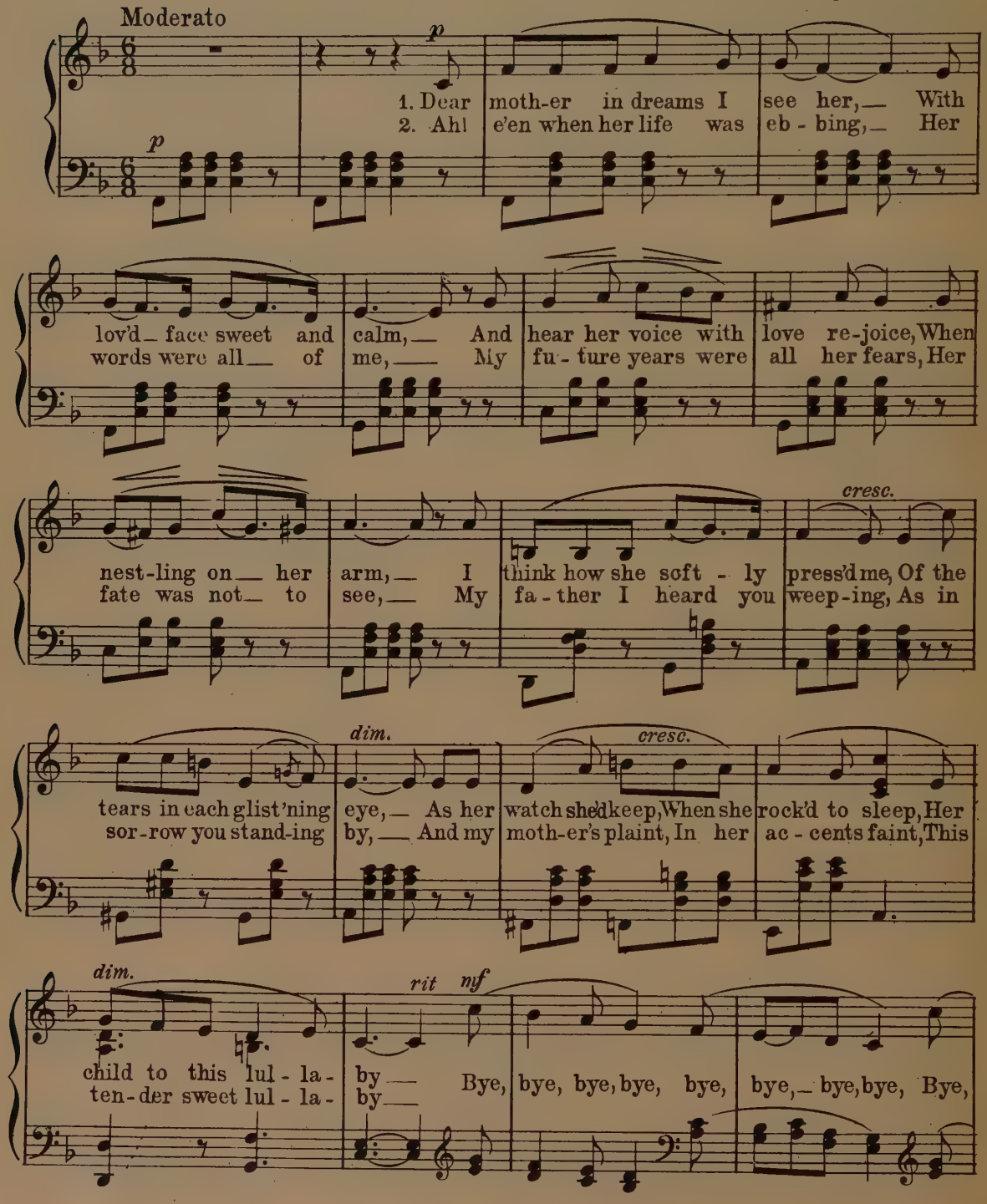

p
Like a beam from a - bove, Heav'n - ly
dim
ra - di - ant she ap - peared; Bliss - ful dream,
cresc
dim
star of love, To my heart re-mains en - deared.
mf
Pierced this heart, by her dart, On - ly finds bliss by her side, In her
cresc
arms, by her charms, I'd have hap-py lived and died; But her ray died a-

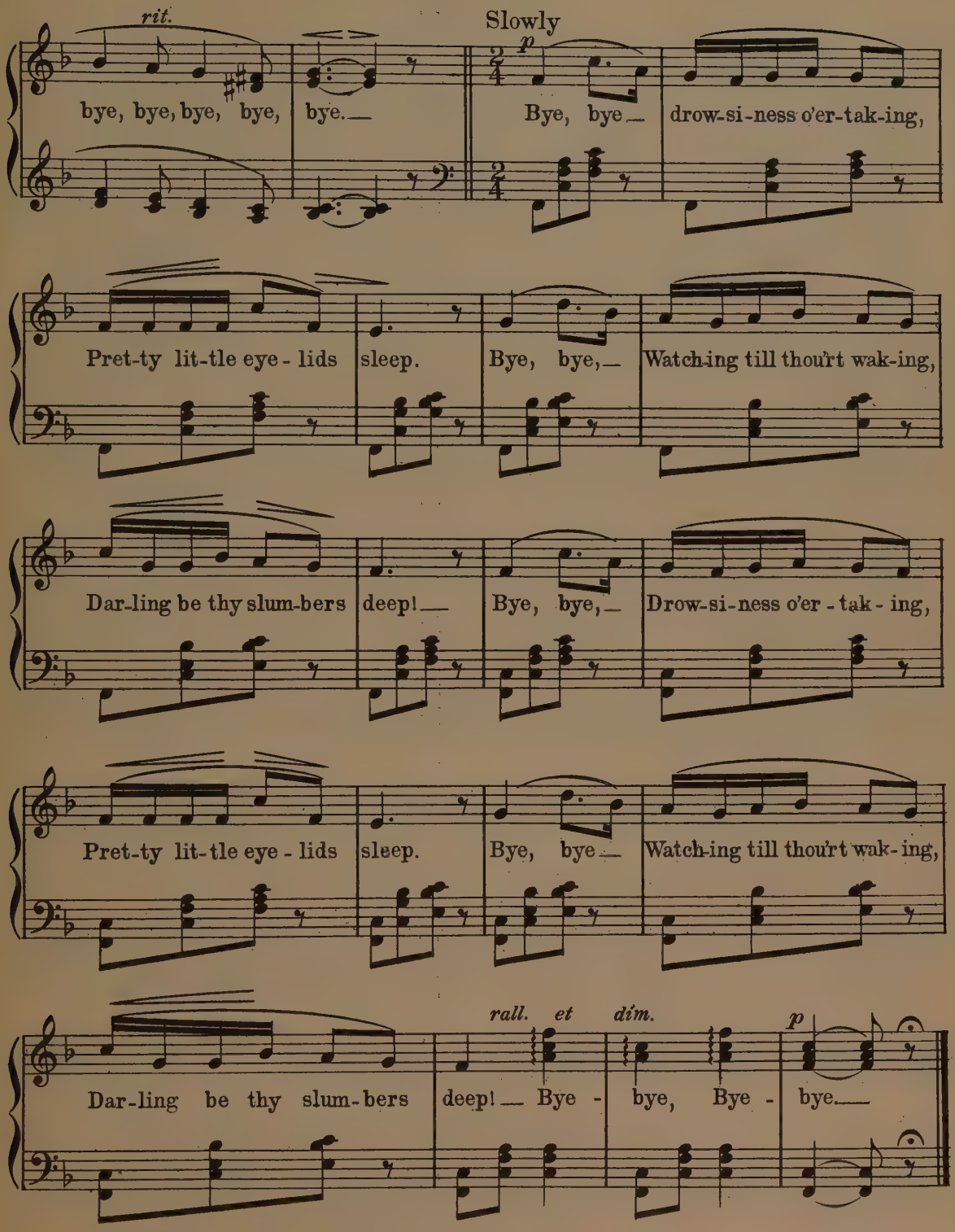

dim
cresc
way, Fled as fades the cloud in air, Left me lone here to
dim
moan and has doomed me to de- spair, To dark de-
rit
mf a tempo
spair Like a beam from a -
bove Heav'n - ly ra - di - ant, she ap - peared.
cresc
dim
Bliss - ful dream, star of love To my


heart re-mains en - deared.
Marth - a, Marth - a,
Thou'st de - part - ed,
And hast sunk this heart in
love.
Thou didst leave me bro - ken heart - ed,
Soon to my lone grave I'll go.
Ah!
to my grave I'll go!
Ah! I'll go!
f
dim.
cresc.
molto.
ff

# Lullaby
(Erminie)

E. JAKOBOWSKI

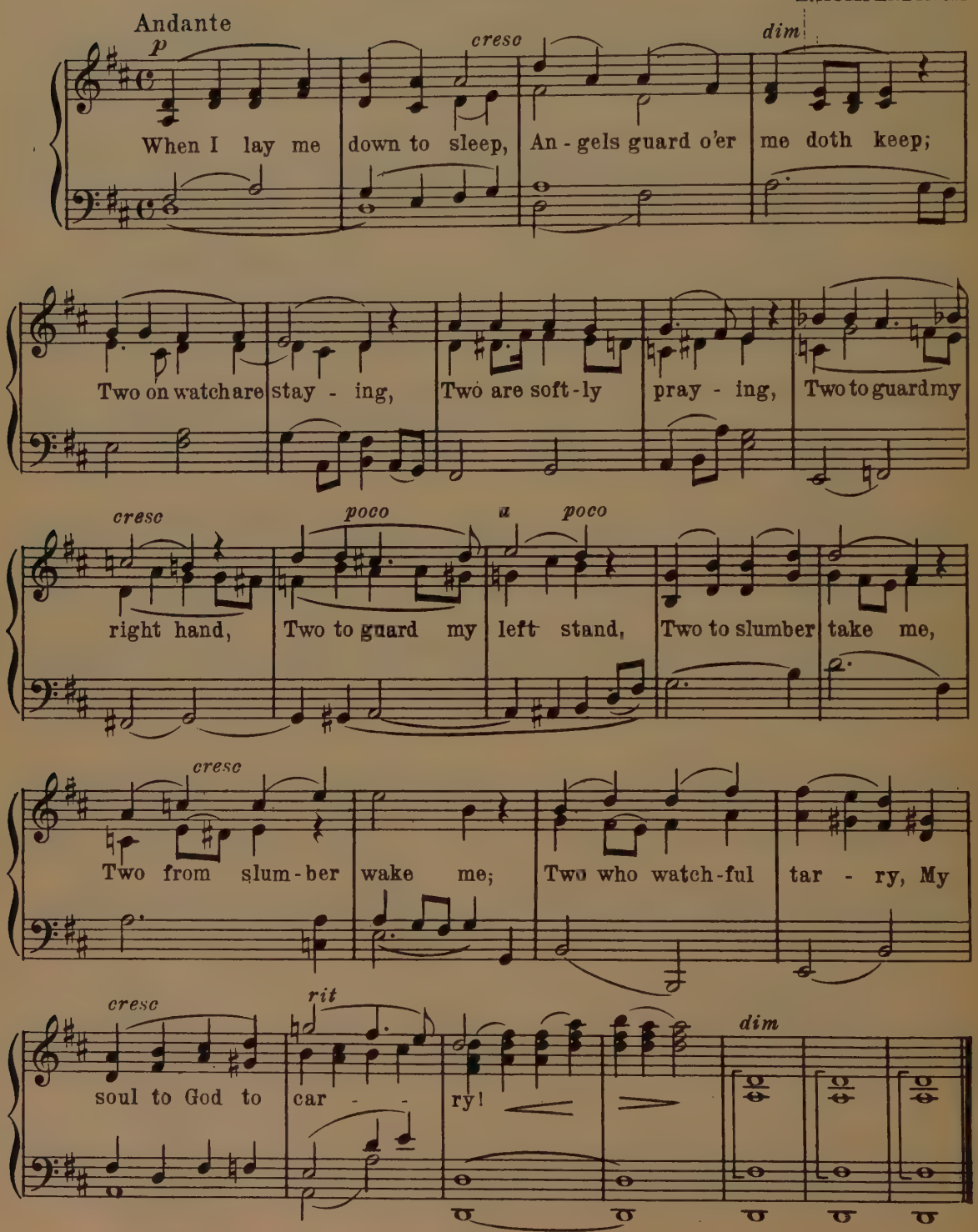

Moderato
p
1. Dear moth-er in dreams I see her, With
2. Ah! e'en when her life was eb - bing, Her
lov'd face sweet and calm, And hear her voice with love re-joice, When
words were all of me, My fu - ture years were all her fears, Her
nest-ling on her arm, I think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the
fate was not to see, My fa - ther I heard you weep-ing, As in
cresc.
tears in each glist'ning eye, As her watch she'd keep, When she rock'd to sleep, Her
sor-row you stand-ing by, And my moth-er's plaint, In her ac - cents faint, This
dim.
cresc.
child to this lul - la - by Bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, Bye,
ten-der sweet lul - la - by
dim.
rit
nf


rit.
Slowly
p
bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.
Bye, bye
drow-si-ness o'er-tak-ing,
Pret-ty lit-tle eye - lids sleep.
Bye, bye,
Watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing,
Dar-ling be thy slum-bers deep!
Bye, bye,
Drow-si-ness o'er - tak - ing,
Pret-ty lit-tle eye - lids sleep.
Bye, bye
Watch-ing till thou'rt wak-ing,
rall. et dim.
p
Dar-ling be thy slum-bers deep! Bye - bye, Bye - bye.

# Evening Prayer

(Hansel and Gretel)

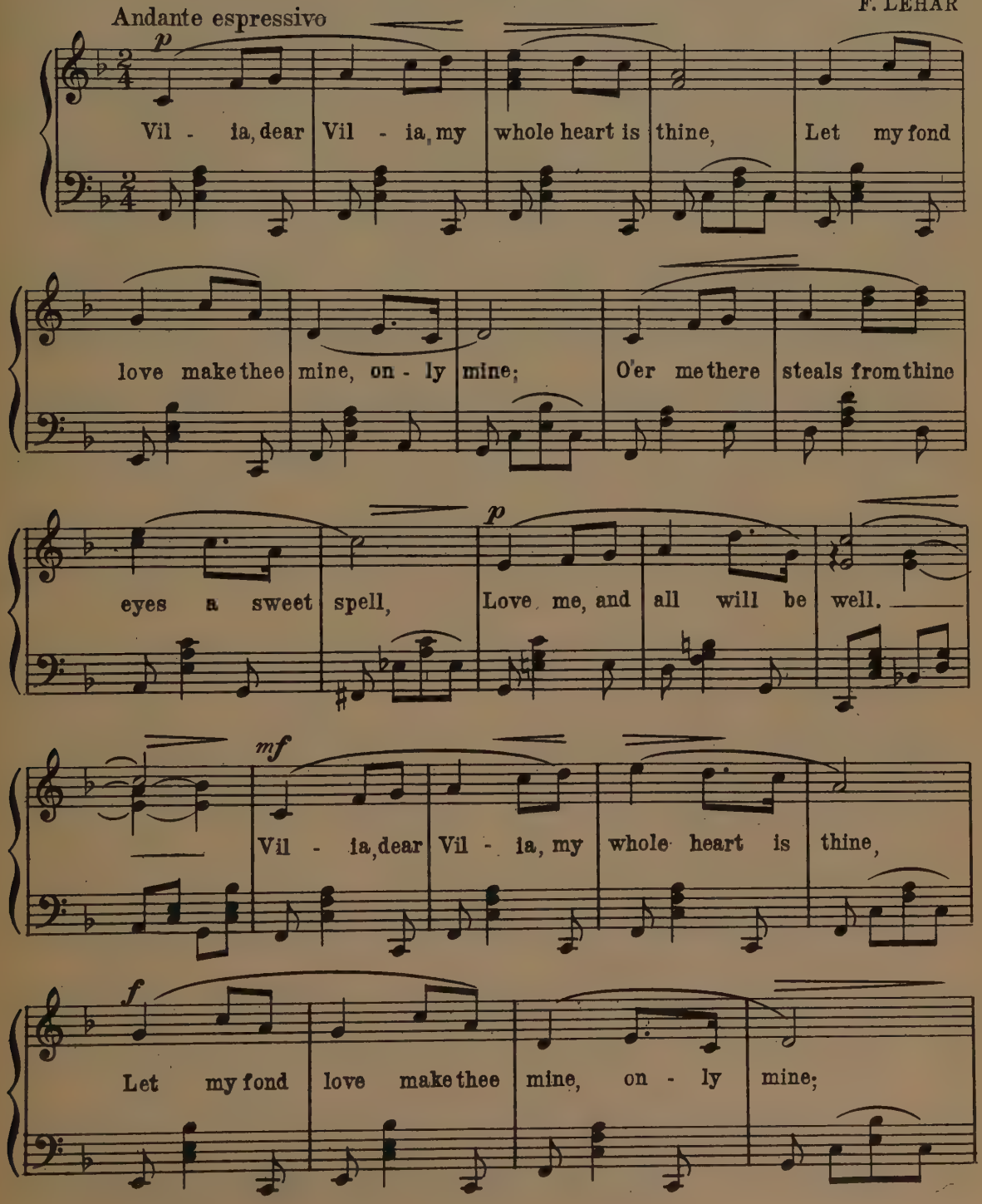
E. HUMPERDINCK

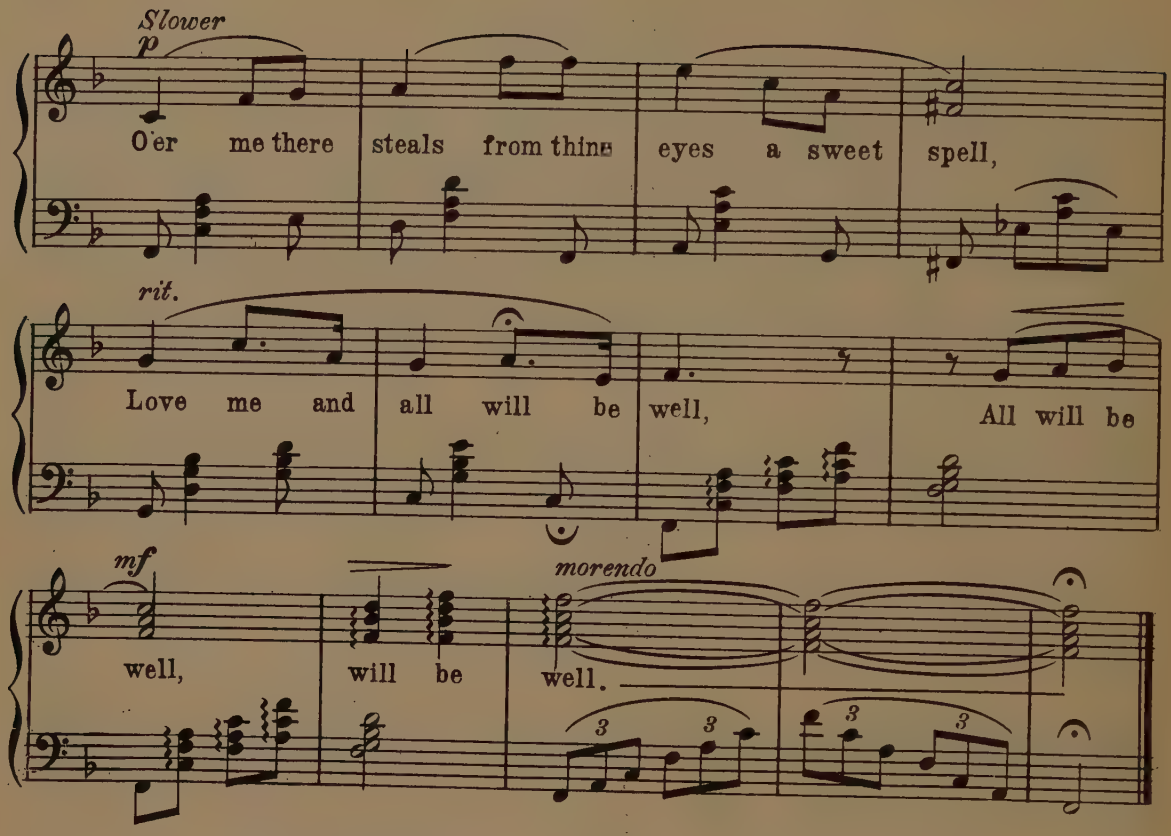

Andante
p
cresc
dim
When I lay me down to sleep, An - gels guard o'er me doth keep;
Two on watch are stay - ing, Two are soft - ly pray - ing, Two to guard my
cresc
poco
a
poco
right hand, Two to guard my left stand, Two to slumber take me,
cresc
Two from slum - ber wake me; Two who watch - ful tar - ry, My
cresc
rit
dim
soul to God to car - - ry!

# Vilia Song

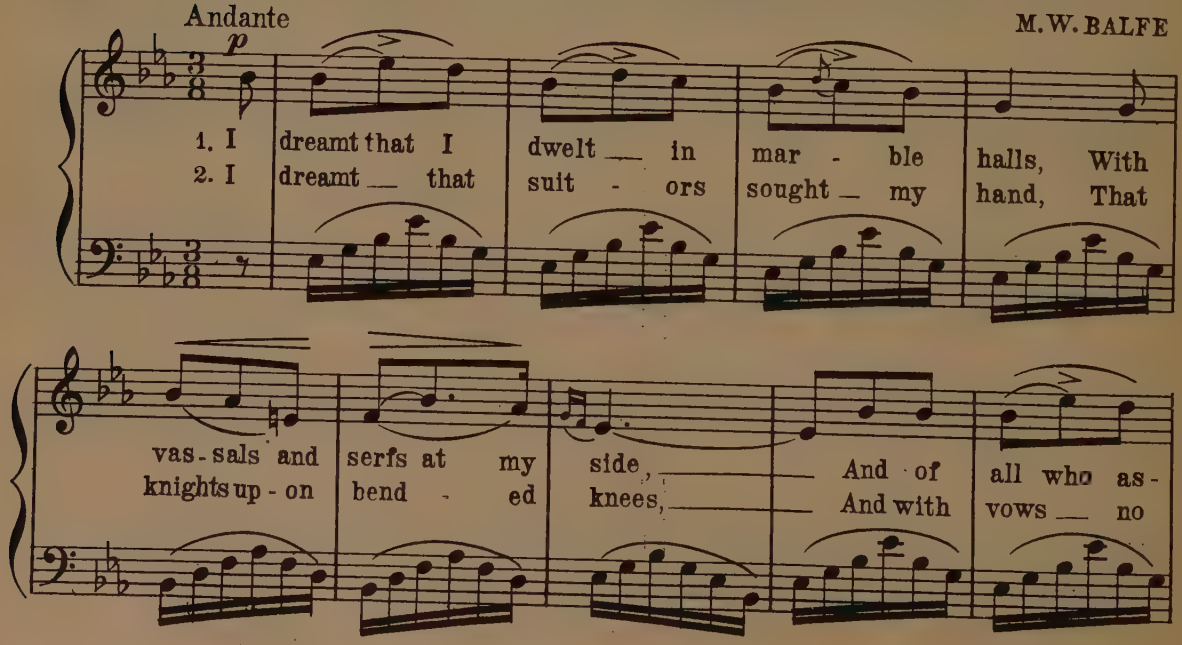
(Merry Widow)

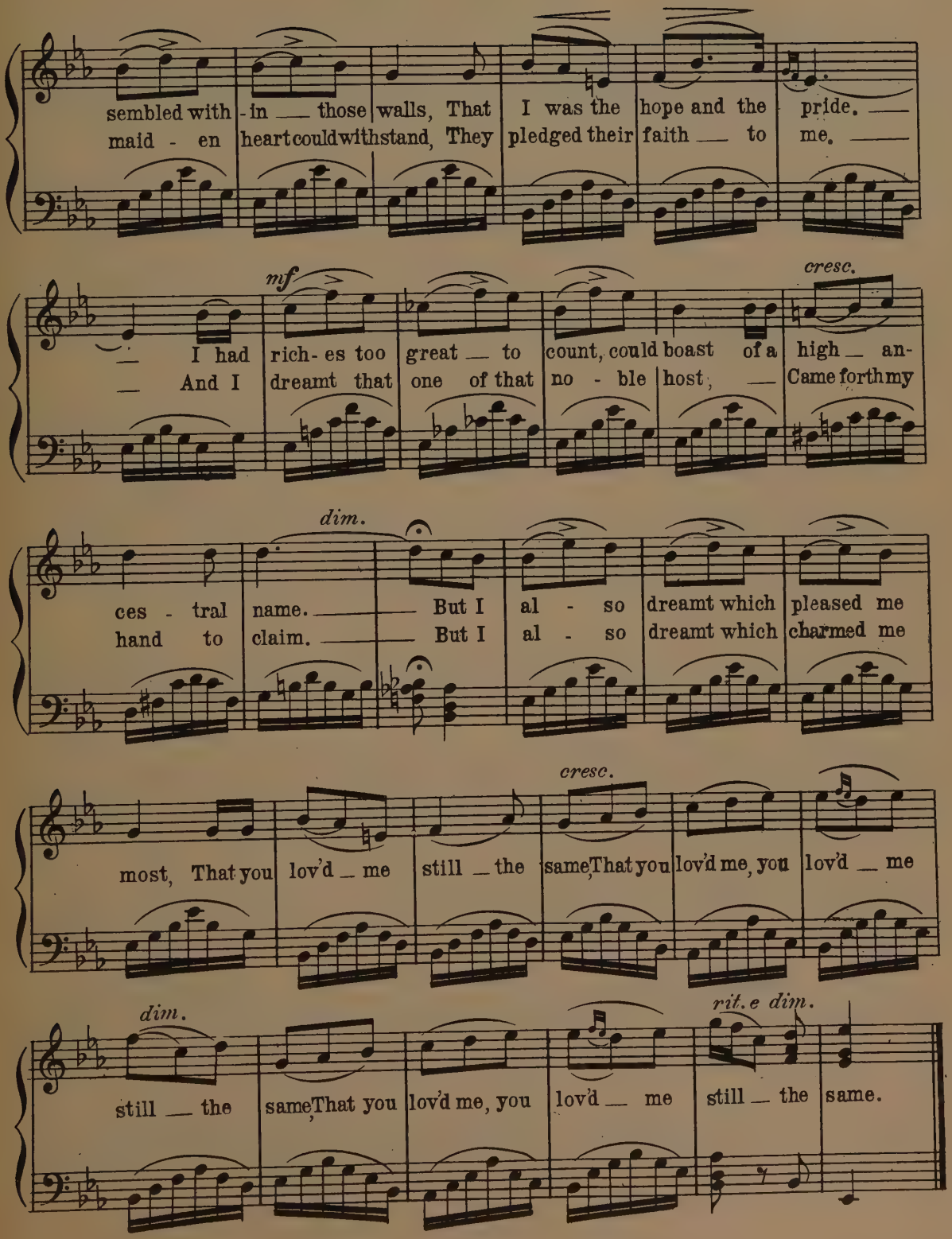
F. LEHAR


Andante espressivo
p
Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia, my whole heart is thine, Let my fond
love make thee mine, on - ly mine; O'er me there steals from thine
eyes a sweet spell, Love me, and all will be well.
p
mf
Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia, my whole heart is thine,
f
Let my fond love make thee mine, on - ly mine;




## I Dreamt That I Dwelt In Marble Halls

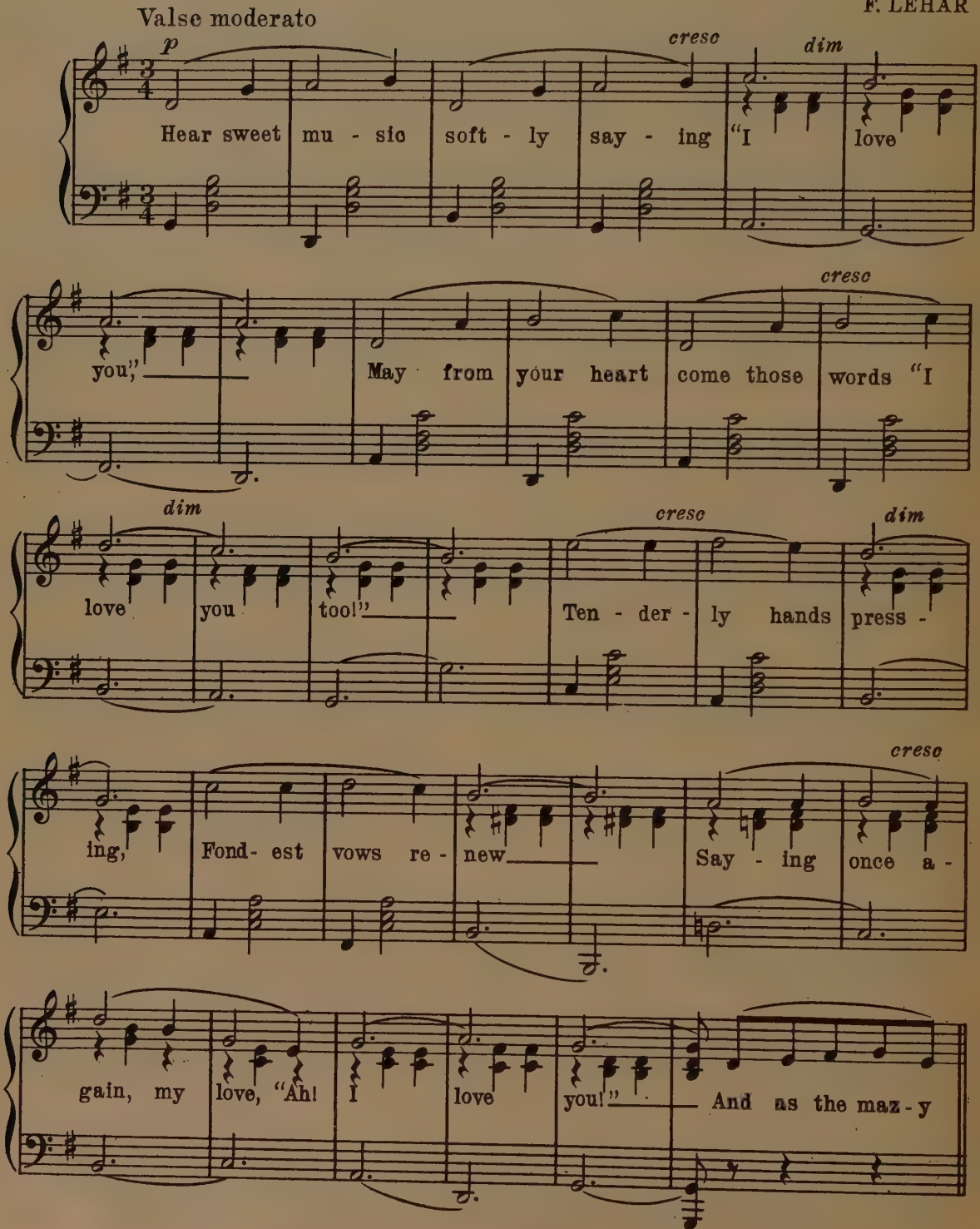

Andante
p
M.W. BALFE
1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand, That
vas - sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as -
knights up - on bend - ed knees, And with vows no

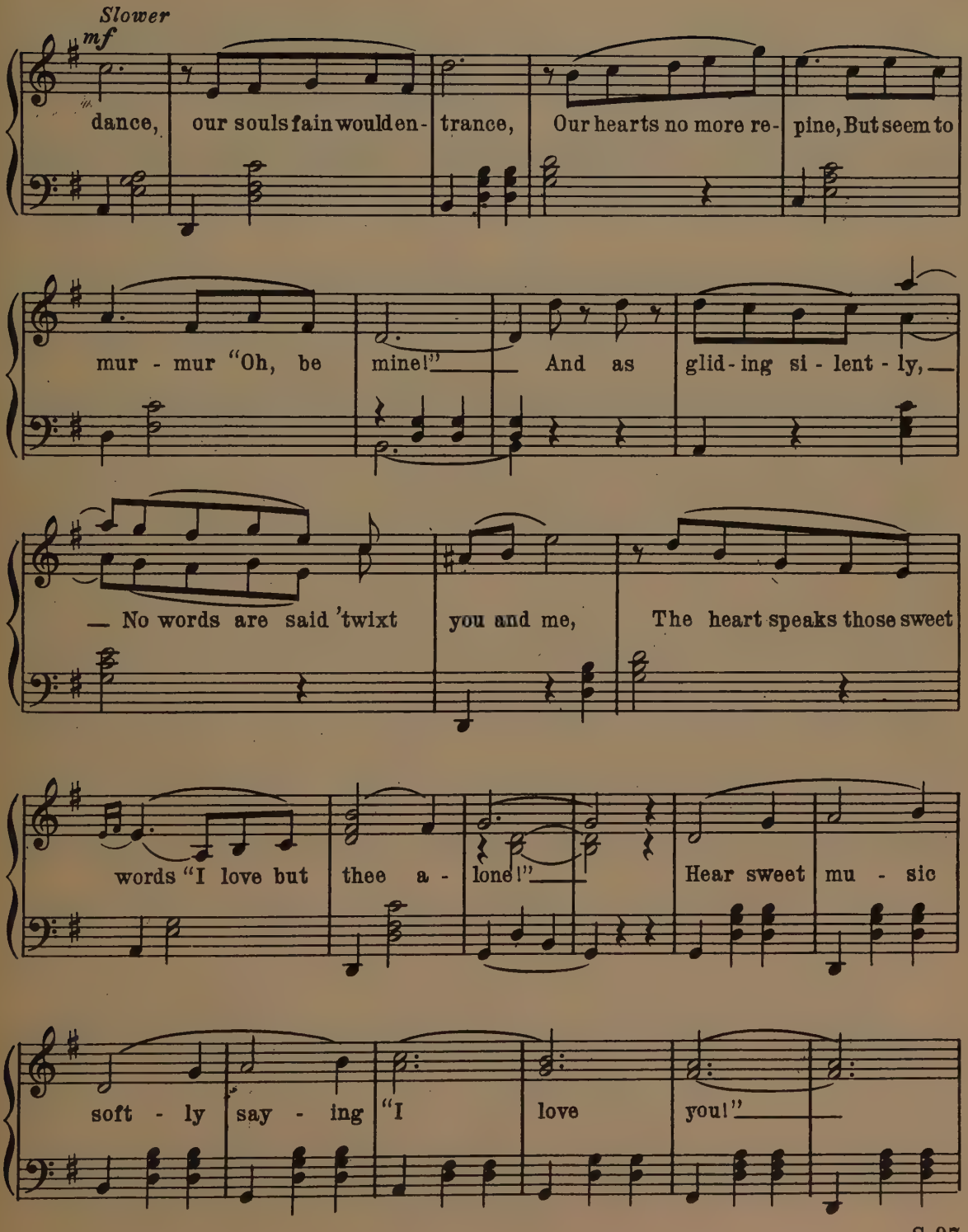

sembled with - in ___ those walls, That I was the hope and the pride. ___
maid - en heart could withstand, They pledged their faith ___ to me. ___
mf
cresc.
___ I had rich - es too great ___ to count, could boast of a high ___ an-
___ And I dream't that one of that no - ble host, ___ Came forth my
dim.
ces - tral name. ___ But I al - so dream't which pleased me
hand to claim. ___ But I al - so dream't which charmed me
cresc.
most, That you lov'd ___ me still ___ the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd ___ me
dim.
rit. e dim.
still ___ the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd ___ me still ___ the same.

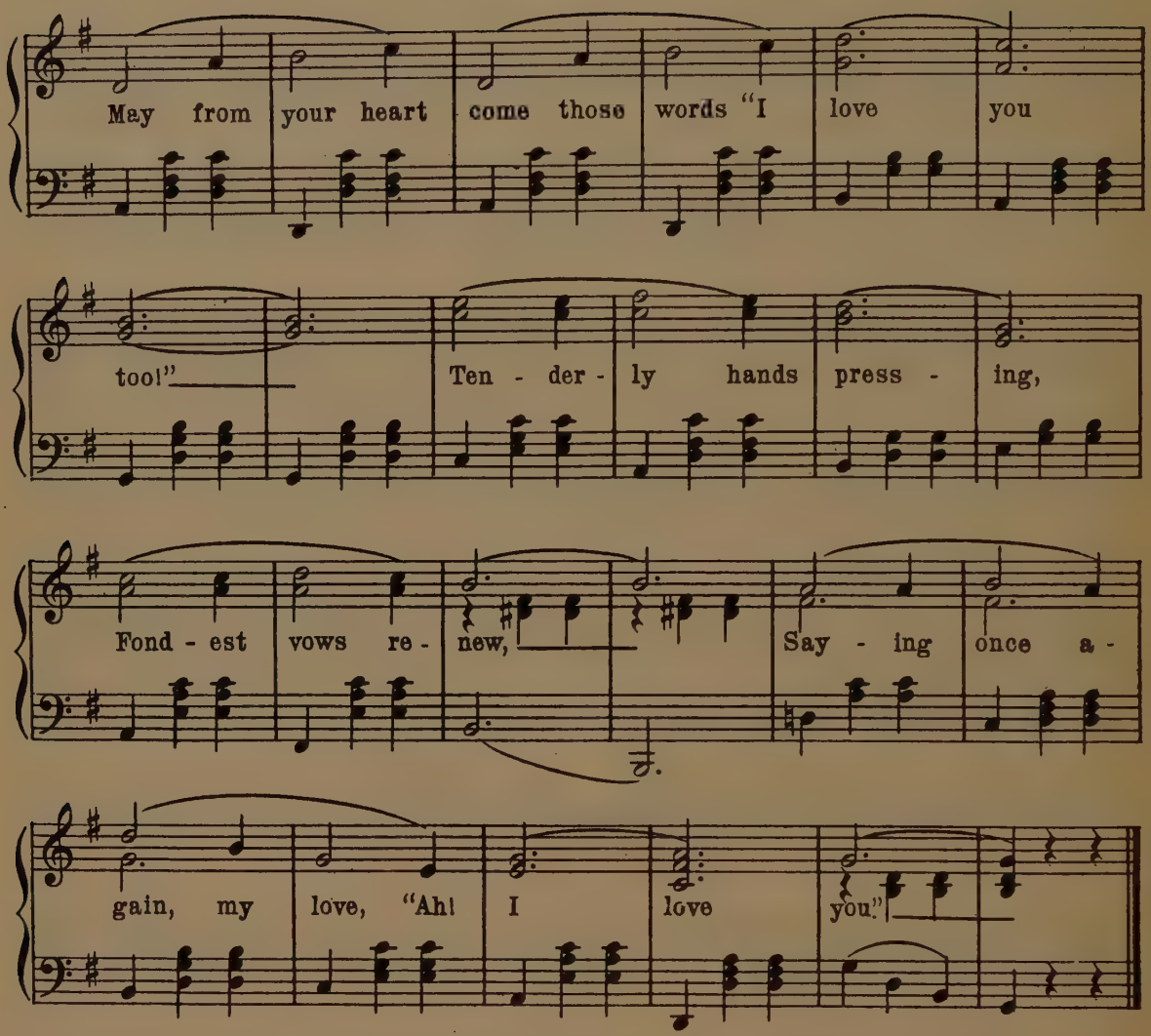
# Waltz Song

(The Merry Widow)

F. LEHAR


Valse moderato
p
cresc
dim
Hear sweet mu - sic soft - ly say - ing "I love
you," May from your heart come those words "I
dim
cresc
dim
love you too!" Ten - der - ly hands press -
cresc
ing, Fond - est vows re - new Say - ing once a -
gain, my love, "Ah! I love you!" And as the maz - y


Slower
mf
dance, our souls fain would en- trance, Our hearts no more re- pine, But seem to
mur - mur "Oh, be mine!" And as glid - ing si - lent - ly,
No words are said 'twixt you and me, The heart speaks those sweet
words "I love but thee a - lone!" Hear sweet mu - sic
soft - ly say - ing "I love you!"

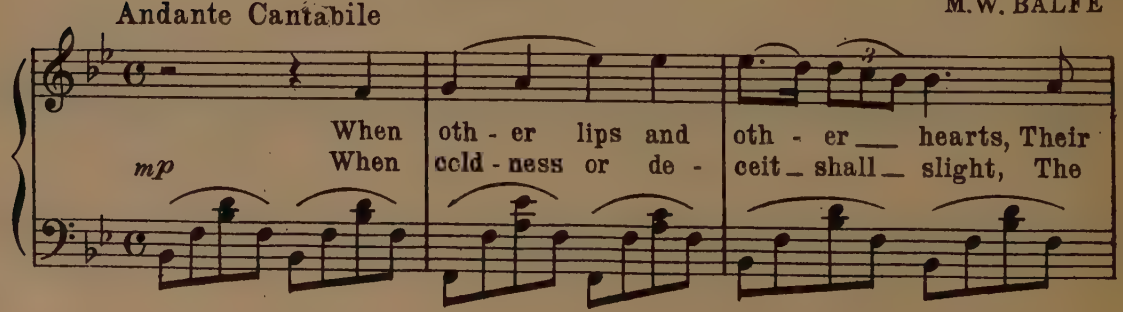

May from your heart come those words "I love you
too!" Ten - der - ly hands press - ing,
Fond - est vows re - new, Say - ing once a -
gain, my love, "Ah! I love you."

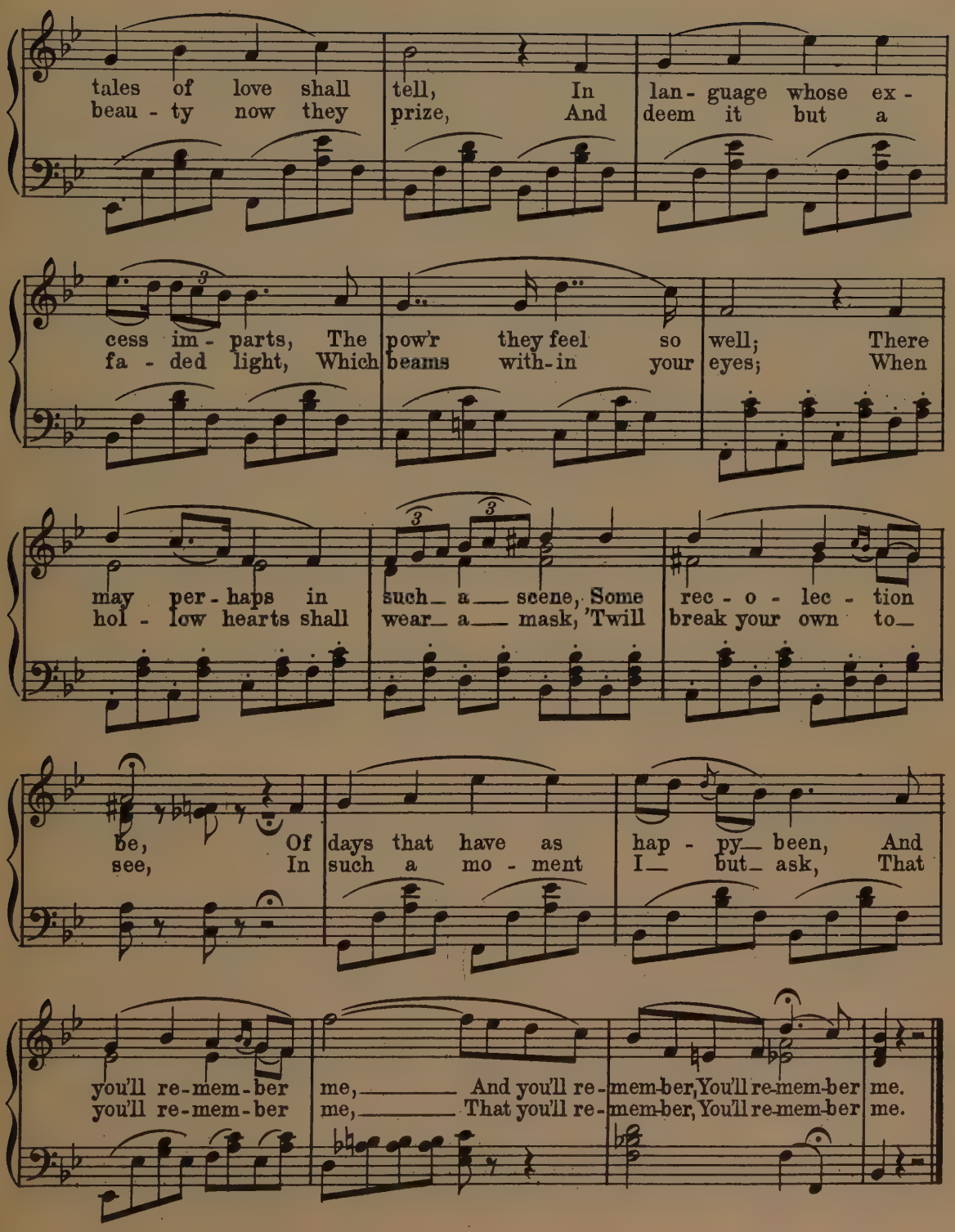
## Then You'll Remember Me

(Bohemian Girl)

Andante Cantabile

M.W. BALFE

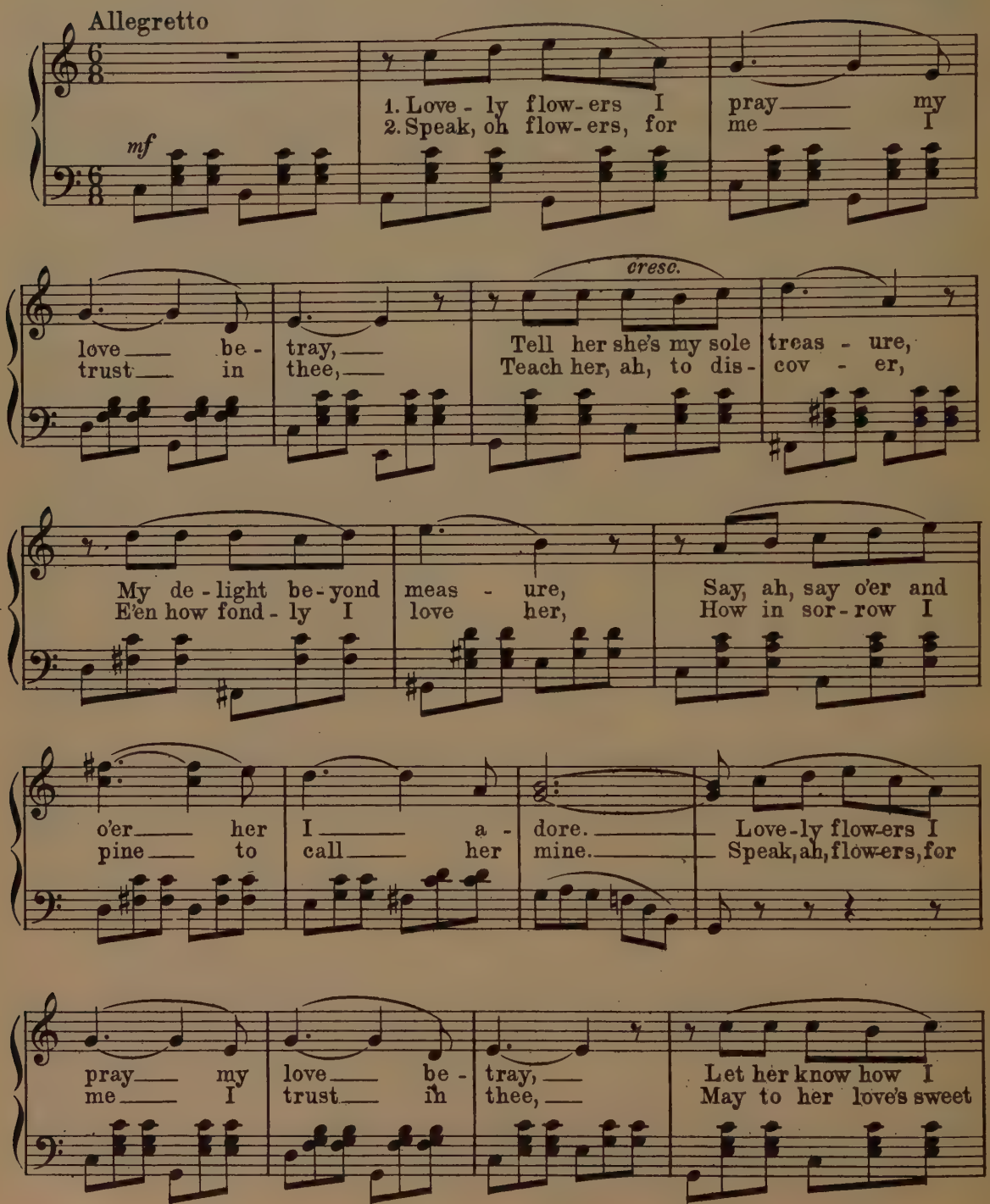


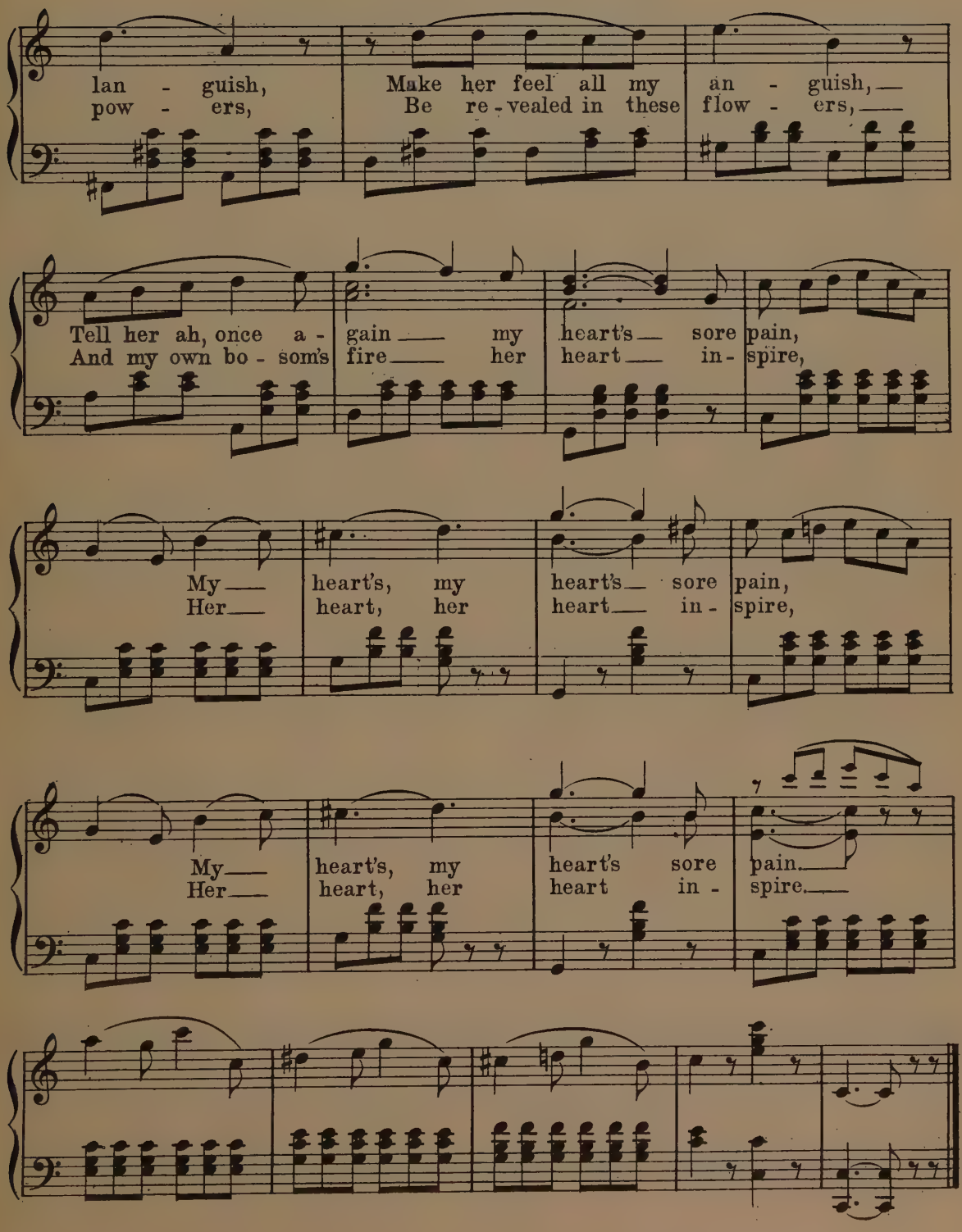

tales of love shall tell, In lan- guage whose ex-
beau - ty now they prize, And deem it but a
cess im - parts, The pow'r they feel so well; There
fa - ded light, Which beams with-in your eyes; When
may per - haps in such a scene, Some rec - o - lec - tion
hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to-
be, Of days that have as hap - py been, And
see, In such a mo - ment I but ask, That
you'll re-mem-ber me, And you'll re-mem-ber, You'll re-mem-ber me.
you'll re-mem-ber me, That you'll re-mem-ber, You'll re-mem-ber me.

# Lovely Flowers I Pray

(Faust)

C. GOUNOD


Allegretto
mf
1. Love - ly flow - ers I pray my
2. Speak, oh flow - ers, for me I
love be - tray,
trust in thee,
cresc.
Tell her she's my sole treas - ure,
Teach her, ah, to dis - cov - er,
My de - light be - yond meas - ure,
E'en how fond - ly I love her,
Say, ah, say o'er and
How in sor - row I
o'er her I a - dore.
pine to call her mine.
Love - ly flow - ers I
Speak, ah, flow - ers, for
pray my love be - tray,
me I trust in thee,
Let her know how I
May to her love's sweet

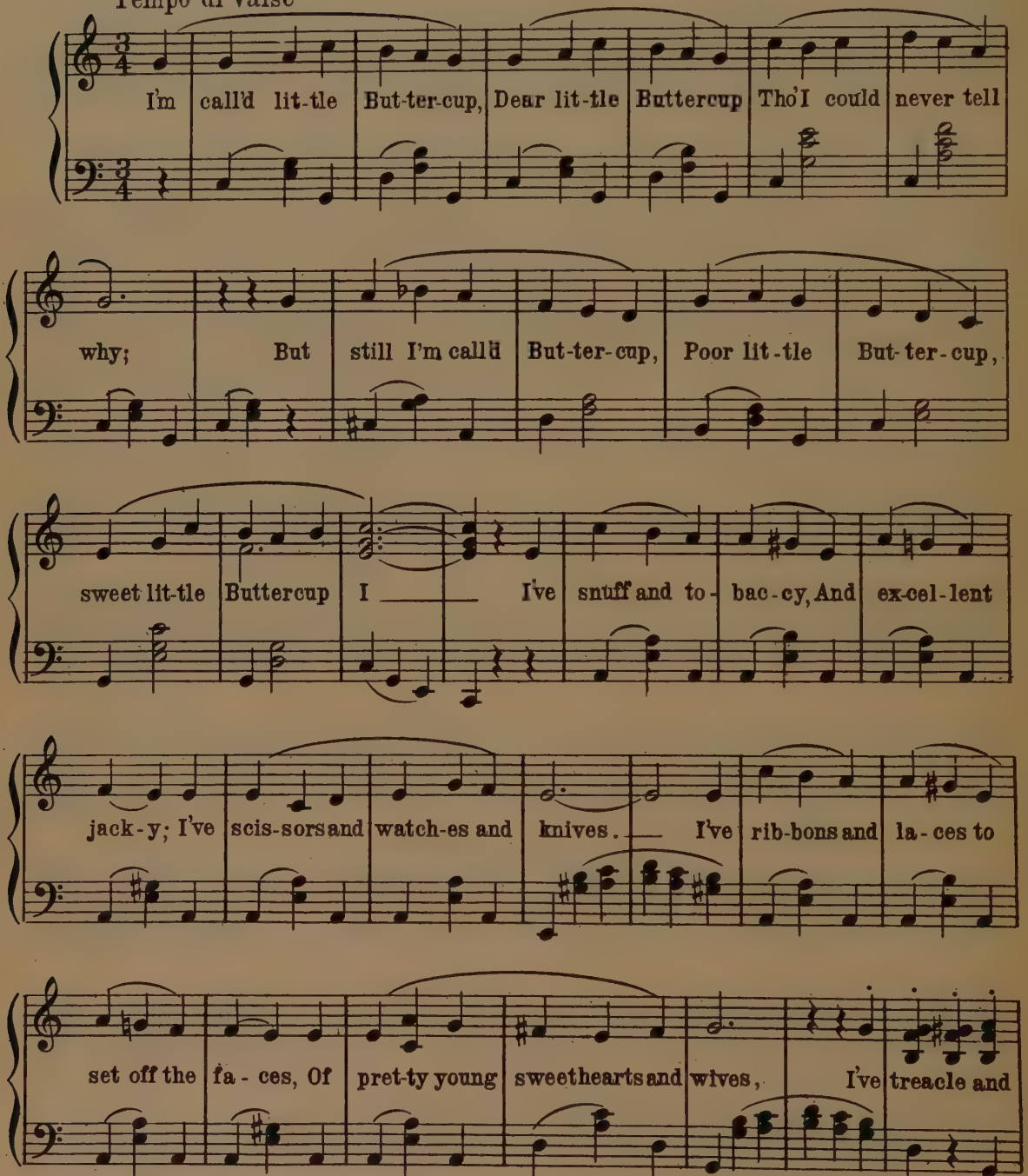

lan - guish,
pow - ers,
Make her feel all my an - guish,
Be re - vealed in these flow - ers,
Tell her ah, once a - gain my heart's sore pain,
And my own bo - som's fire her heart in - spire,
My heart's, my heart's sore pain,
Her heart, her heart in - spire,
My heart's, my heart's sore pain.
Her heart, her heart in - spire.

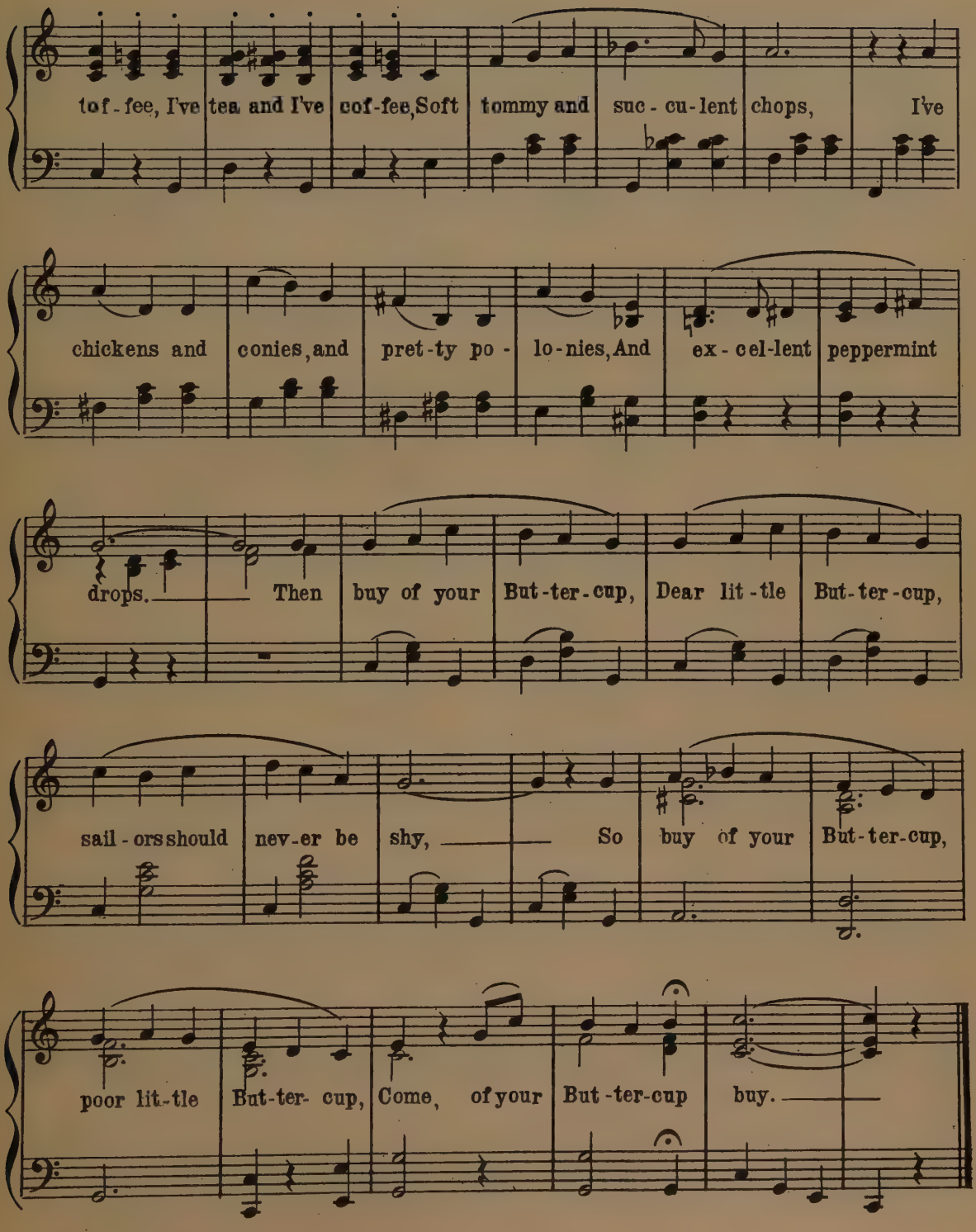
# I'm Called Little Buttercup

(H.M.S. Pinafore)

A. SULLIVAN

Tempo di Valse

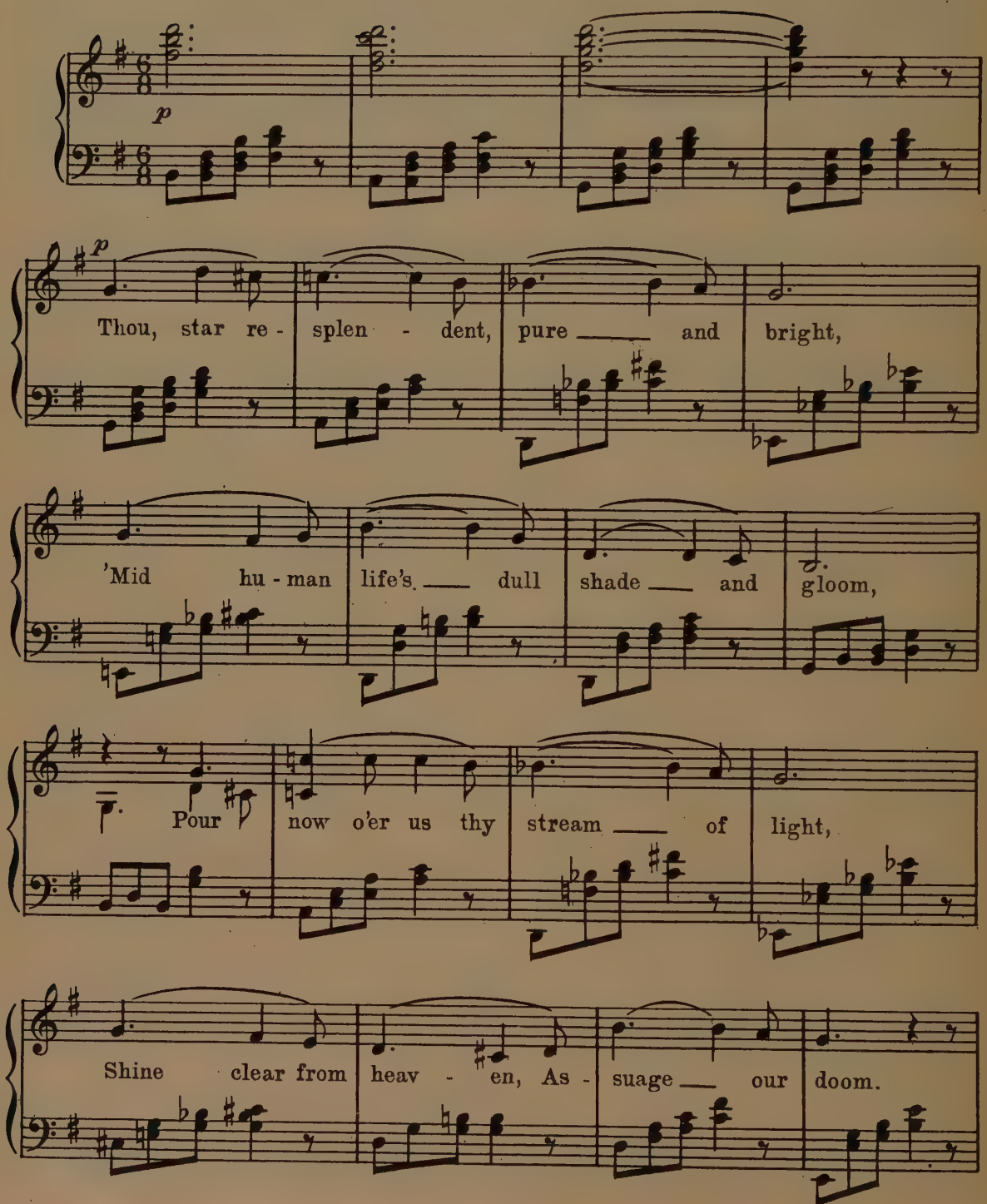

I'm call'd lit-tle But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle Buttercup Tho' I could never tell
why; But still I'm call'd But-ter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup,
sweet lit-tle Buttercup I I've snuff and to-bac-cy, And ex-cel-lent
jack-y; I've scis-sors and watch-es and knives. I've rib-bons and la-ces to
set off the fa-ces, Of pret-ty young sweethearts and wives, I've treacle and

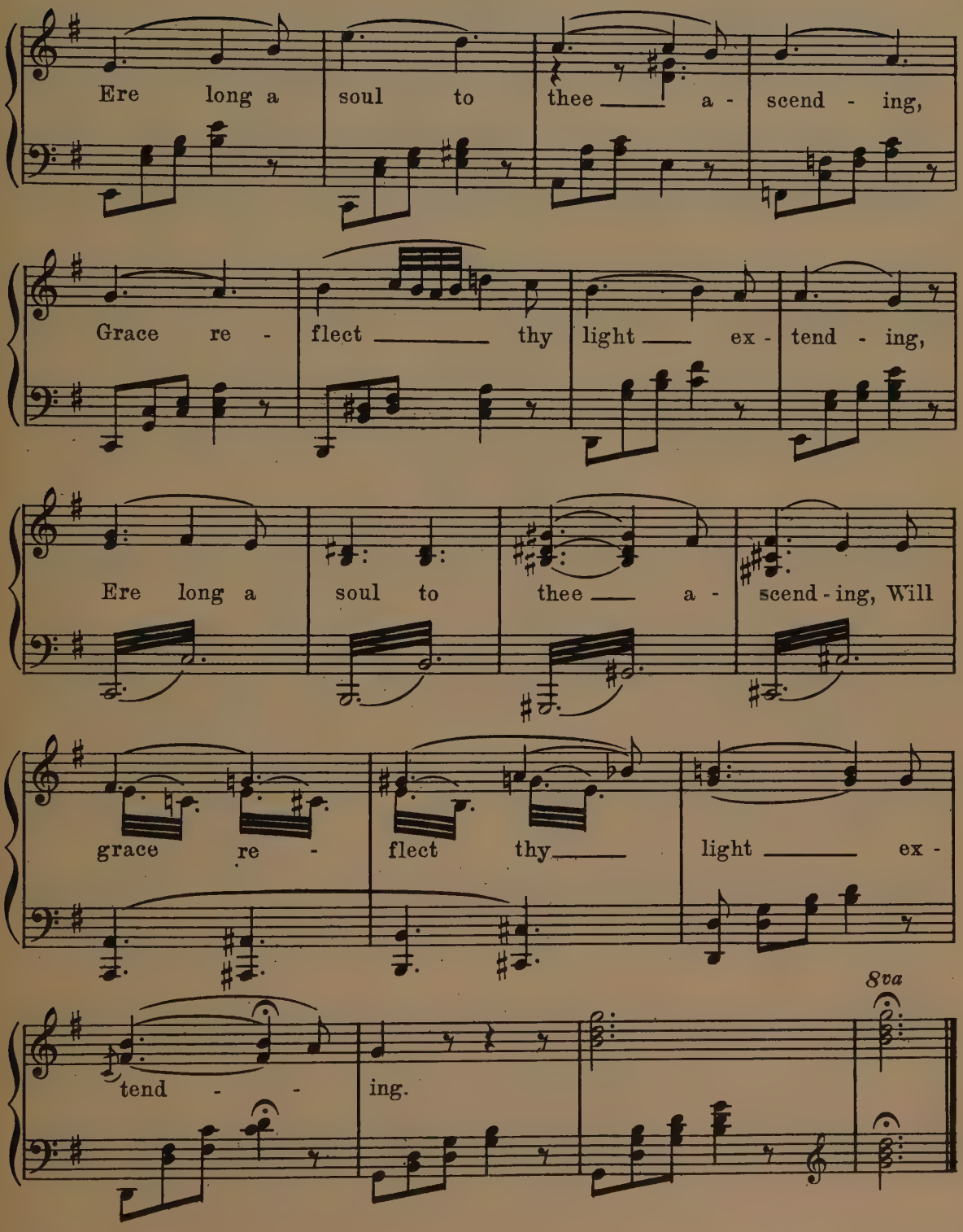

tof-fee, I've tea and I've cof-fee, Soft tommy and suc-cu-lent chops, I've
chickens and conies, and pret-ty po- lo-nies, And ex-cel-lent peppermint
drops. Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter-cup,
sail-ors should nev-er be shy, So buy of your But-ter-cup,
poor lit-tle But-ter- cup, Come, of your But-ter-cup buy.

# Evening Star

(Tannhäuser)

R. WAGNER

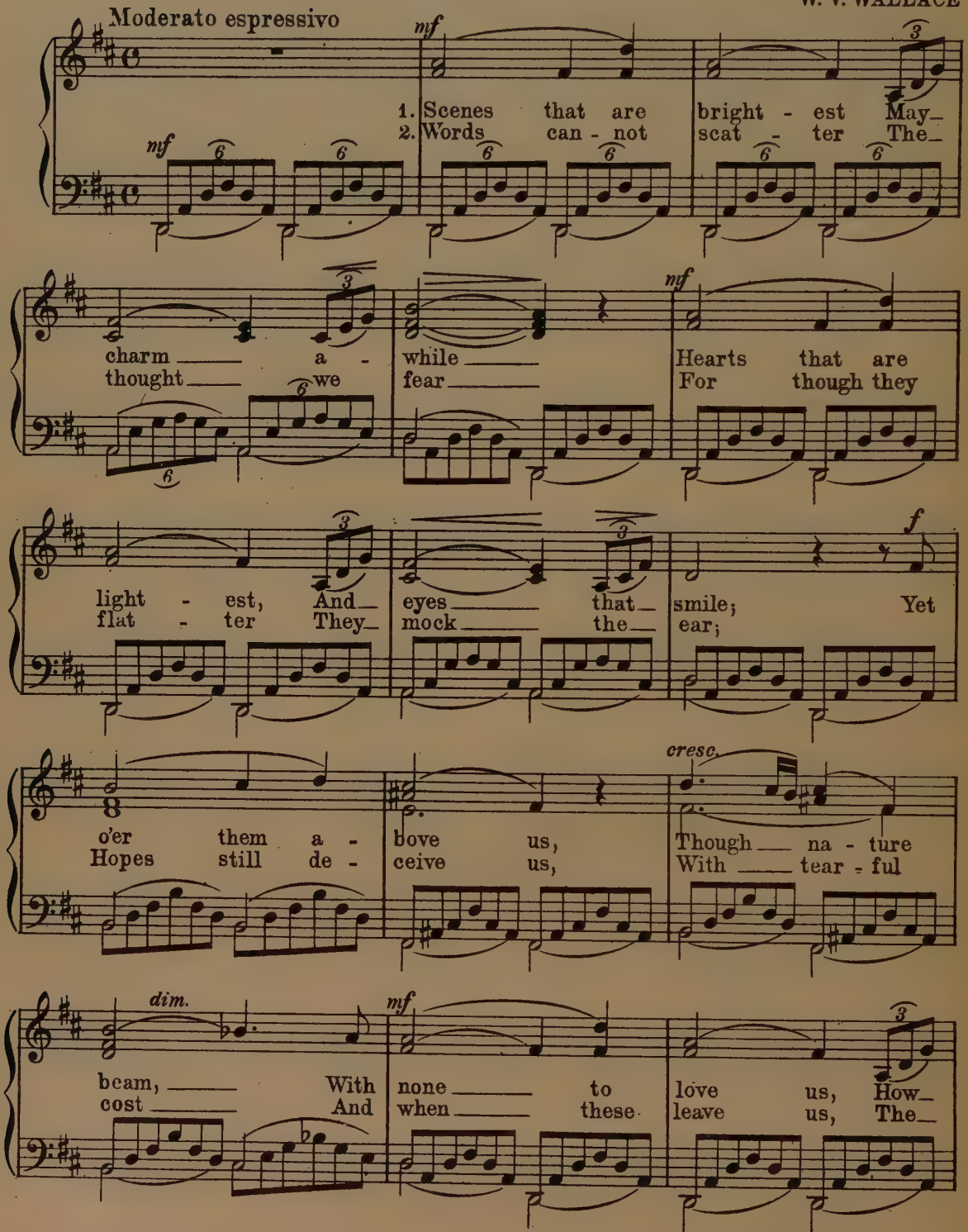

p
Thou, star re - splen - dent, pure ___ and bright,
'Mid hu - man life's ___ dull shade ___ and gloom,
Pour now o'er us thy stream ___ of light,
Shine clear from heav - en, As - suage ___ our doom.

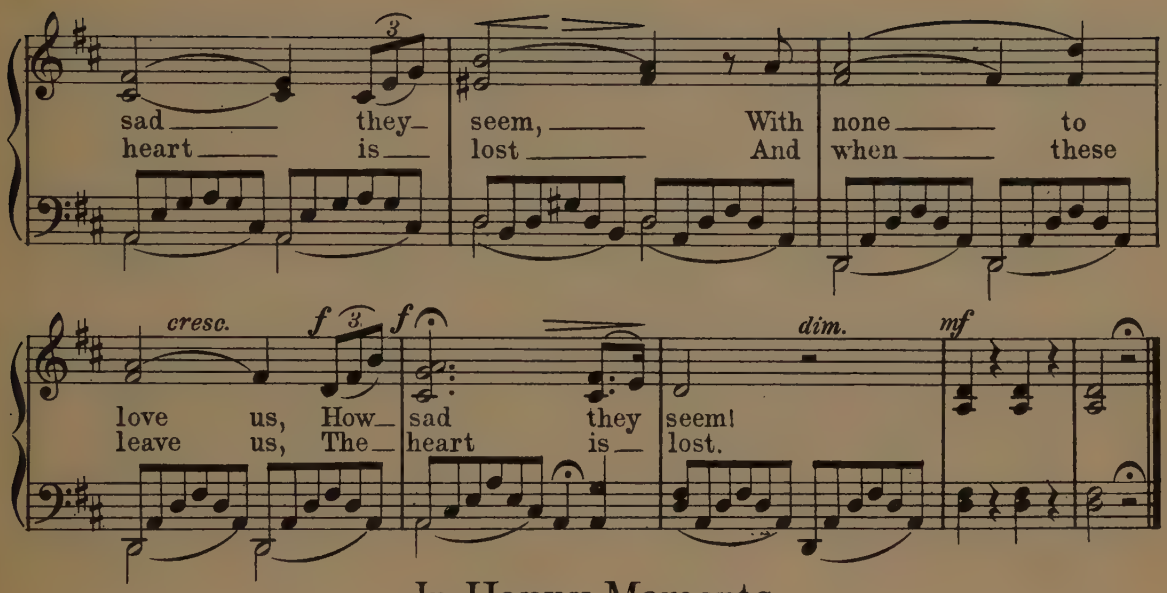

Ere long a soul to thee a - scend - ing,
Grace re - flect thy light ex - tend - ing,
Ere long a soul to thee a - scend - ing, Will
grace re - flect thy light ex -
8va
tend - - ing.

# Scenes That Are Brightest

(Maritana)

W. V. WALLACE


Moderato espressivo
mf
1. Scenes that are bright - est May_
2. Words can - not scat - ter The_
charm _____ a - while _____ Hearts that are
thought _____ we fear _____ For though they
light - est, And_ eyes _____ that_ smile; Yet
flat - ter They_ mock _____ the_ ear;
cresc.
o'er them a - bove us, Though _____ na - ture
Hopes still de - ceive us, With _____ tear - ful
dim.
beam, _____ With none _____ to love us, How_
cost _____ And when _____ these leave us, The_

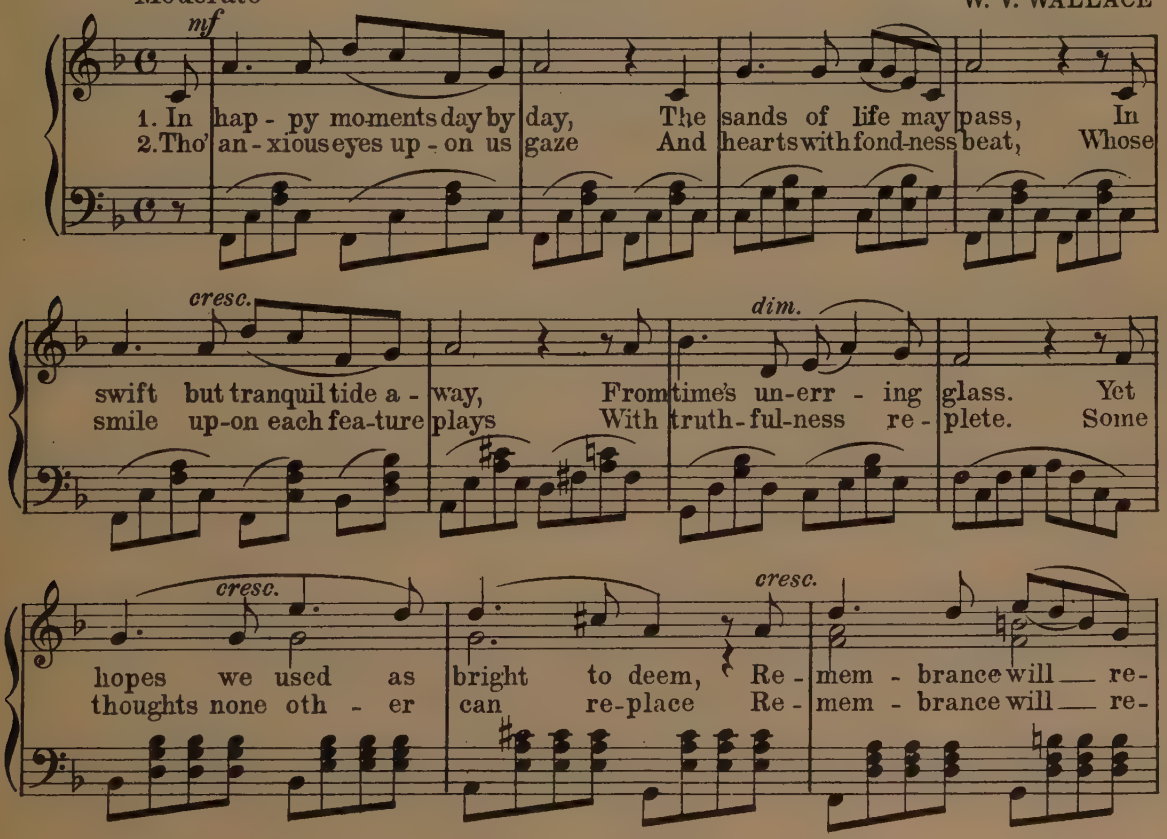
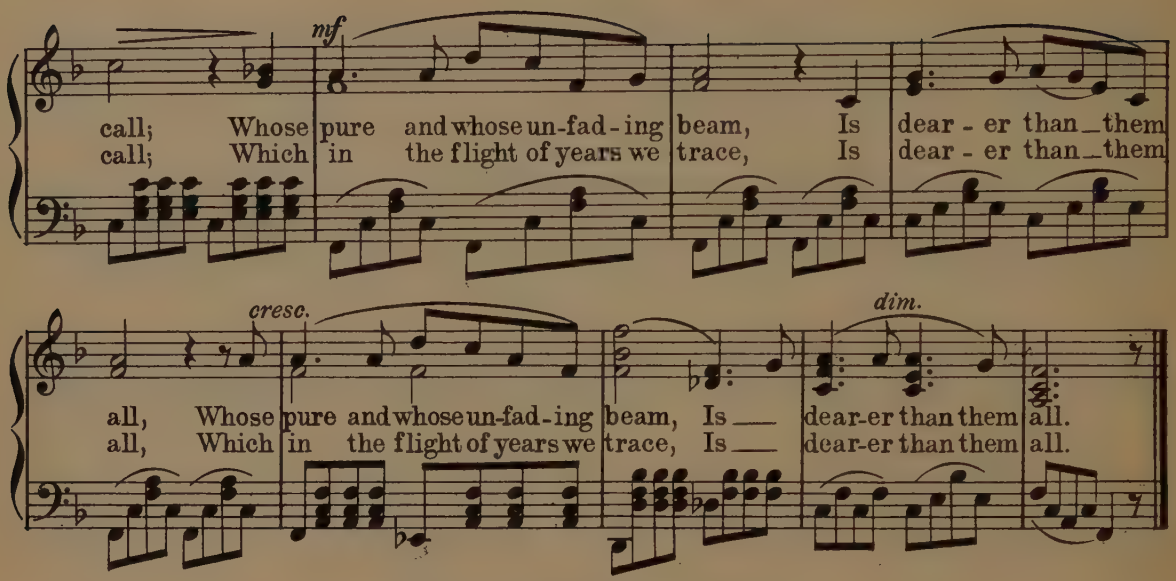



## In Happy Moments

(Maritana)

Moderato

W. V. WALLACE

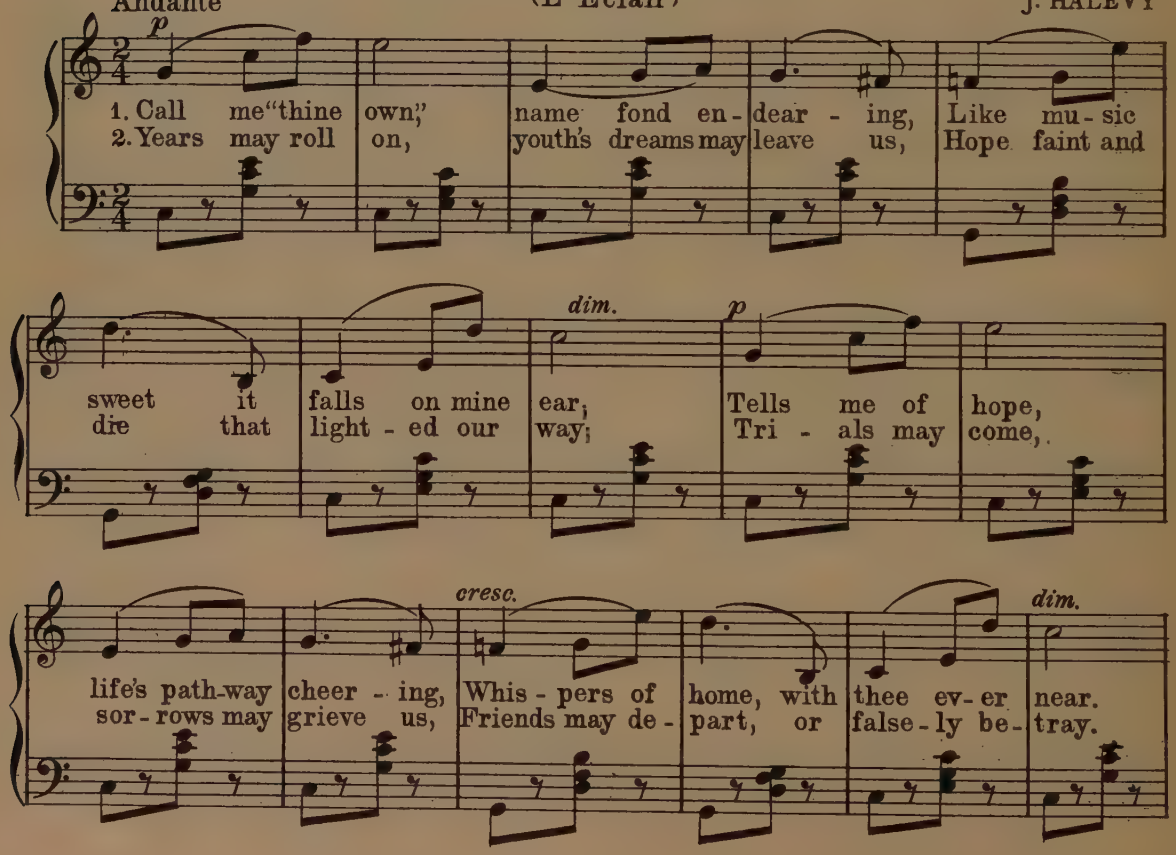

mf
1. In hap - py mo-ments day by day, The sands of life may pass, In
2. Tho' an - xious eyes up - on us gaze And hearts with fond-ness beat, Whose
cresc. dim.
swift but tranquil tide a - way, From time's un-err - ing glass. Yet
smile up-on each fea-ture plays With truth-ful-ness re - plete. Some
cresc. cresc.
hopes we used as bright to deem, Re - mem - brance will re-
thoughts none oth - er can re-place Re - mem - brance will re-

nf
call; Whose pure and whose un-fad-ing beam, Is dear-er than them
call; Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dear-er than them
cresc.
dim.
all, Whose pure and whose un-fad-ing beam, Is dear-er than them all.
all, Which in the flight of years we trace, Is dear-er than them all.

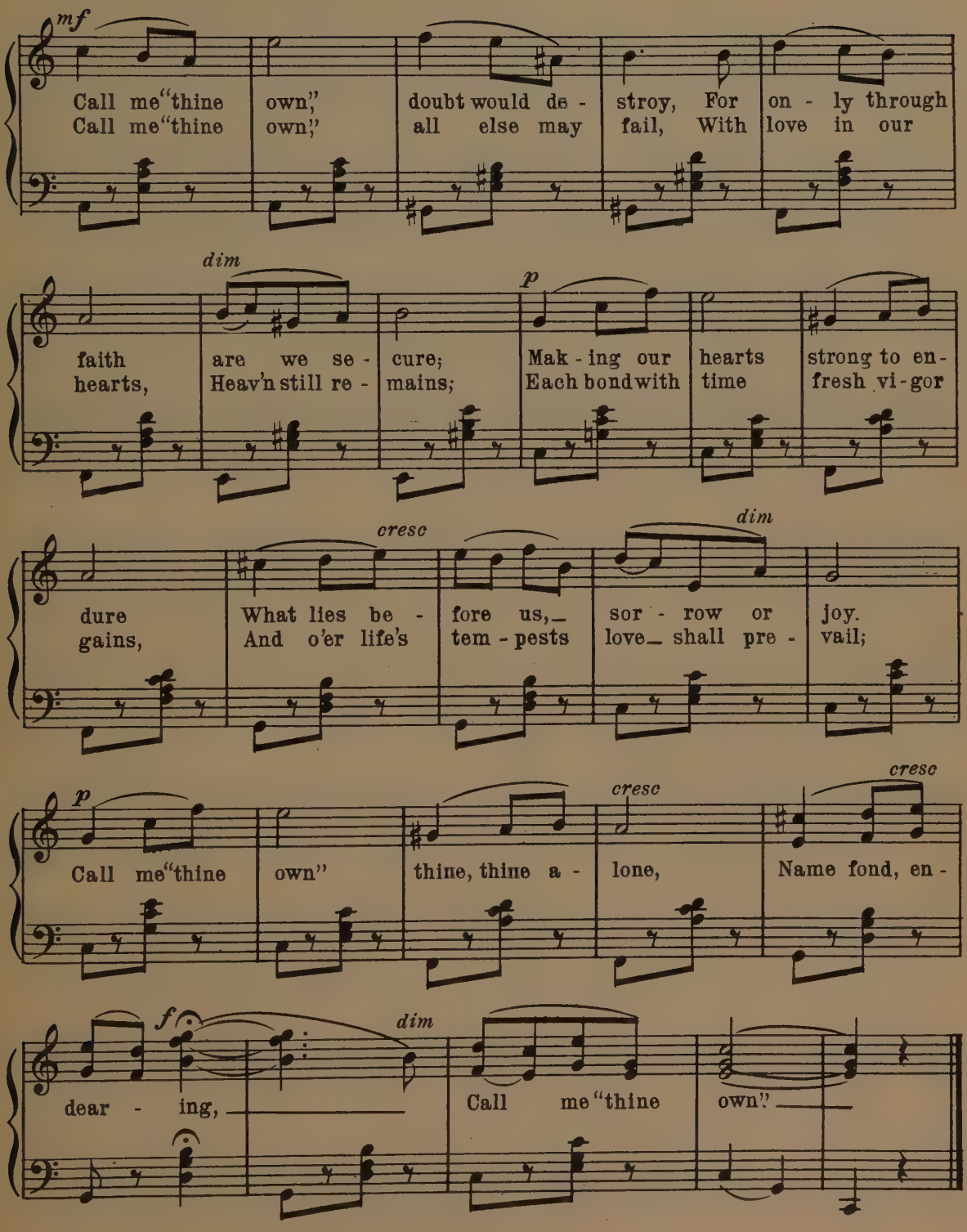
# Call Me Thine Own

(L' Eclair)

Andante

J. HALEVY

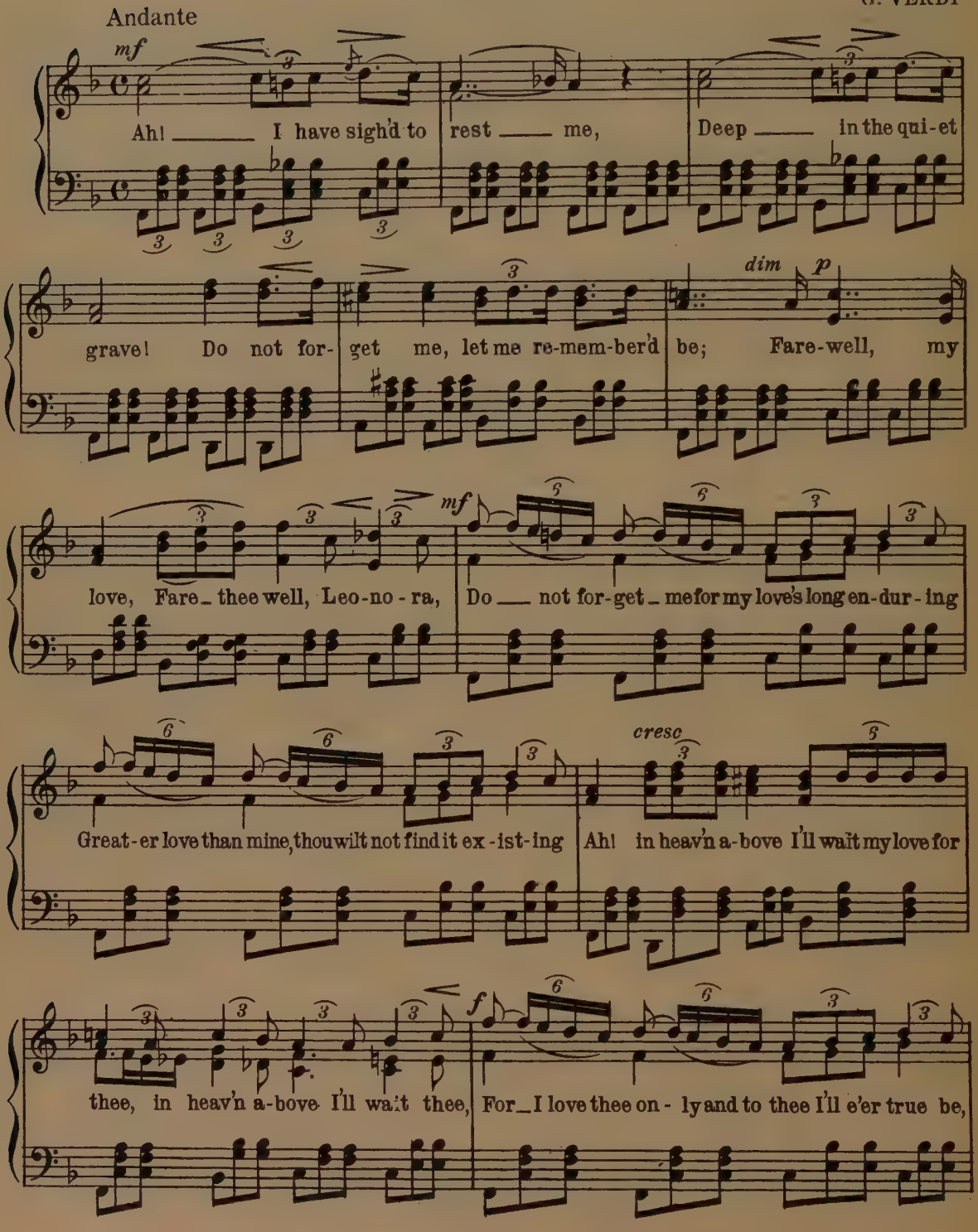

p
1. Call me "thine own;" name fond en- dear-ing, Like mu-sic
2. Years may roll on, youth's dreams may leave us, Hope faint and
sweet it falls on mine ear; Tells me of hope,
die that light-ed our way; Tri-als may come,
dim.
p
life's path-way cheer-ing, Whis-pers of home, with thee ev-er near.
sor-rows may grieve us, Friends may de-part, or false-ly be-tray.
cresc.
dim.

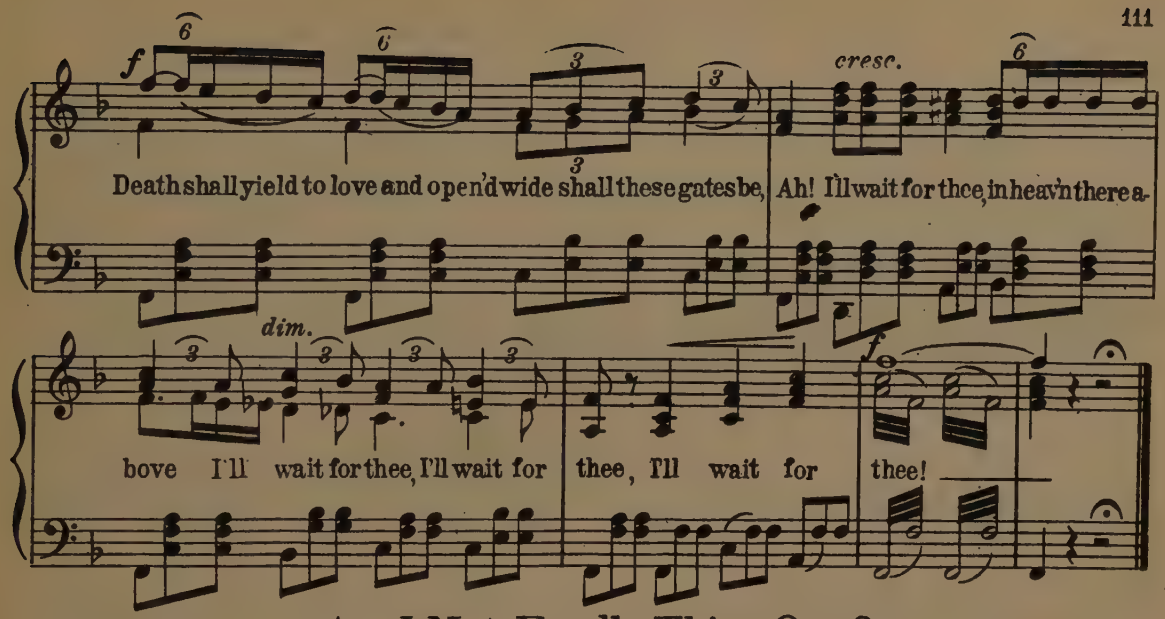

mf
Call me "thine own," doubt would de - stroy, For on - ly through
Call me "thine own;" all else may fail, With love in our
dim
p
faith are we se - cure; Mak - ing our hearts strong to en -
hearts, Heav'n still re - mains; Each bond with time fresh vi - gor
cresc
dim
dure What lies be - fore us, sor - row or joy.
gains, And o'er life's tem - pests love shall pre - vail;
p
cresc
cresc
Call me "thine own" thine, thine a - lone, Name fond, en -
f
dim
dear - ing, Call me "thine own."

# Ah! I Have Sighed To Rest Me

(Il Trovatore)

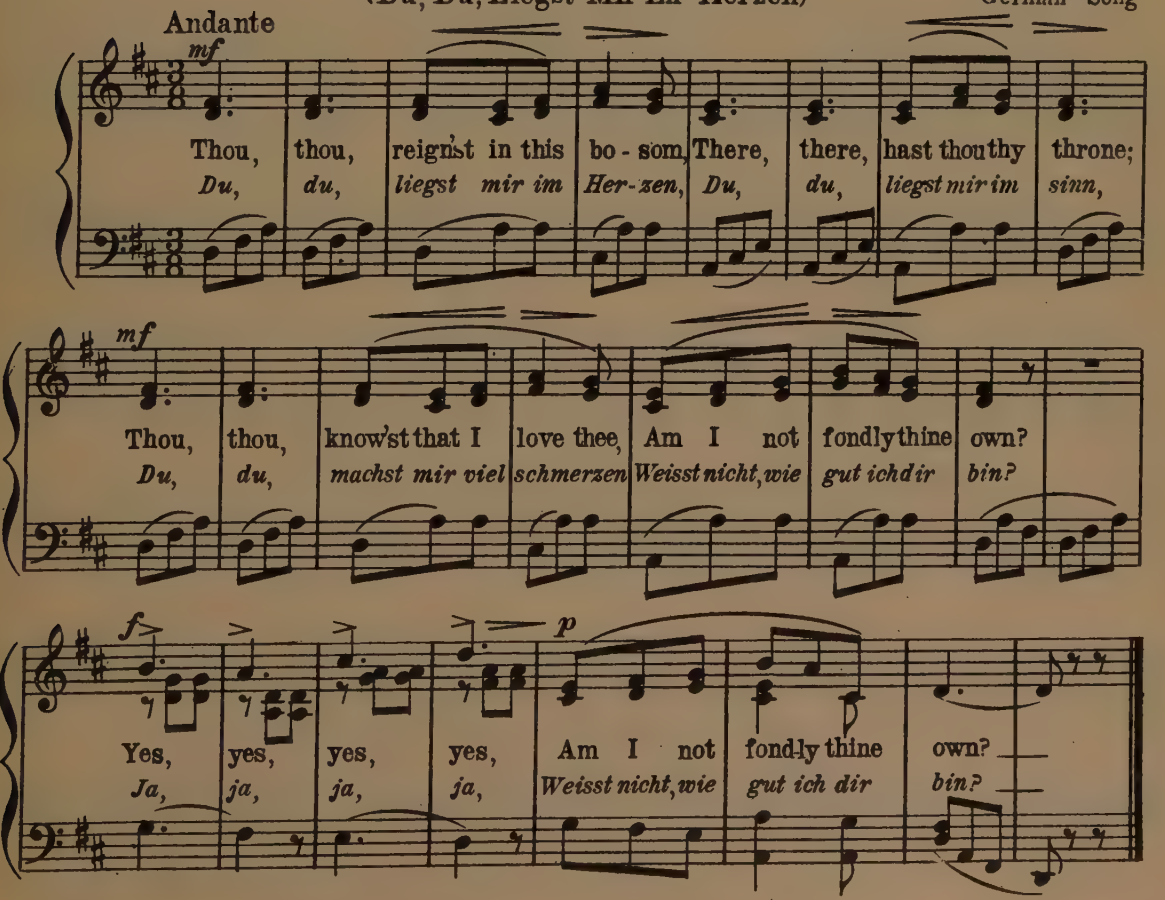
G. VERDI


Andante
mf
Ah! I have sigh'd to rest me, Deep in the qui-et
grave! Do not for- get me, let me re-mem-ber'd be; Fare-well, my
dim
p
love, Fare thee well, Leo-no-ra, Do not for-get me for my love's long en-dur-ing
mf
Great-er love than mine, thou wilt not find it ex-ist-ing Ah! in heav'n a-bove I'll wait my love for
cresc
thee, in heav'n a-bove I'll wait thee, For I love thee on-ly and to thee I'll e'er true be,
f


f
cresc.
Death shall yield to love and open'd wide shall these gates be, Ah! I'll wait for thee, in heav'n there a-
dim.
f
bove I'll wait for thee, I'll wait for thee, I'll wait for thee!

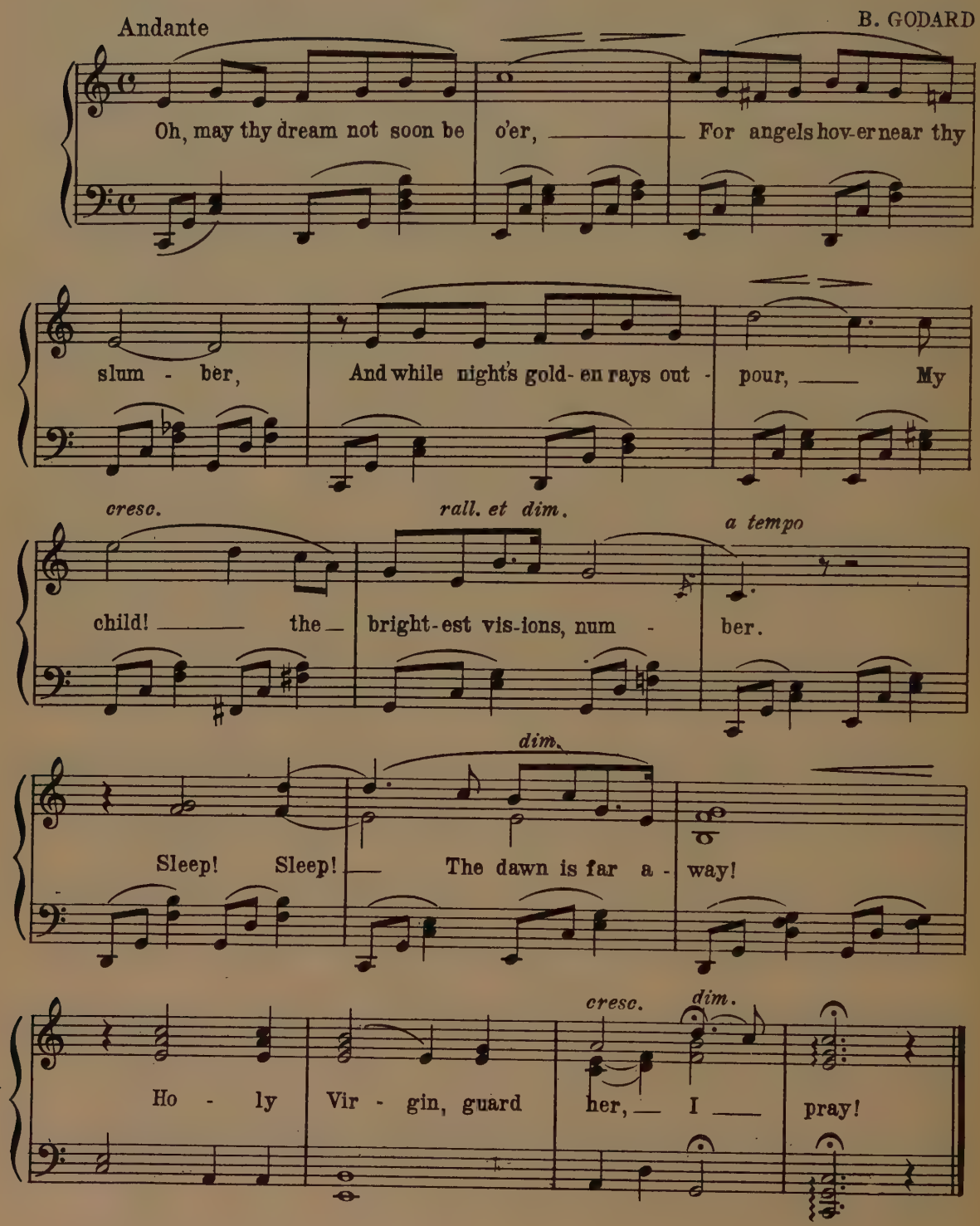
# Am I Not Fondly Thine Own?

(Du, Du, Liegst Mir Im Herzen)

German Song

Andante
mf
Thou, thou, reign'st in this bo - som, There, there, hast thou thy throne;
Du, du, liegst mir im Her-zen, Du, du, liegst mir im sinn,
mf
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee, Am I not fondly thine own?
Du, du, machst mir viel schmerzen Weisst nicht, wie gut ich dir bin?
f
p
Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own?
Ja, ja, ja, ja, Weisst nicht, wie gut ich dir bin?

# Lullaby

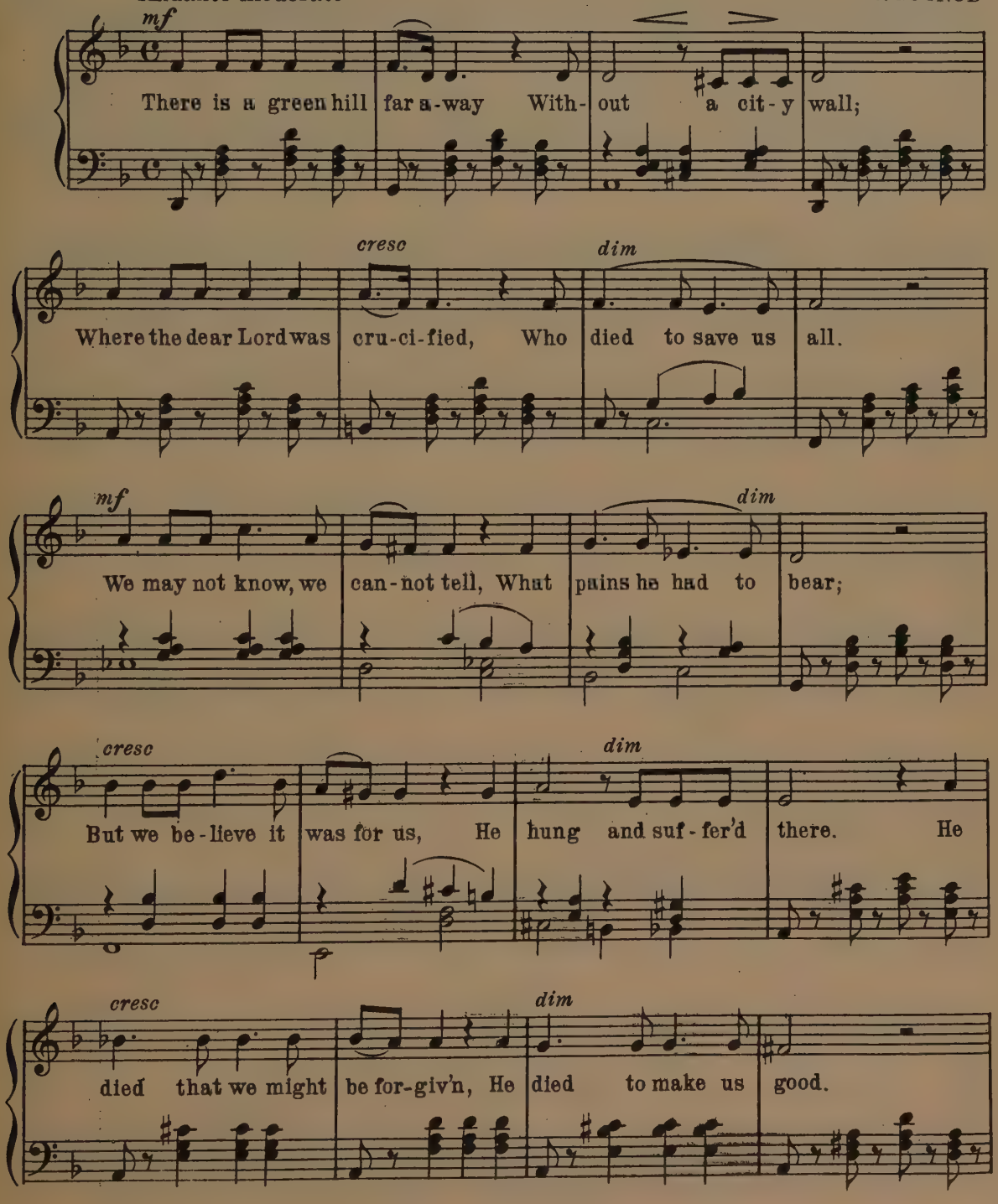
(Jocelyn)

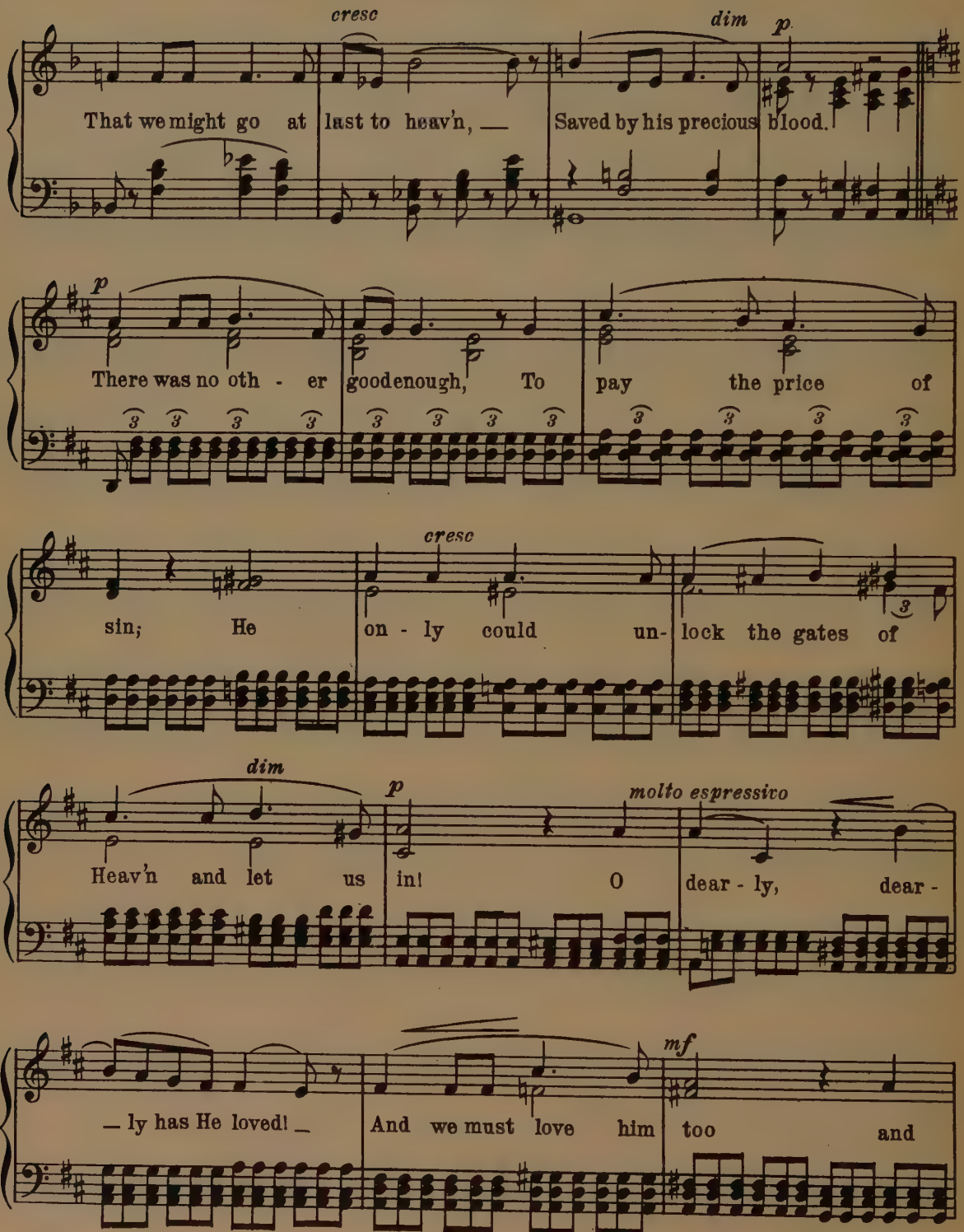

Andante
B. GODARD
Oh, may thy dream not soon be o'er, For angels hov-er near thy
slum - ber, And while night's gold- en rays out - pour, My
cresc.
rall. et dim.
a tempo
child! the bright-est vis-ions, num - ber.
dim.
Sleep! Sleep! The dawn is far a - way!
cresc.
dim.
Ho - ly Vir - gin, guard her, I pray!

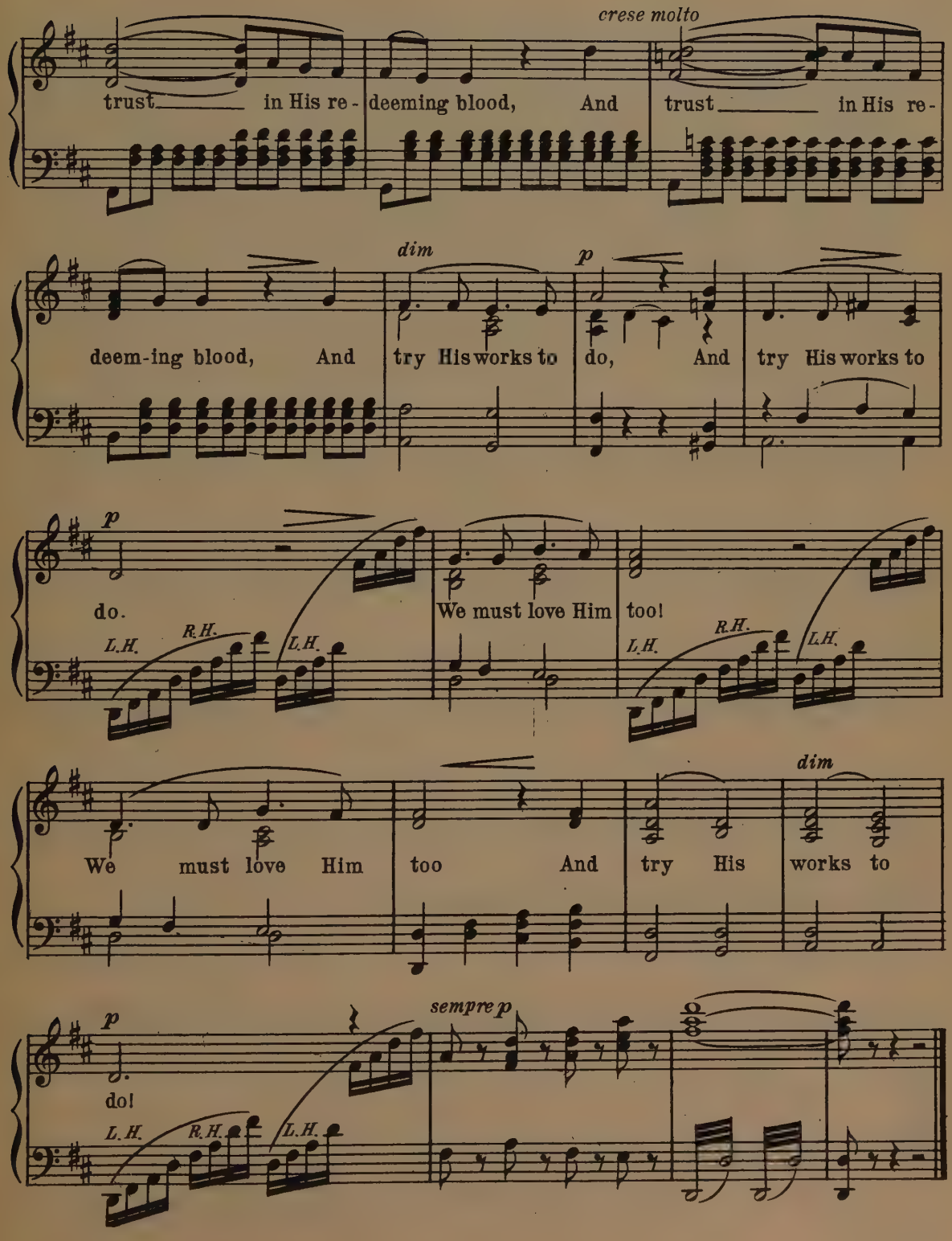
# There Is A Green Hill Far Away

Andante moderato

C. GOUNOD

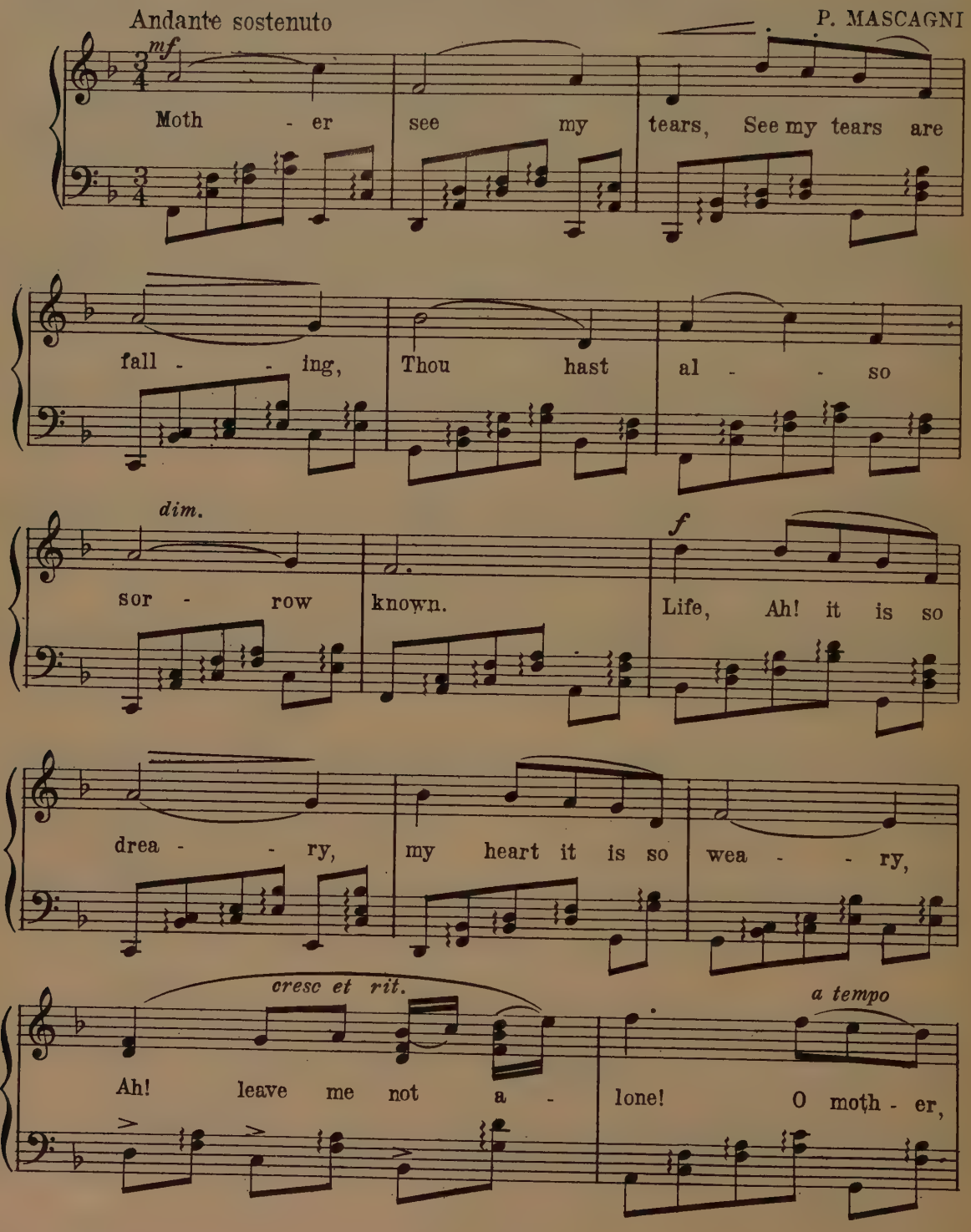

mf
There is a green hill far a-way With- out a cit-y wall;
cresc
dim
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
mf
dim
We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains he had to bear;
cresc
dim
But we be-lieve it was for us, He hung and suf-fer'd there. He
cresc
dim
died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good.

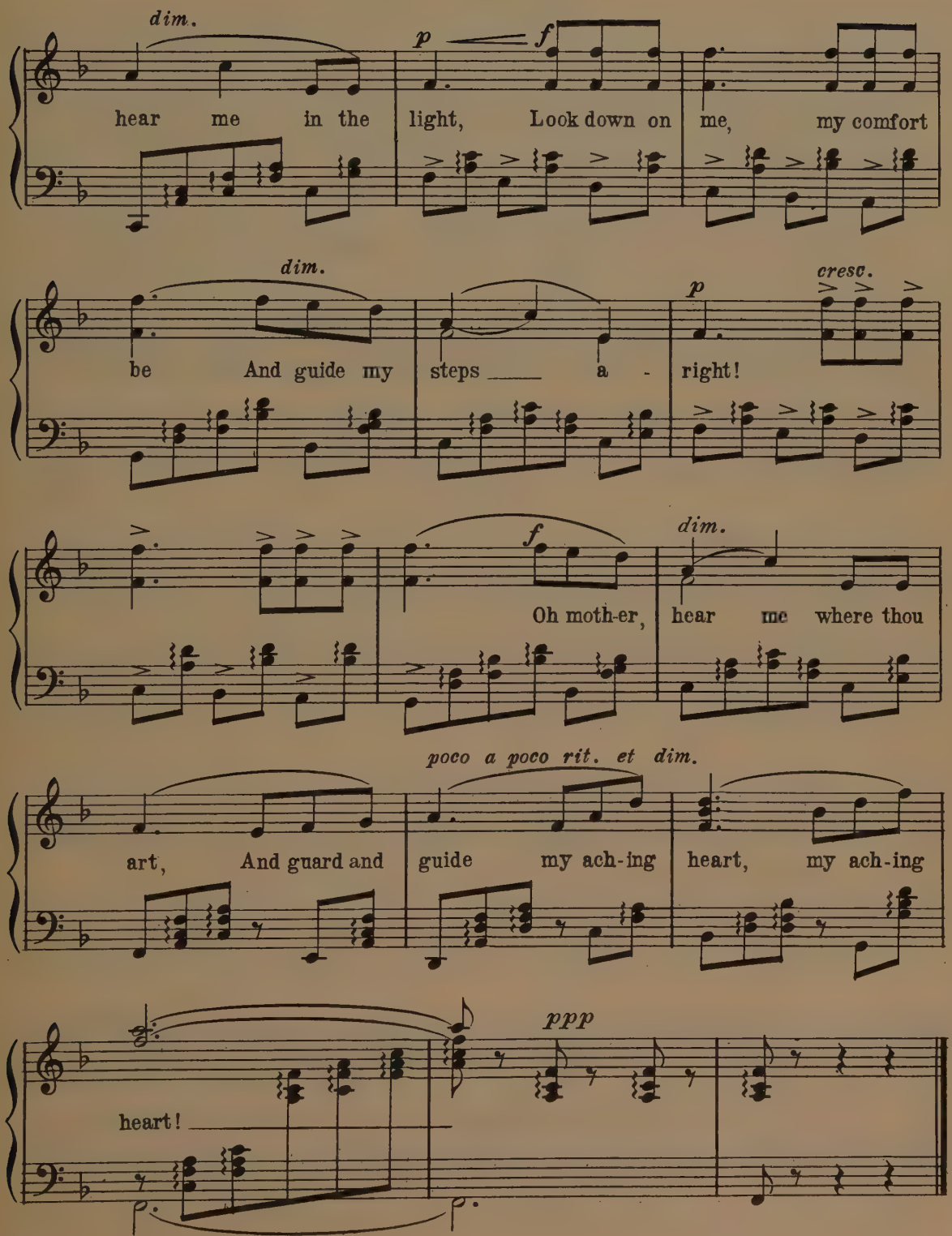

cresc
dim
p
That we might go at last to heav'n, — Saved by his precious blood.
p
There was no oth - er goodenough, To pay the price of
cresc
sin; He on - ly could un- lock the gates of
dim
p
molto espressivo
Heav'n and let us in! O dear - ly, dear -
mf
— ly has He loved! — And we must love him too and


crese molto
trust in His re- deeming blood, And trust in His re-
dim
p
deem-ing blood, And try His works to do, And try His works to
p
do.
We must love Him too!
L.H. R.H. L.H.
L.H. R.H. L.H.
dim
We must love Him too And try His works to
p
sempre p
do!
L.H. R.H. L.H.

# Ave Maria

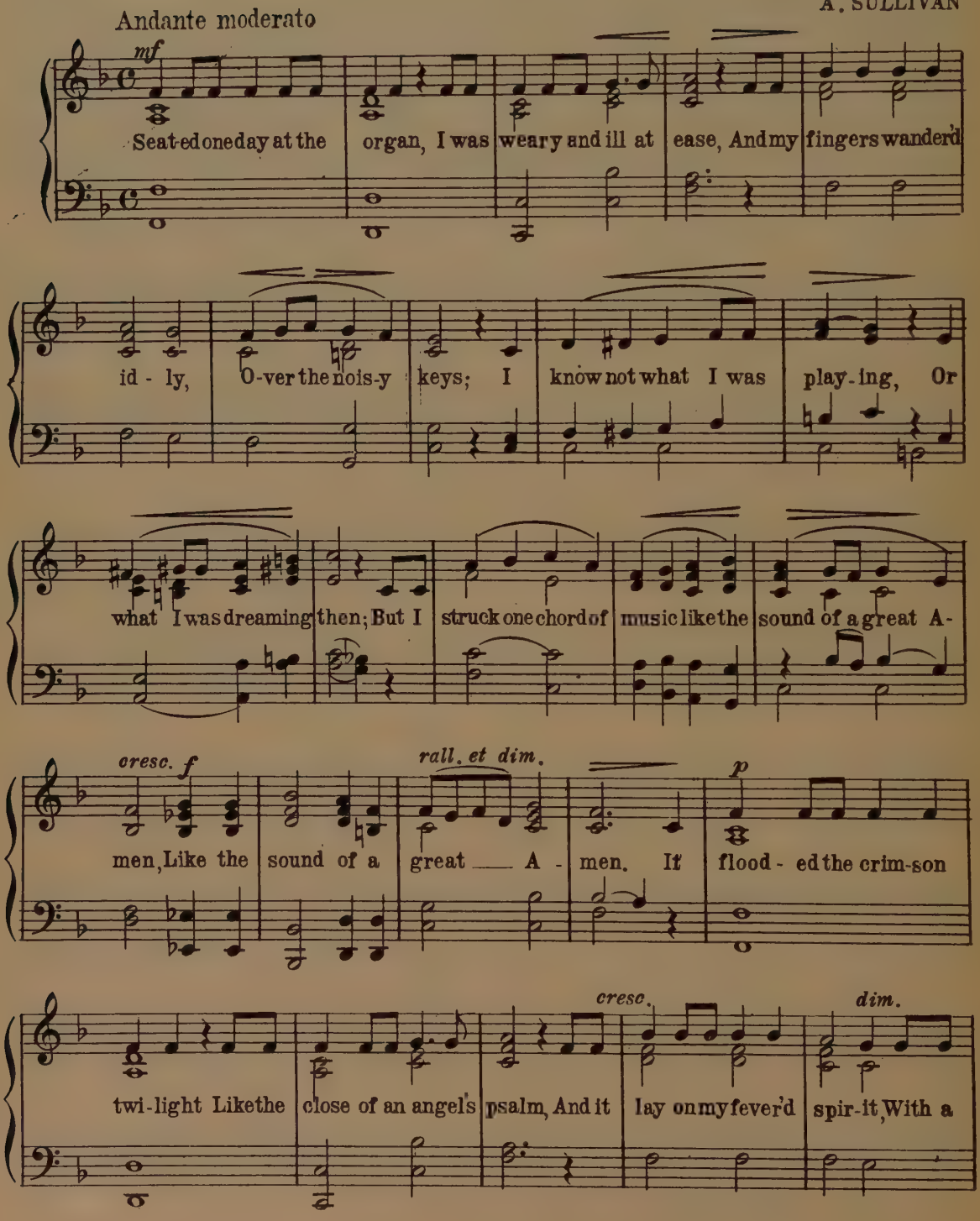
(Cavalleria Rusticana)

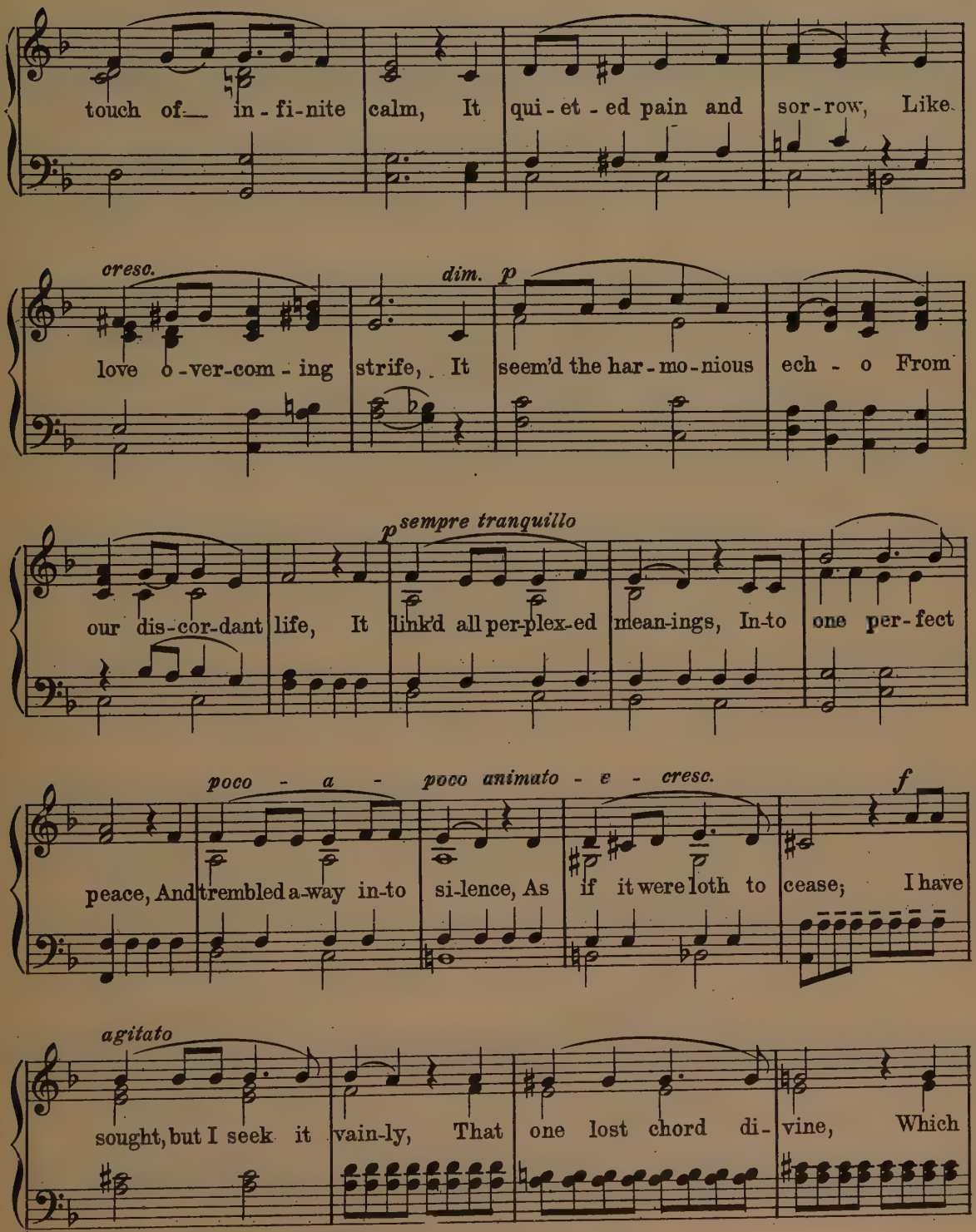

Andante sostenuto
P. MASCAGNI
mf
Moth - er see my tears, See my tears are
fall - - ing, Thou hast al - - so
dim.
sor - row known.
f
Life, Ah! it is so
drea - - ry, my heart it is so wea - - ry,
cresc et rit.
a tempo
Ah! leave me not a - lone! O moth - er,

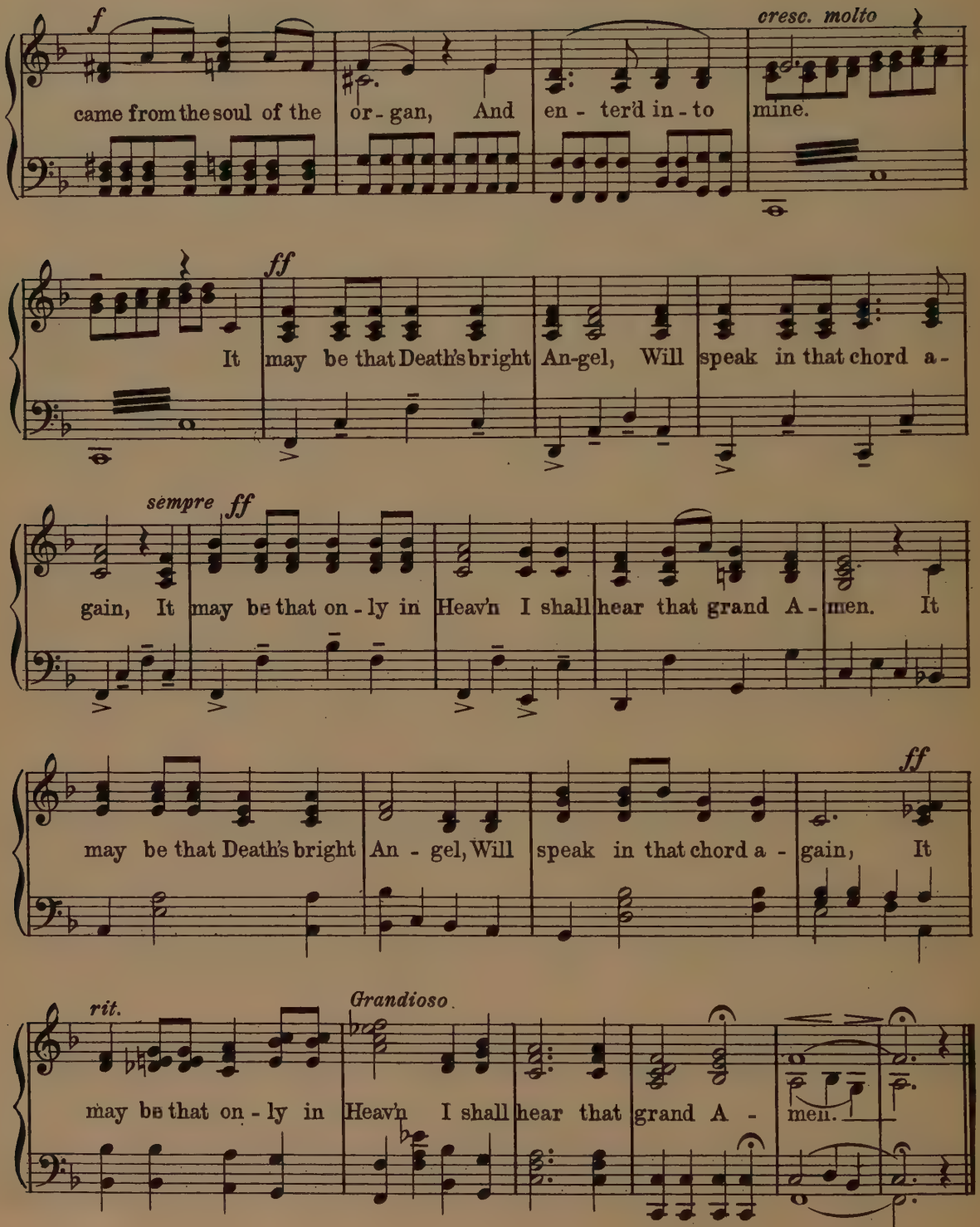

dim.
p
f
hear me in the light, Look down on me, my comfort
dim.
cresc.
p
be And guide my steps a - right!
f
dim.
Oh moth-er, hear me where thou
poco a poco rit. et dim.
art, And guard and guide my ach-ing heart, my ach-ing
ppp
heart!

# The Lost Chord

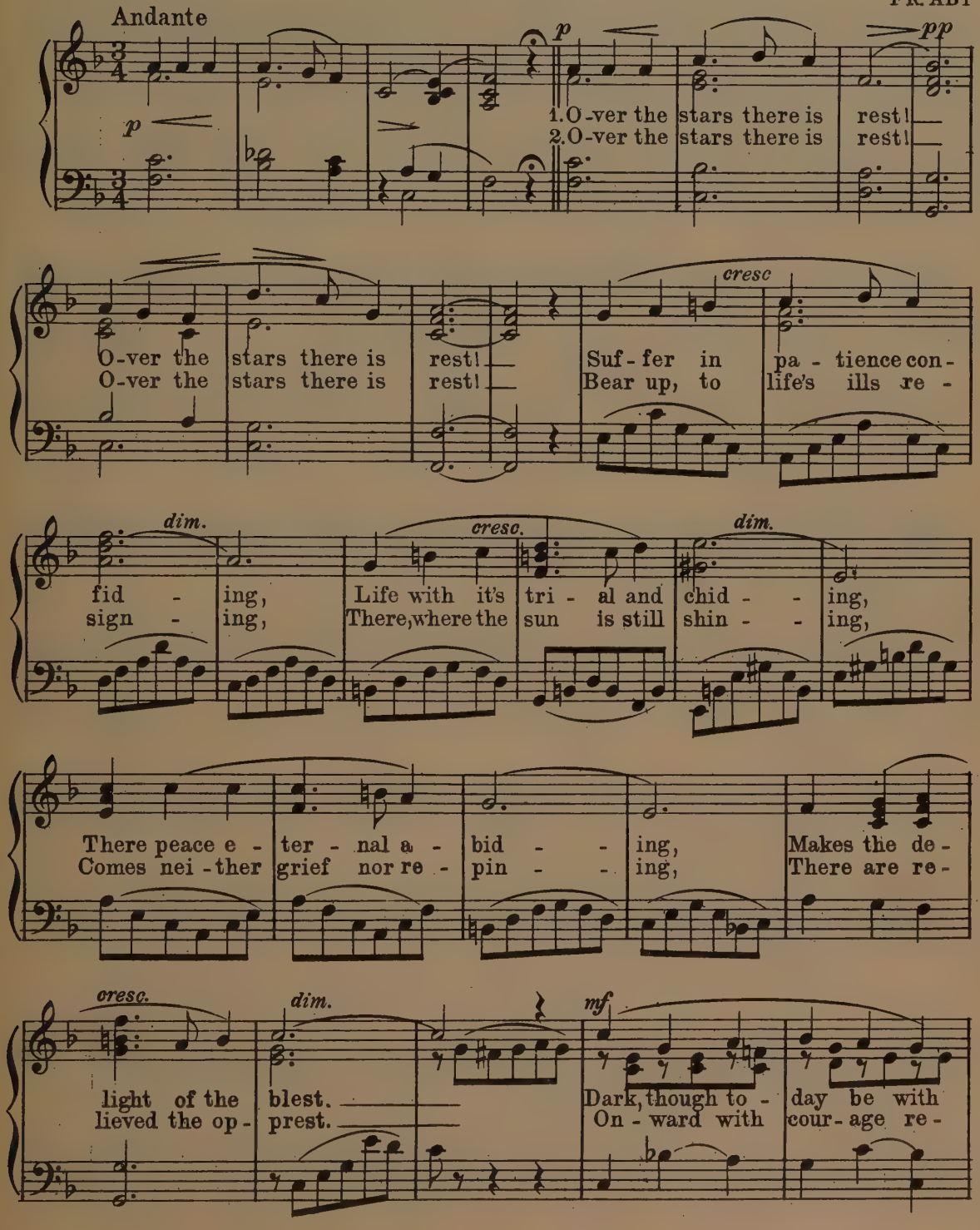
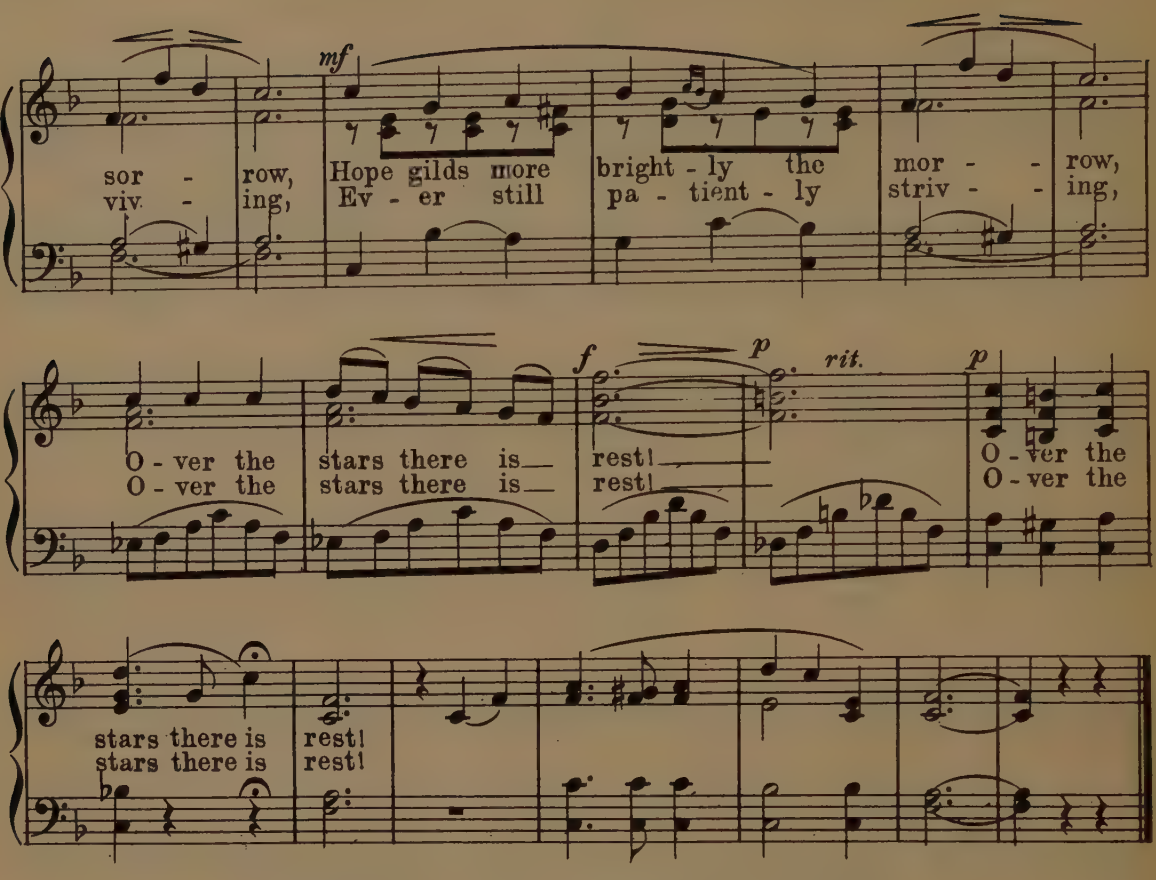
A. SULLIVAN


Andante moderato
mf
Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wander'd
id - ly, O-ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was play-ing, Or
what I was dreaming then; But I struck one chord of music like the sound of a great A-
cresc. f
rall. et dim.
p
men, Like the sound of a great A - men. It flood - ed the crim-son
cresc.
dim.
twi-light Like the close of an angel's psalm, And it lay on my fever'd spir-it, With a

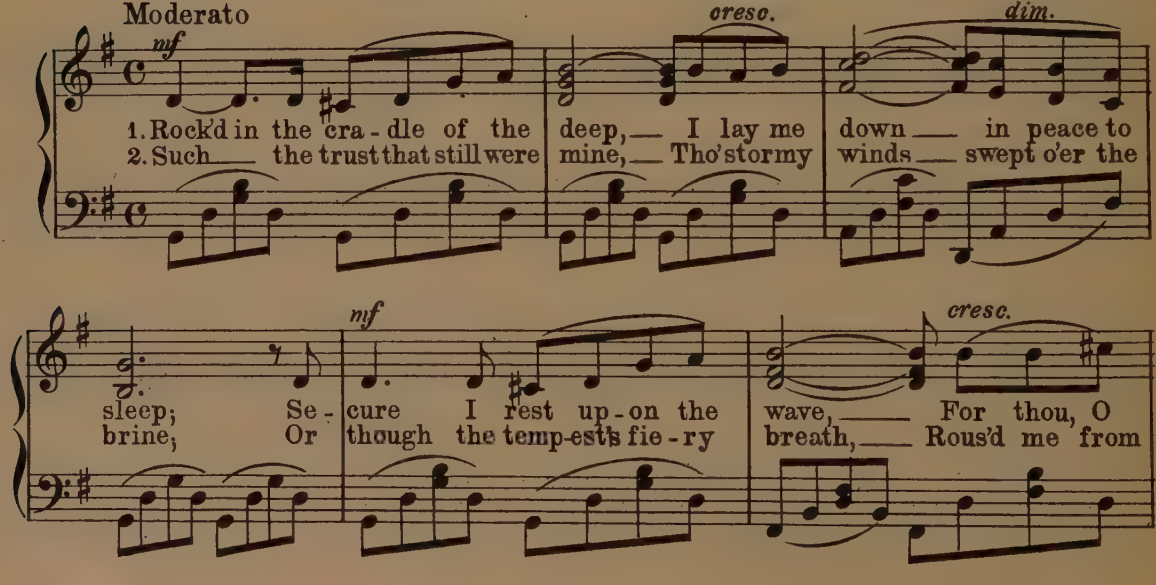

touch of— in-fi-nite calm, It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like
cresc.
dim. p
love o-ver-com-ing strife, It seem'd the har-mo-nious ech-o From
p sempre tranquillo
our dis-cor-dant life, It link'd all per-plex-ed mean-ings, In-to one per-fect
poco - a - poco animato - e - cresc.
f
peace, And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease; I have
agitato
sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which

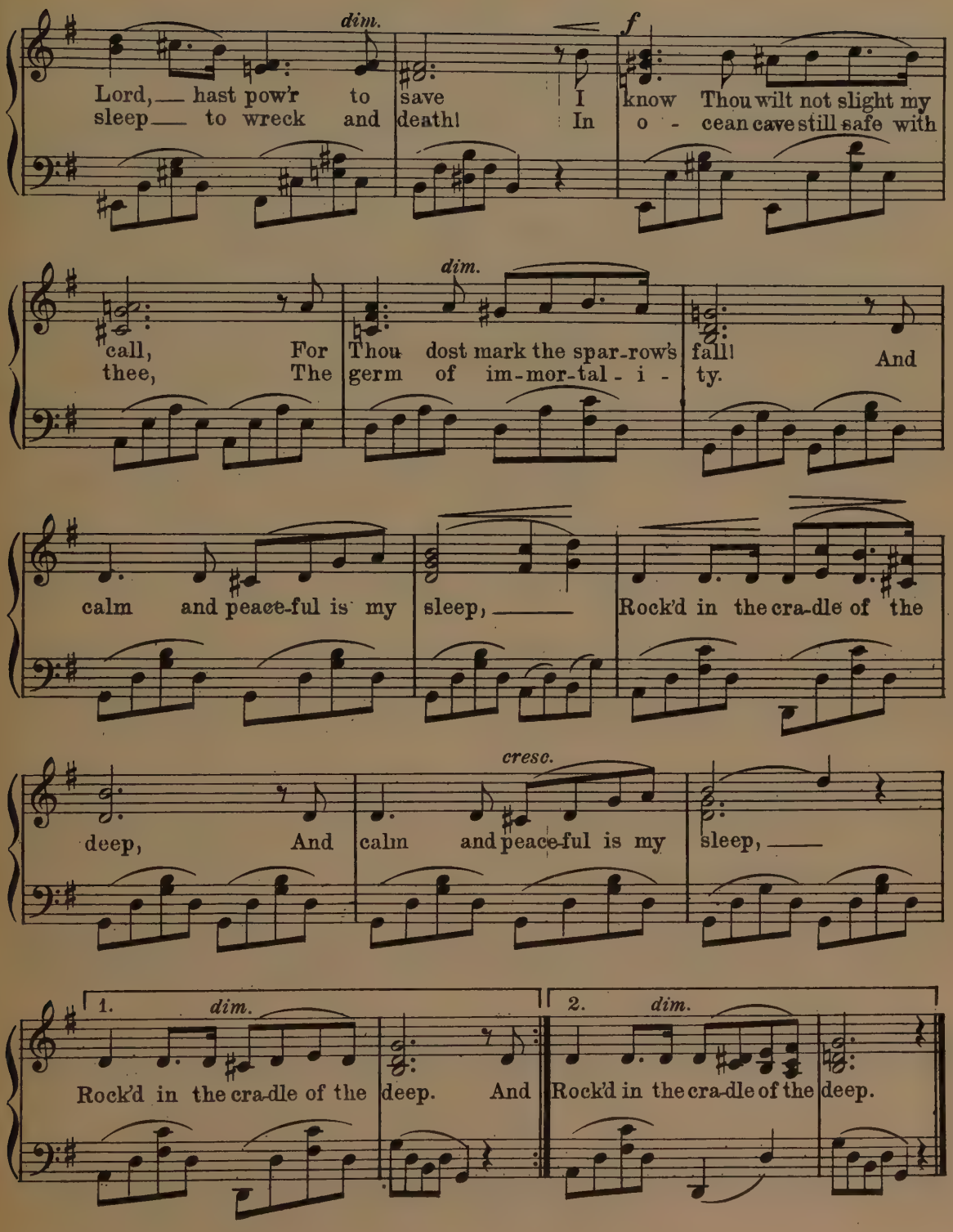

f
cresc. molto
came from the soul of the or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to mine.
ff
It may be that Death's bright An-gel, Will speak in that chord a -
sempre ff
gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. It
ff
may be that Death's bright An - gel, Will speak in that chord a - gain, It
rit.
Grandioso
may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.

# Over the Stars There is Rest

FR. ABT


mf
sor - row, Hope gilds more bright - ly the mor - - row,
viv - ing, Ev - er still pa - tient - ly striv - - ing,
f
p
rit.
p
O - ver the stars there is rest!
O - ver the stars there is rest!
O - ver the
O - ver the
stars there is rest!
stars there is rest!

## Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep

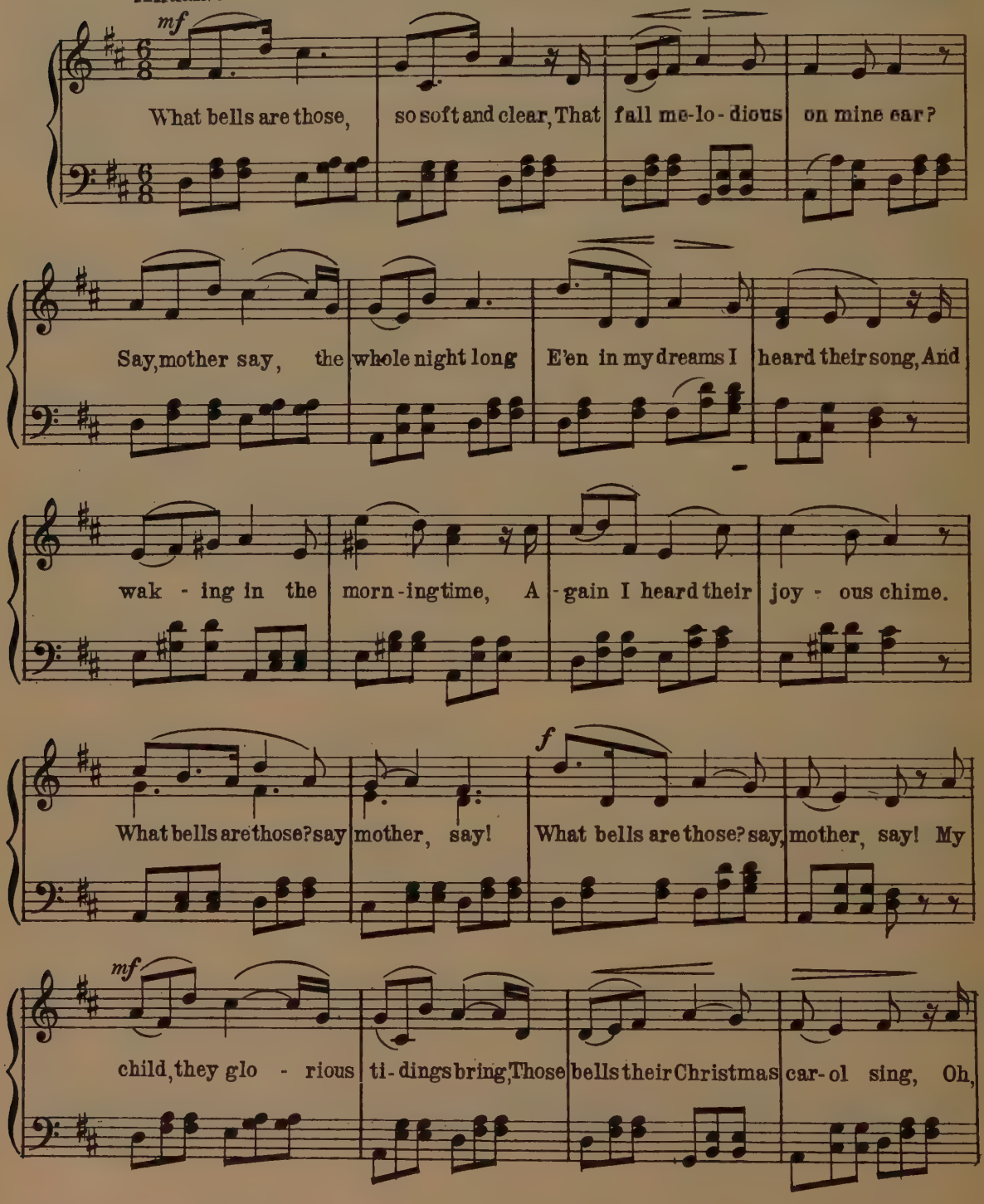
J. P. KNIGHT

Moderato
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to
2. Such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the
mf
cresc.
sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For thou, O
brine; Or though the temp - est's fie - ry breath, Rous'd me from

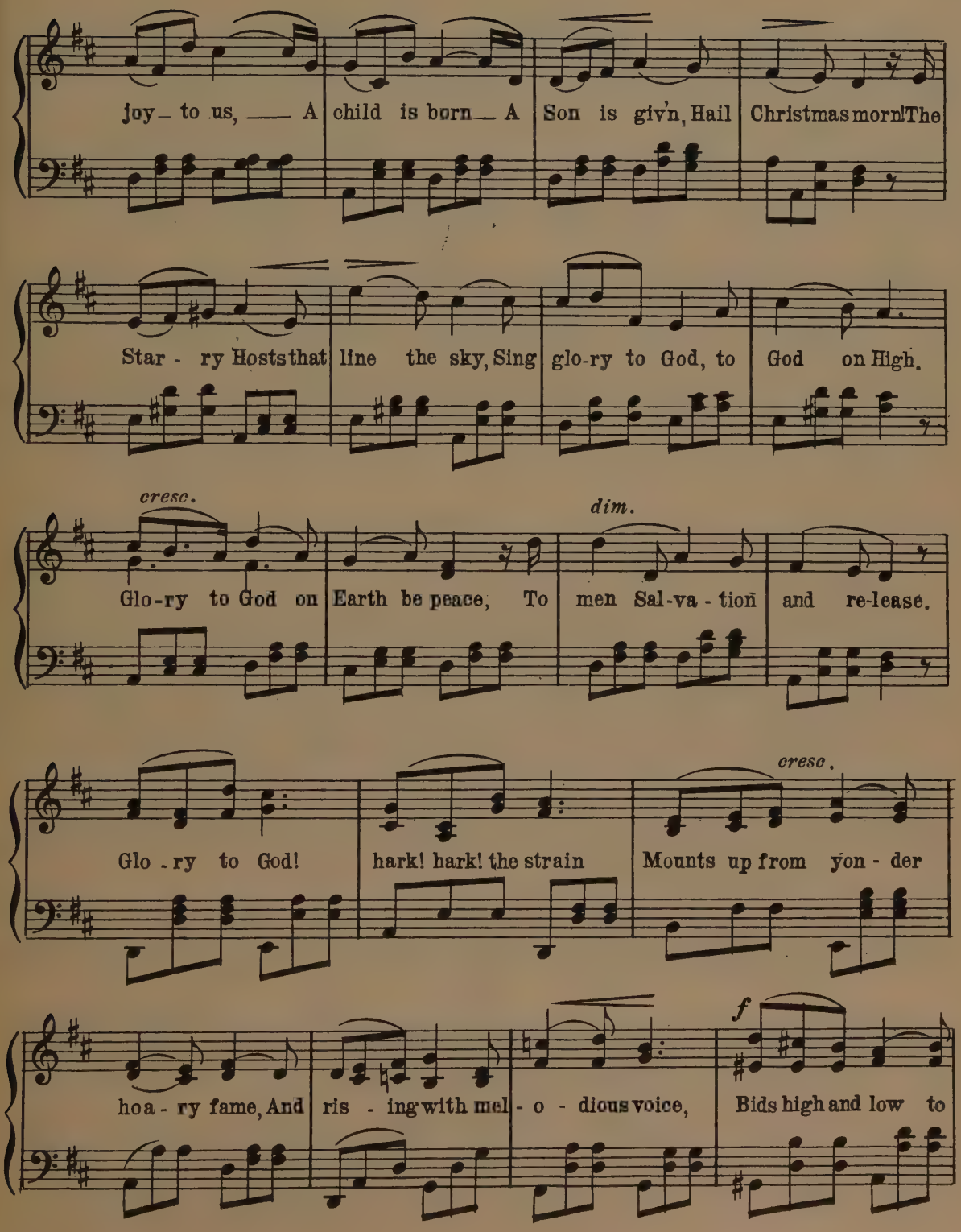

dim.
f
Lord, hast pow'r to save I know Thou wilt not slight my
sleep to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with
dim.
call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty.
calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the
cresc.
deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,
1. dim.
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. And
2. dim.
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

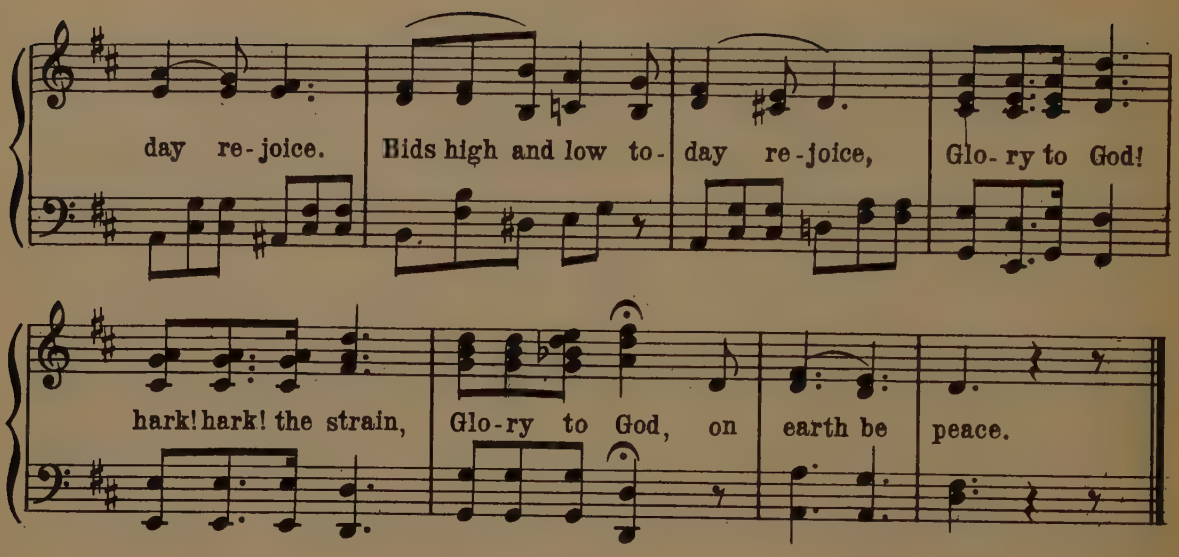
# Christmas Chimes

Andante

B. RICHARDS


mf
What bells are those, so soft and clear, That fall me-lo-dious on mine ear?
Say, mother say, the whole night long E'en in my dreams I heard their song, And
wak-ing in the morn-ing time, A-gain I heard their joy-ous chime.
f
What bells are those? say mother, say! What bells are those? say, mother, say! My
mf
child, they glo-rious ti-dings bring, Those bells their Christmas car-ol sing, Oh,

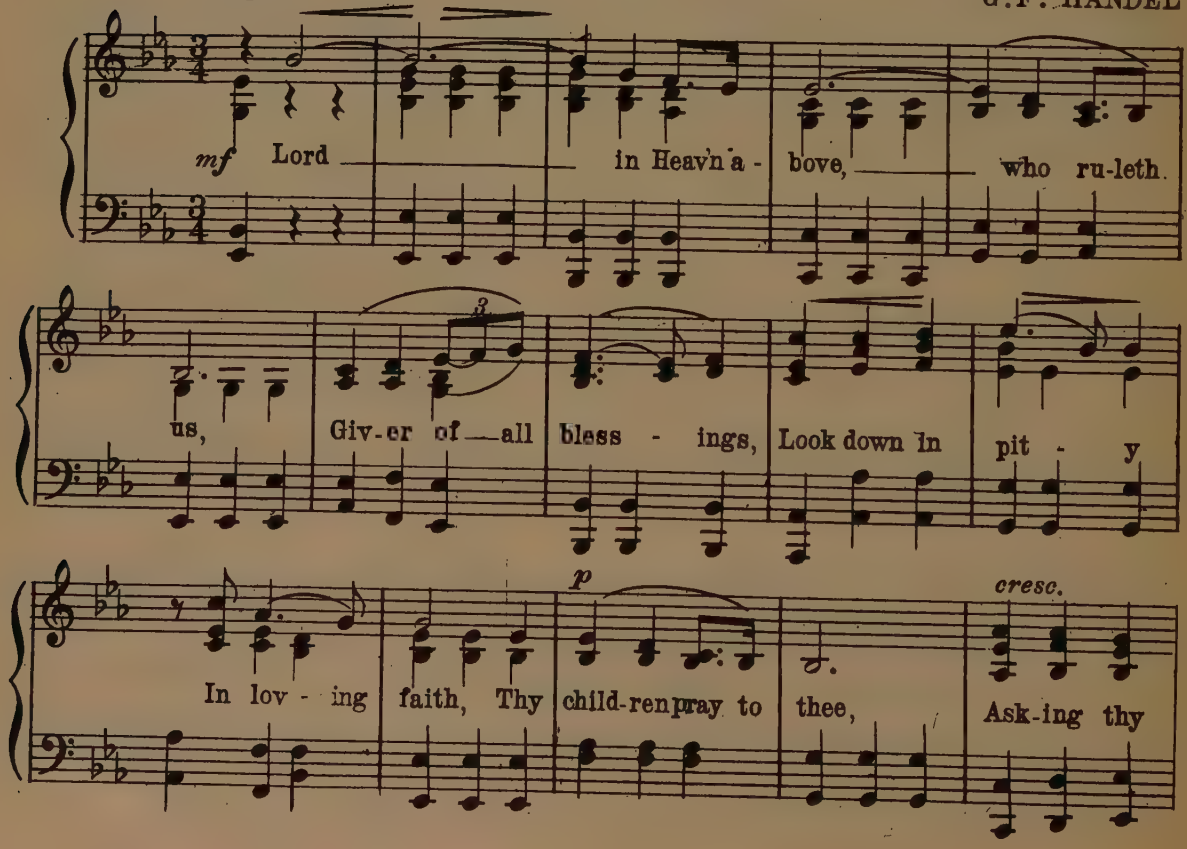

joy_ to us, ___ A child is born_ A Son is giv'n, Hail Christmas morn! The
Star - ry Hosts that line the sky, Sing glo-ry to God, to God on High.
cresc.
dim.
Glo-ry to God on Earth be peace, To men Sal-va - tion and re-lease.
cresc.
Glo - ry to God! hark! hark! the strain Mounts up from yon - der
f
hoa - ry fame, And ris - ing with mel - o - dious voice, Bids high and low to

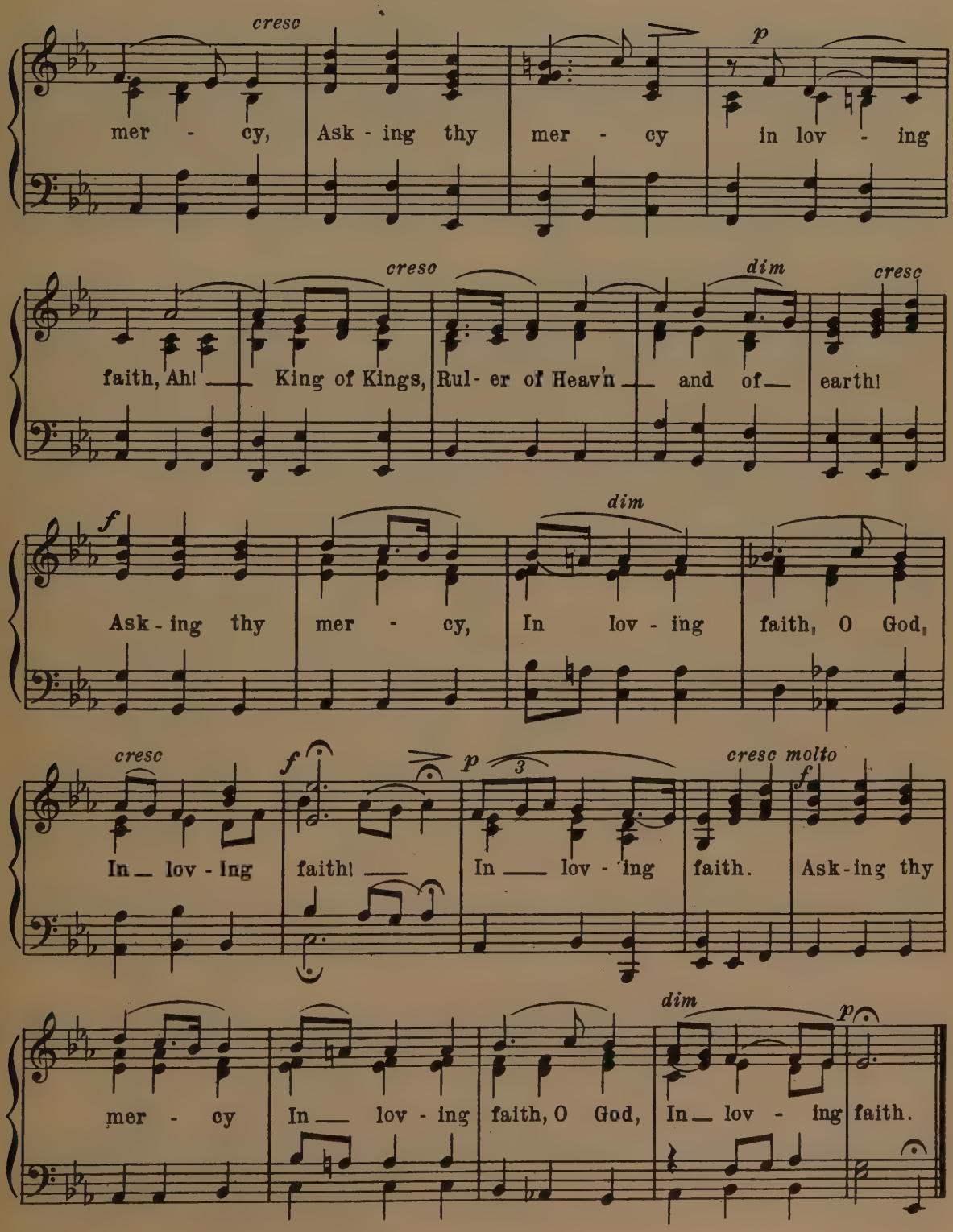



## Largo

Larghetto

G. F. HÄNDEL

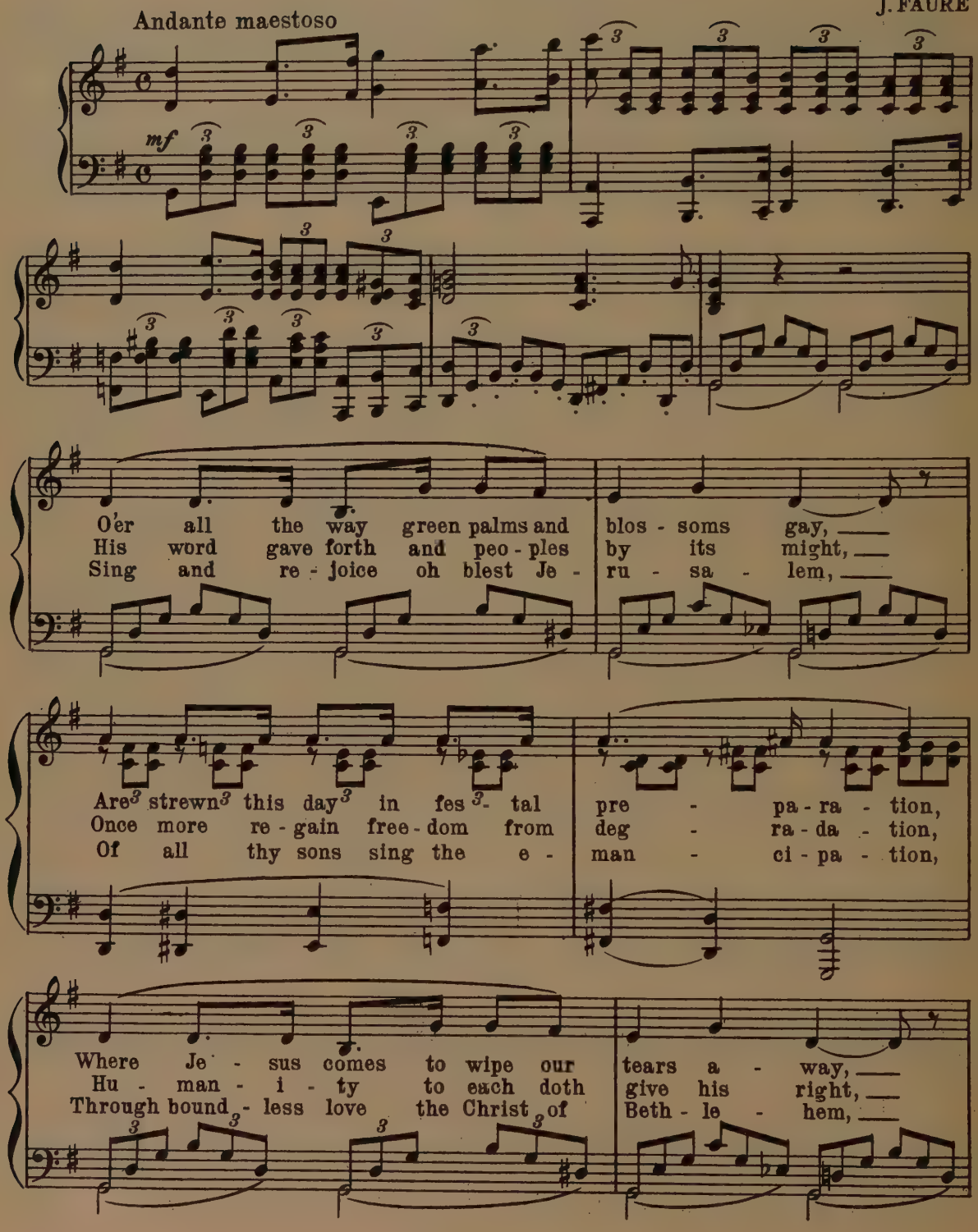

mf Lord in Heav'n a- bove, who ru-leth.
us, Giv-er of all bless - ings, Look down in pit - y
p cresc.
In lov - ing faith, Thy child-ren pray to thee, Ask-ing thy

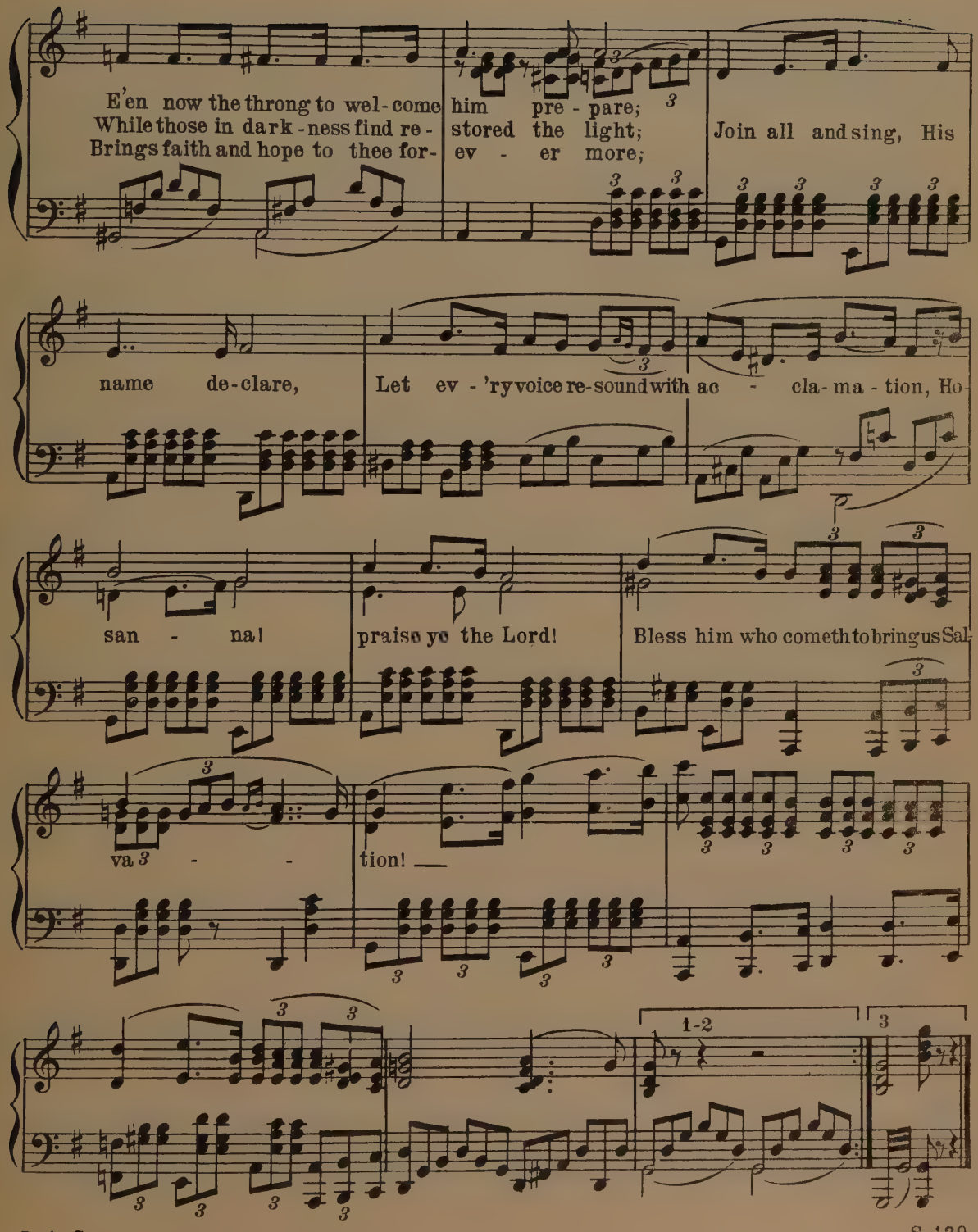

cresc
mer - cy, Ask - ing thy mer - cy in lov - ing
p
creso
dim
cresc
faith, Ah! King of Kings, Rul - er of Heav'n and of earth!
f
dim
Ask - ing thy mer - cy, In lov - ing faith, O God,
cresc
f
p
cresc molto
f
In lov - ing faith! In lov - ing faith. Ask - ing thy
dim
p
mer - cy In lov - ing faith, O God, In lov - ing faith.

# The Palms

## (Les Rameaux)

J. FAURE

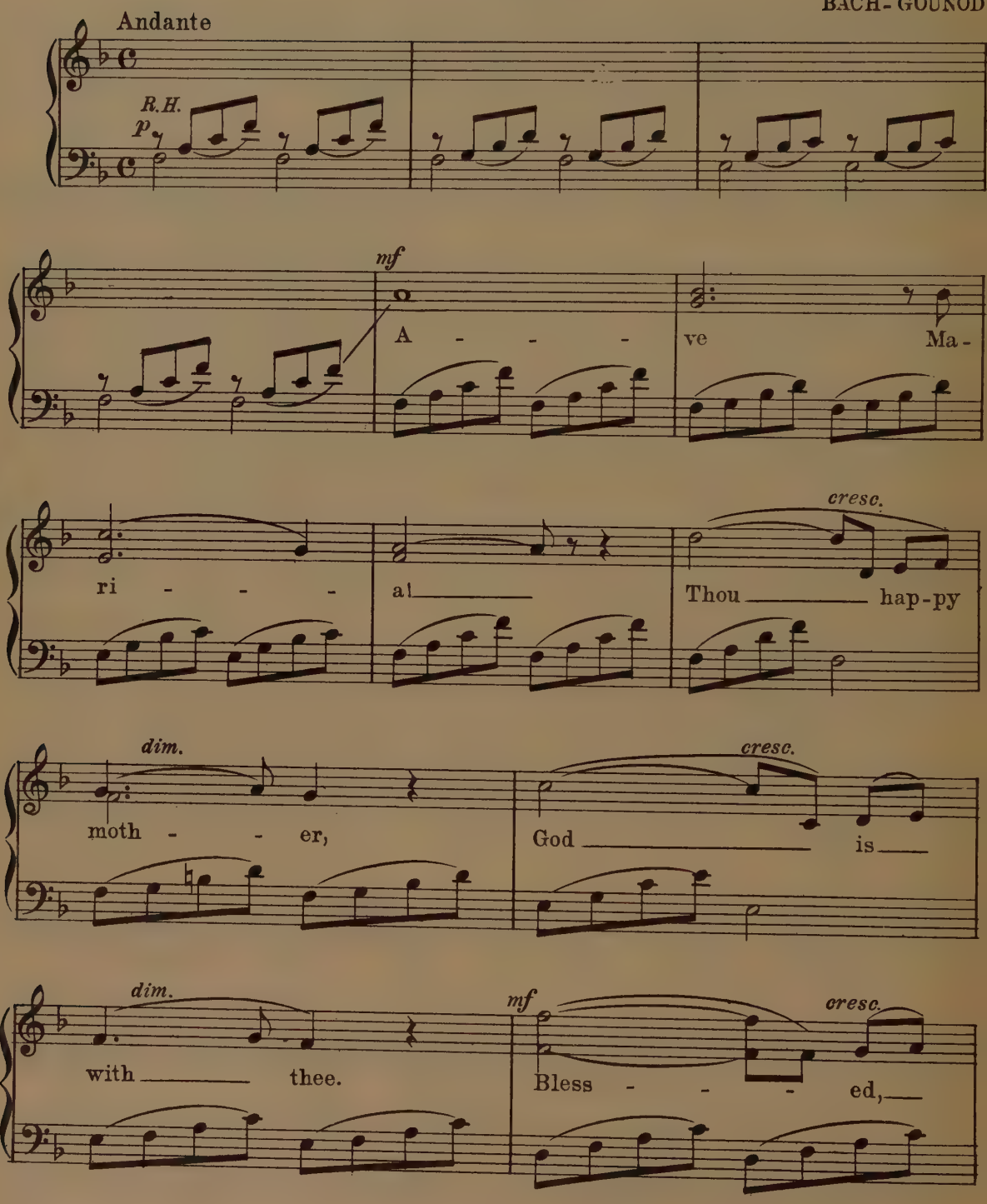

Andante maestoso
mf
O'er all the way green palms and blos - soms gay,
His word gave forth and peo - ples by its might,
Sing and re - joice oh blest Je - ru - sa - lem,
Are strewn this day in fes - tal pre - pa - ra - tion,
Once more re - gain free - dom from deg - ra - da - tion,
Of all thy sons sing the e - man - ci - pa - tion,
Where Je - sus comes to wipe our tears a - way,
Hu - man - i - ty to each doth give his right,
Through bound - less love the Christ of Beth - le - hem,

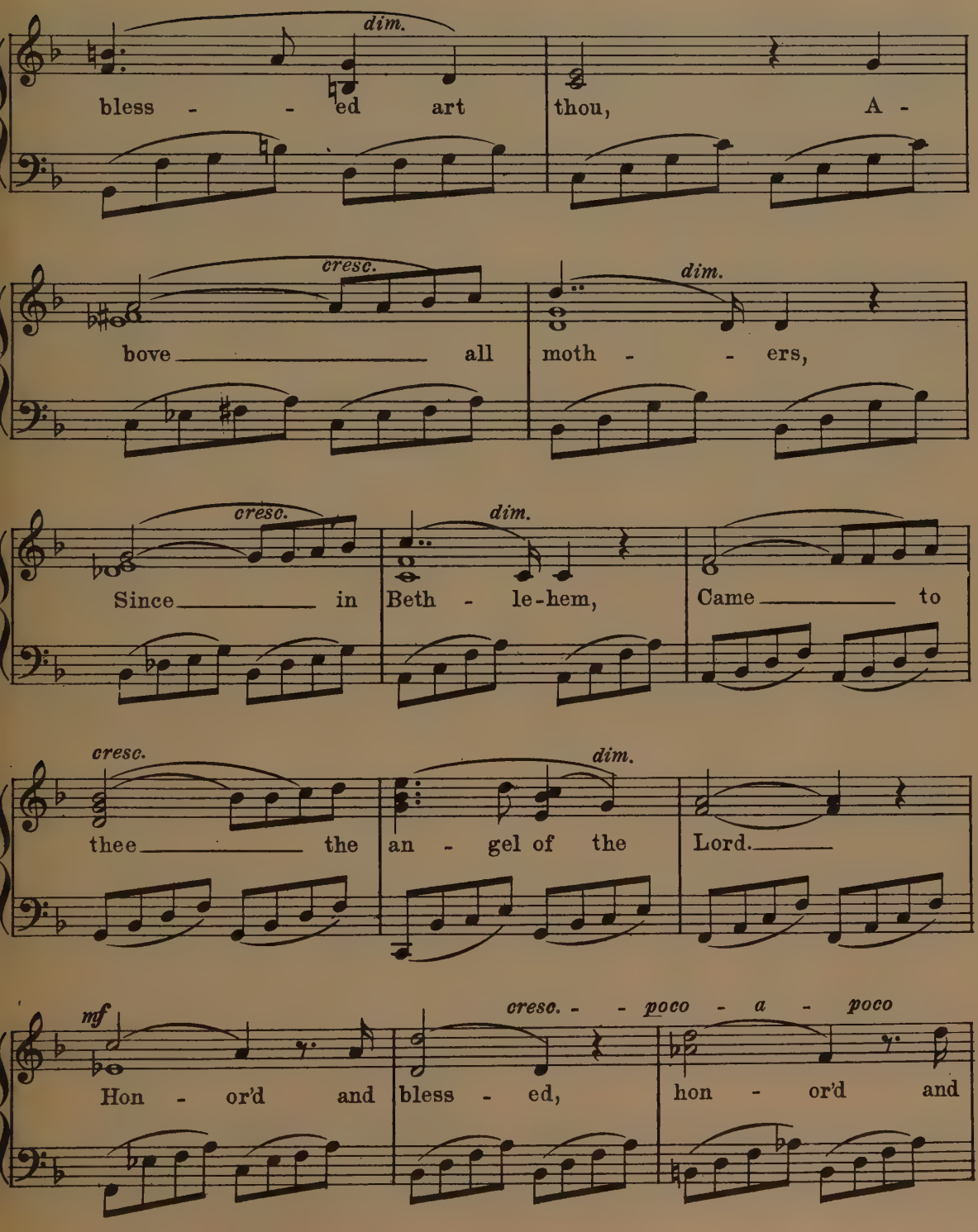

E'en now the throng to wel-come him pre-pare;
While those in dark-ness find re-stored the light;
Brings faith and hope to thee for-ev-er more;
Join all and sing, His
name de-clare,
Let ev-'ry voice re-sound with ac-cla-ma-tion, Ho-
san-na!
praise ye the Lord!
Bless him who cometh to bring us Sal-
va-tion!
1-2
3

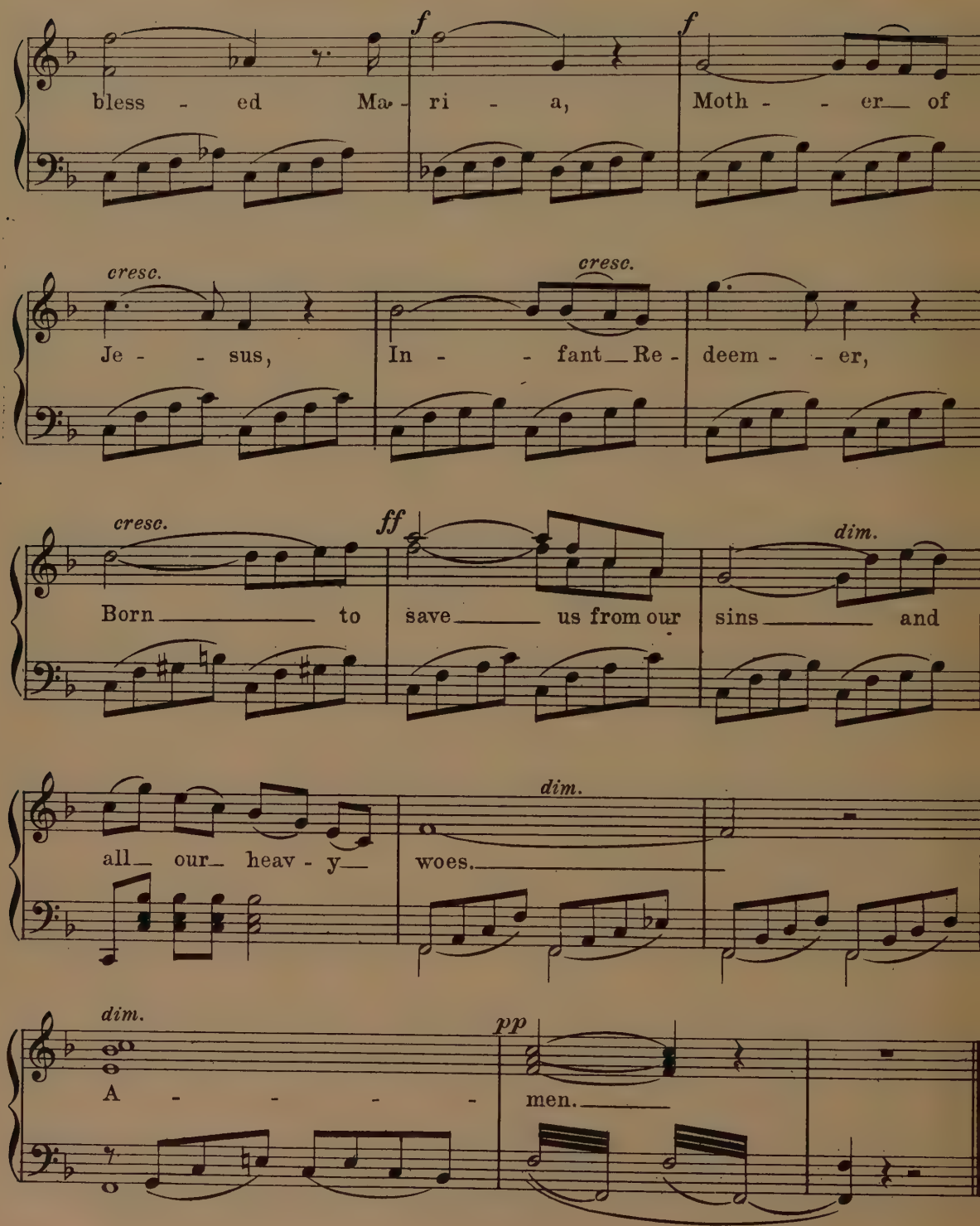
D. A. C.

# Ave Maria

BACH-GOUNOD



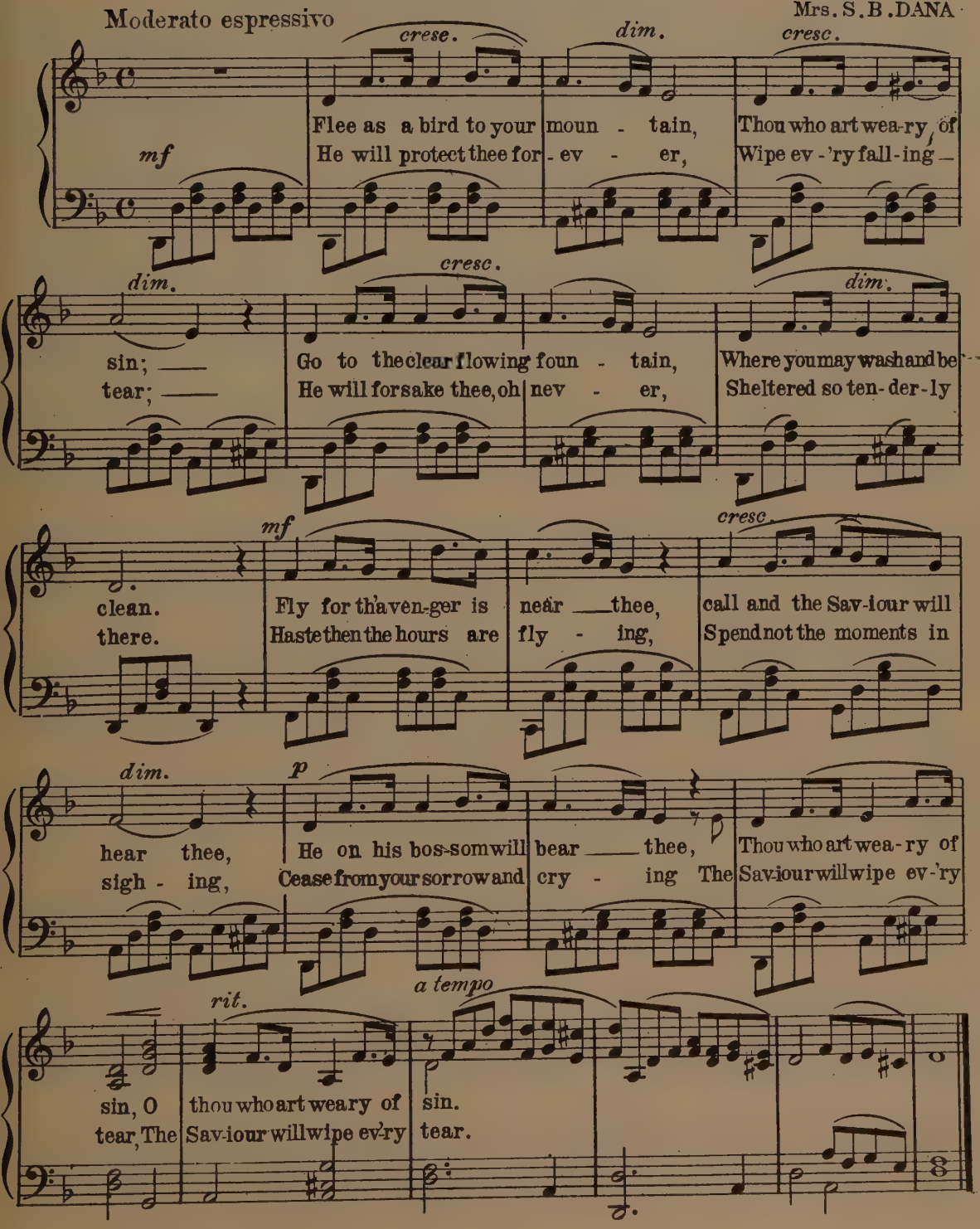

dim.
bless - - ed art thou, A -
cresc.
dim.
bove all moth - - ers,
cresc.
dim.
Since in Beth - le-hem, Came to
cresc.
dim.
thee the an - gel of the Lord.
mf
cresc. - - poco - a - poco
Hon - or'd and bless - ed, hon - or'd and


f
f
bless - ed Ma - ri - a, Moth - - er of
cresc.
cresc.
Je - - sus, In - - fant Re - deem - - er,
cresc.
ff
dim.
Born to save us from our sins and
dim.
all our heav - y woes.
dim.
pp
A - - - - men.

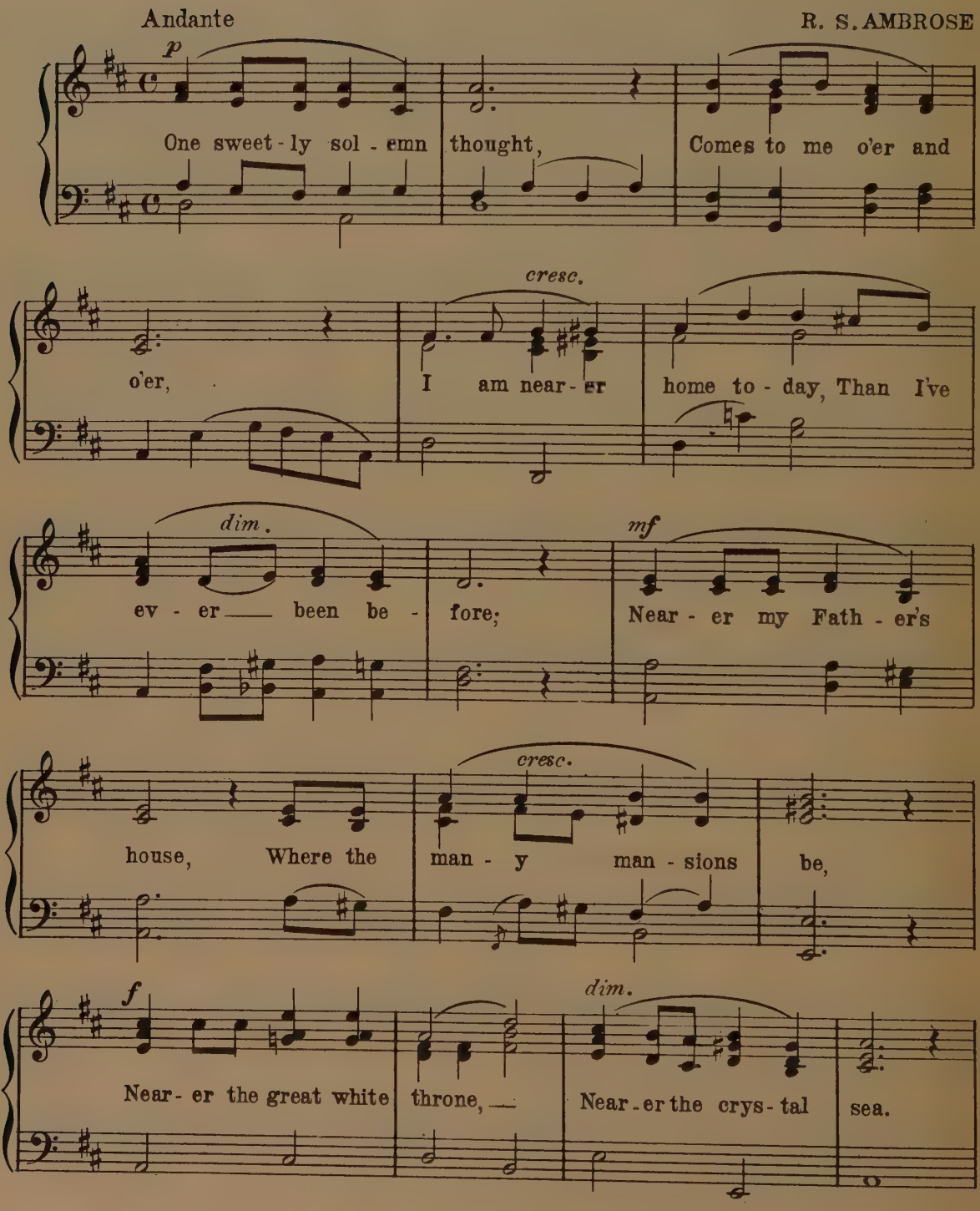
# Flee As A Bird

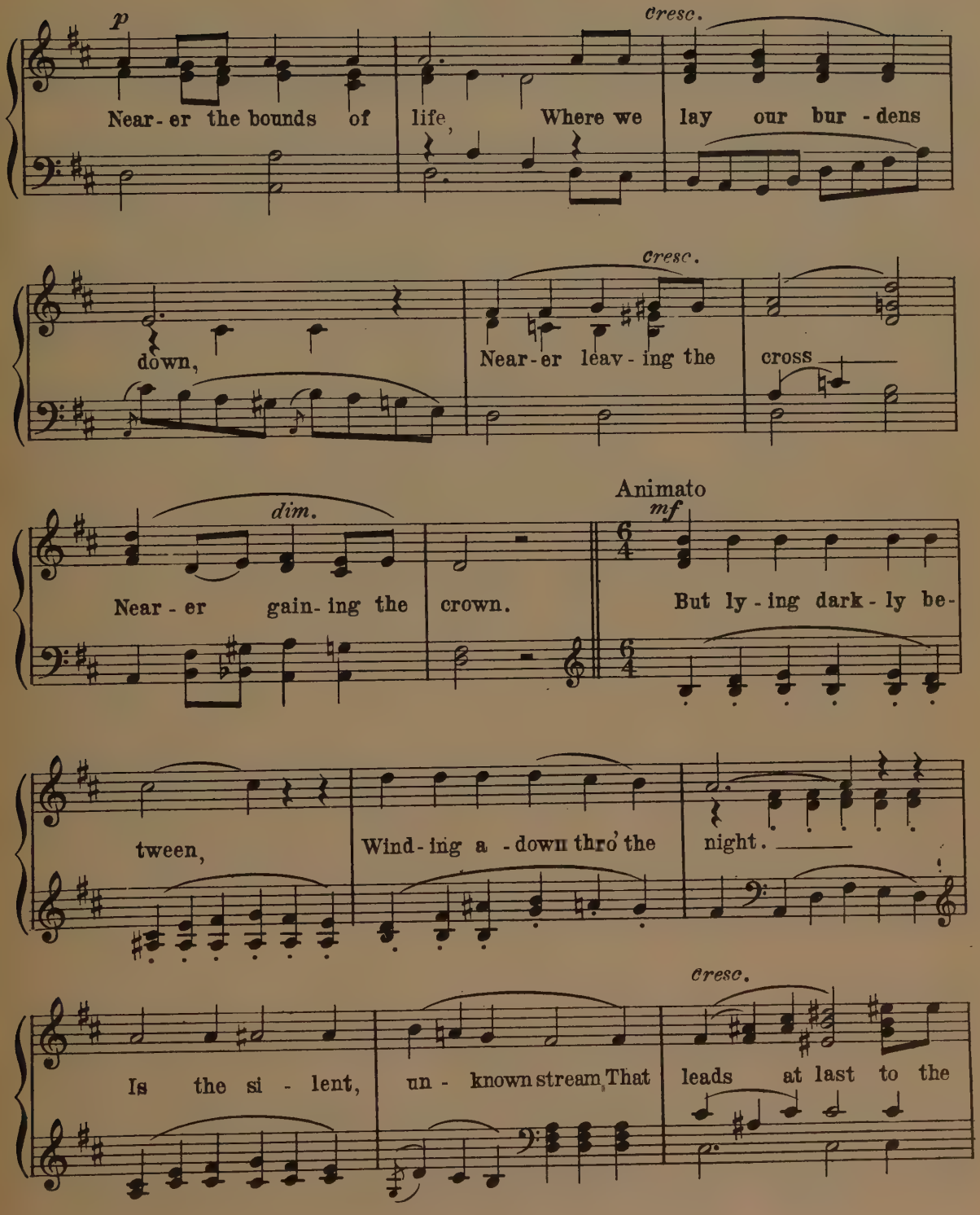
Moderato espressivo

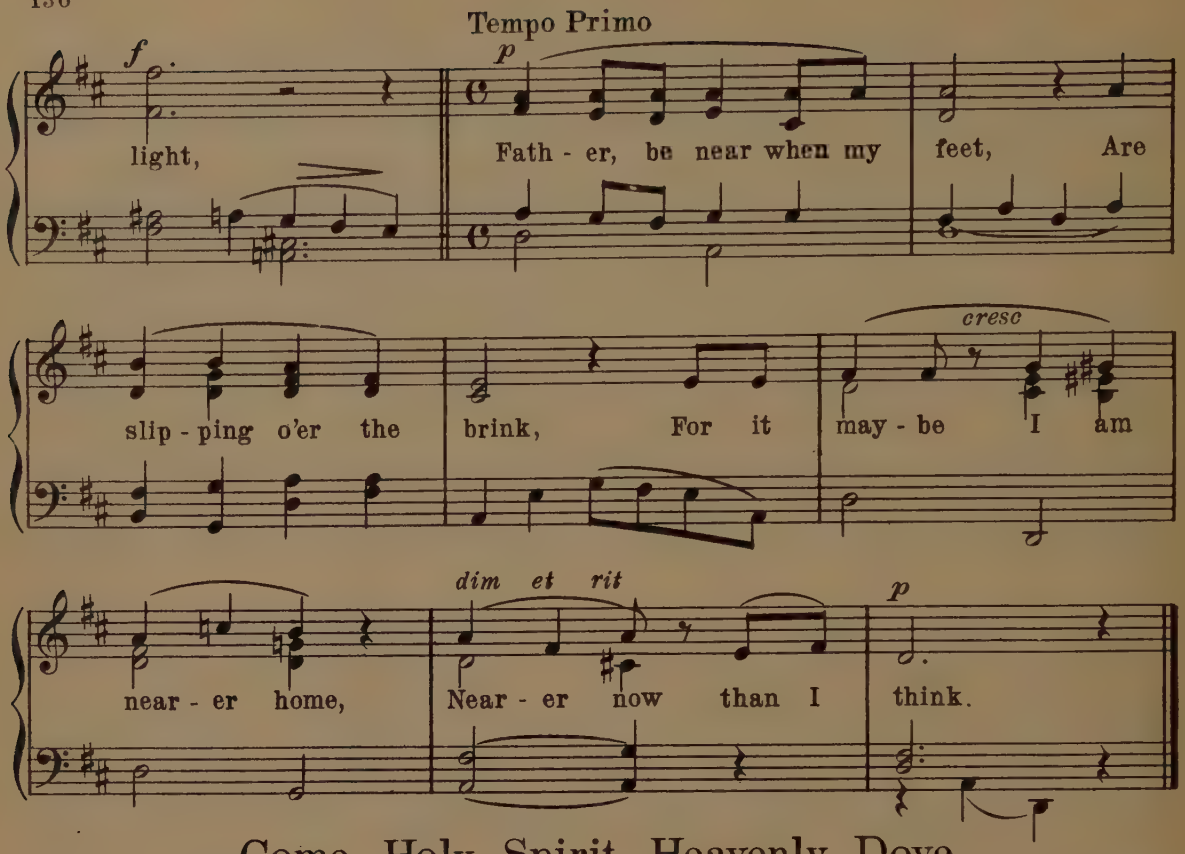
Mrs. S. B. DANA


mf
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea-ry of
He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall-ing
dim.
cresc.
dim.
sin; Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be
tear; He will forsake thee, oh nev - er, Sheltered so ten-der-ly
mf
cresc.
clean. Fly for th'aven-ger is near thee, call and the Sav-iour will
there. Haste then the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in
dim.
p
hear thee, He on his bos-som will bear thee, Thou who art wea-ry of
sigh - ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing The Sav-iour will wipe ev-'ry
rit.
a tempo
sin, O thou who art weary of sin.
tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev'ry tear.

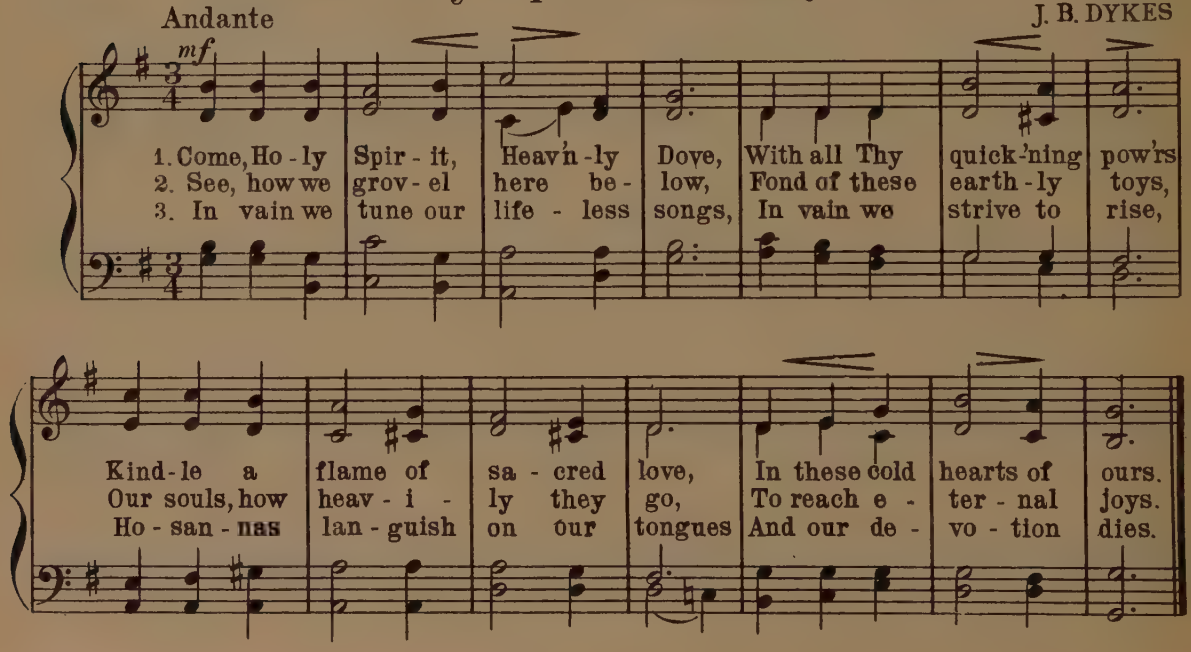
# One Sweetly Solemn Thought


Andante
R. S. AMBROSE
p
One sweet - ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and
o'er,
cresc.
I am near - er home to - day, Than I've
dim.
ev - er been be - fore;
mf
Near - er my Fath - er's
house, Where the
cresc.
man - y man - sions be,
f
Near - er the great white throne,
dim.
Near - er the crys - tal sea.


p
cresc.
Near - er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens
cresc.
down,
Near - er leav - ing the cross
dim.
Animato
mf
Near - er gain - ing the crown.
But ly - ing dark - ly be -
tween,
Wind - ing a - down thro' the night.
cresc.
Is the si - lent, un - known stream That leads at last to the



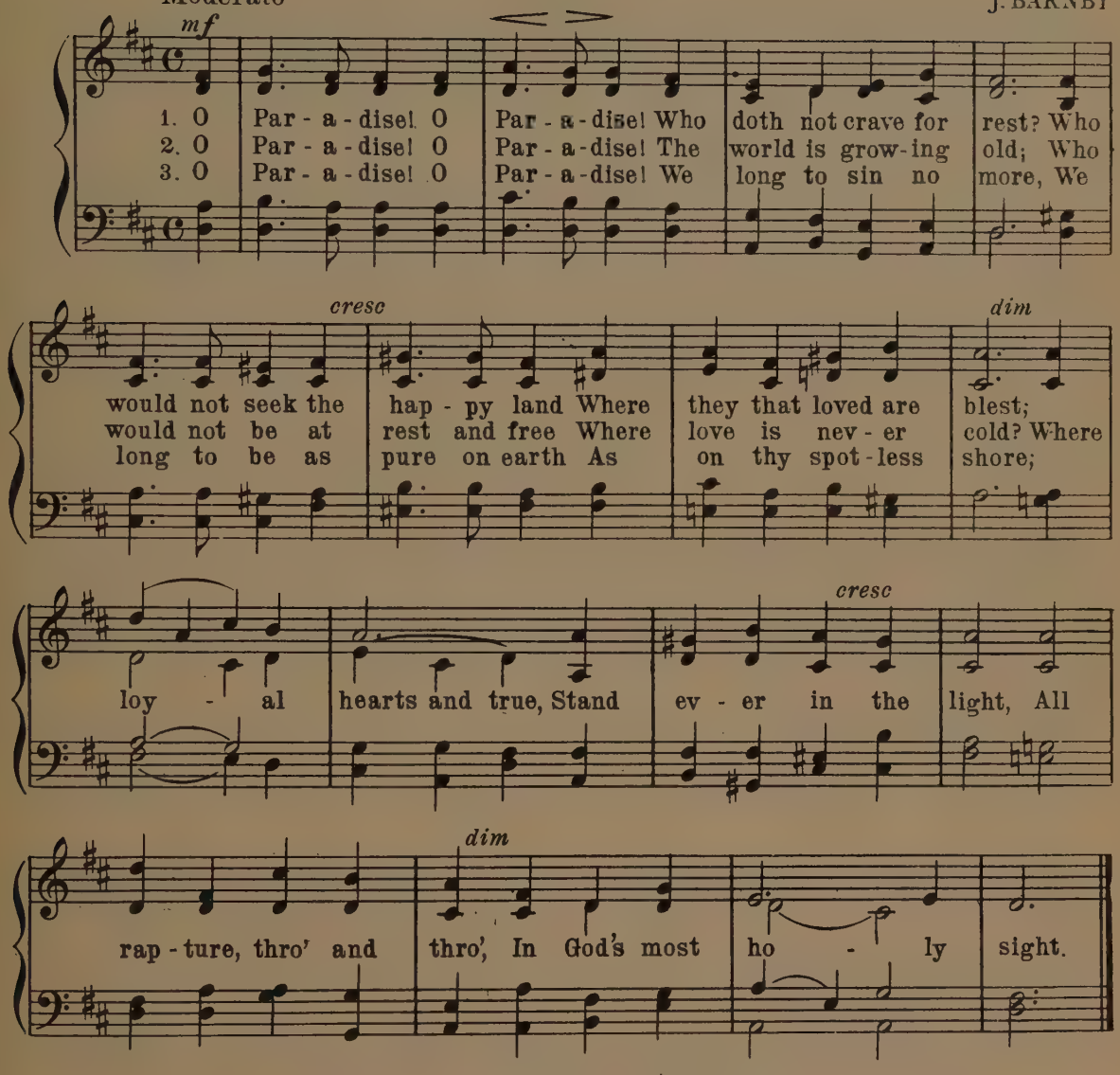

## Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove


Andante
J. B. DYKES
mf
1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs
2. See, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys,
3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise,
Kind - le a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues And our de - vo - tion dies.

# O Paradise!

Moderato

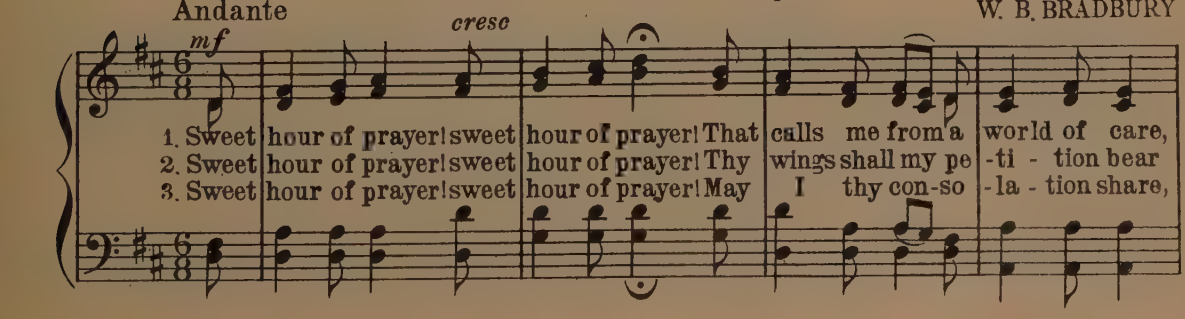
J. BARNBY

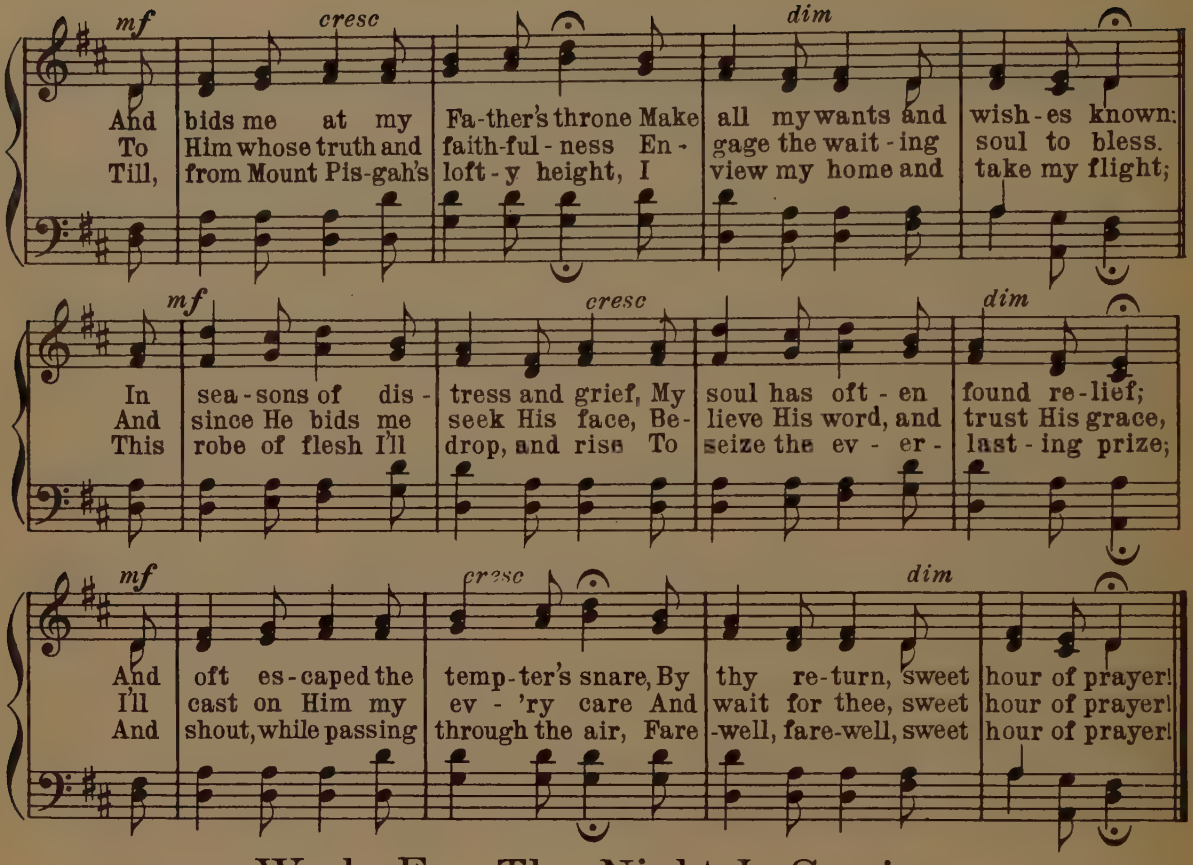

mf
1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old; Who
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We long to sin no more, We
cresc
dim
would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold? Where
long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore;
cresc
loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light, All
dim
rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

# Sweet Hour Of Prayer

Andante

W. B. BRADBURY

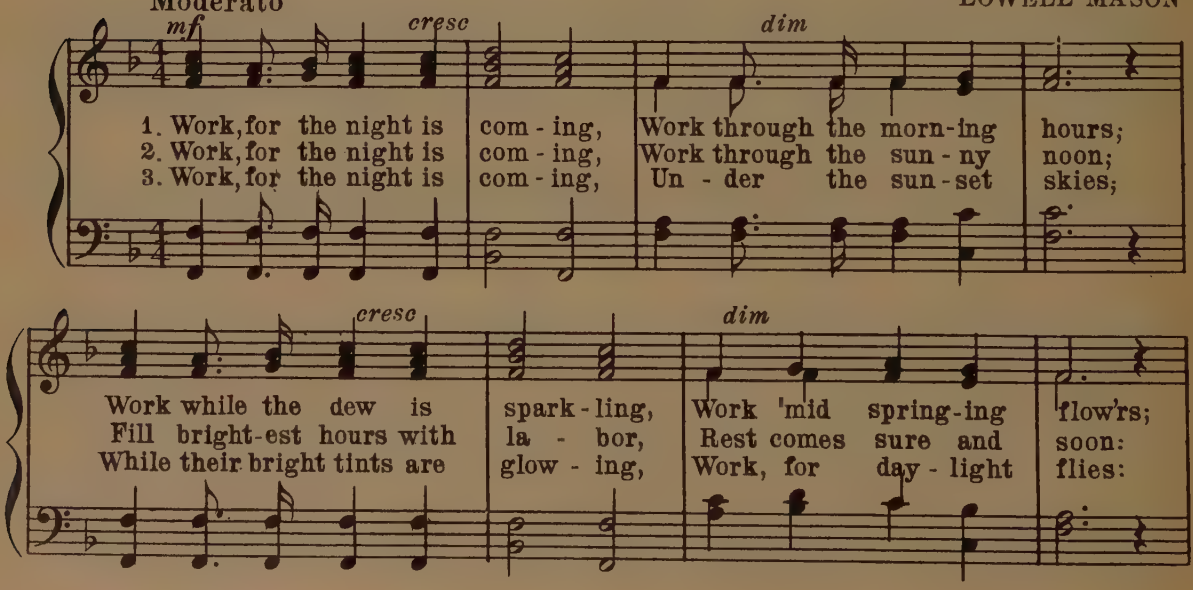

mf
cresc
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con-so - la - tion share,

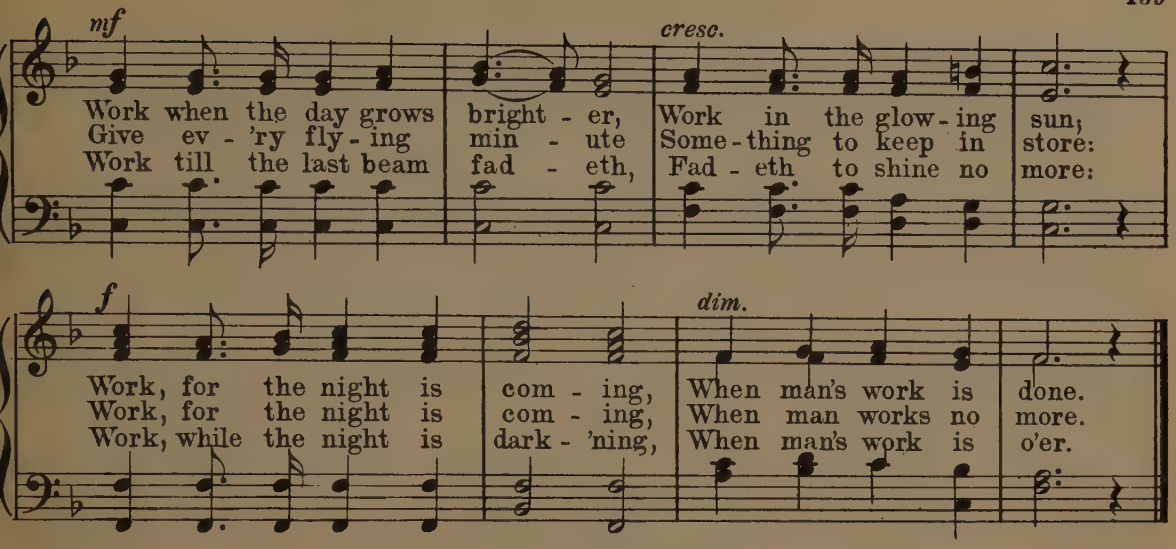

mf
cresc
dim
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En- gage the wait-ing soul to bless.
Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight;
In sea-sons of dis- tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be- lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er- last-ing prize;
And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while passing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

## Work, For The Night Is Coming

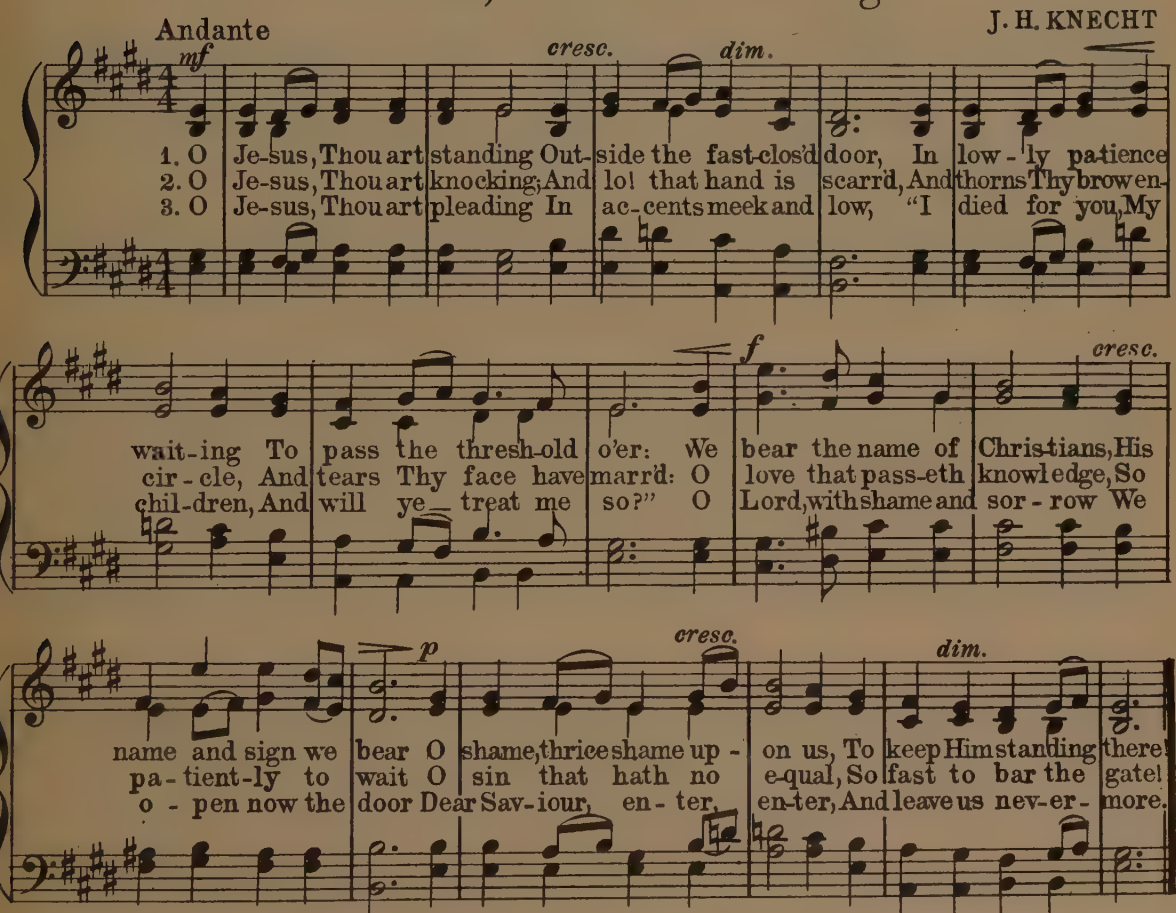
Moderato

LOWELL MASON


mf
cresc
dim
1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work through the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work through the sun-ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies;
Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies:

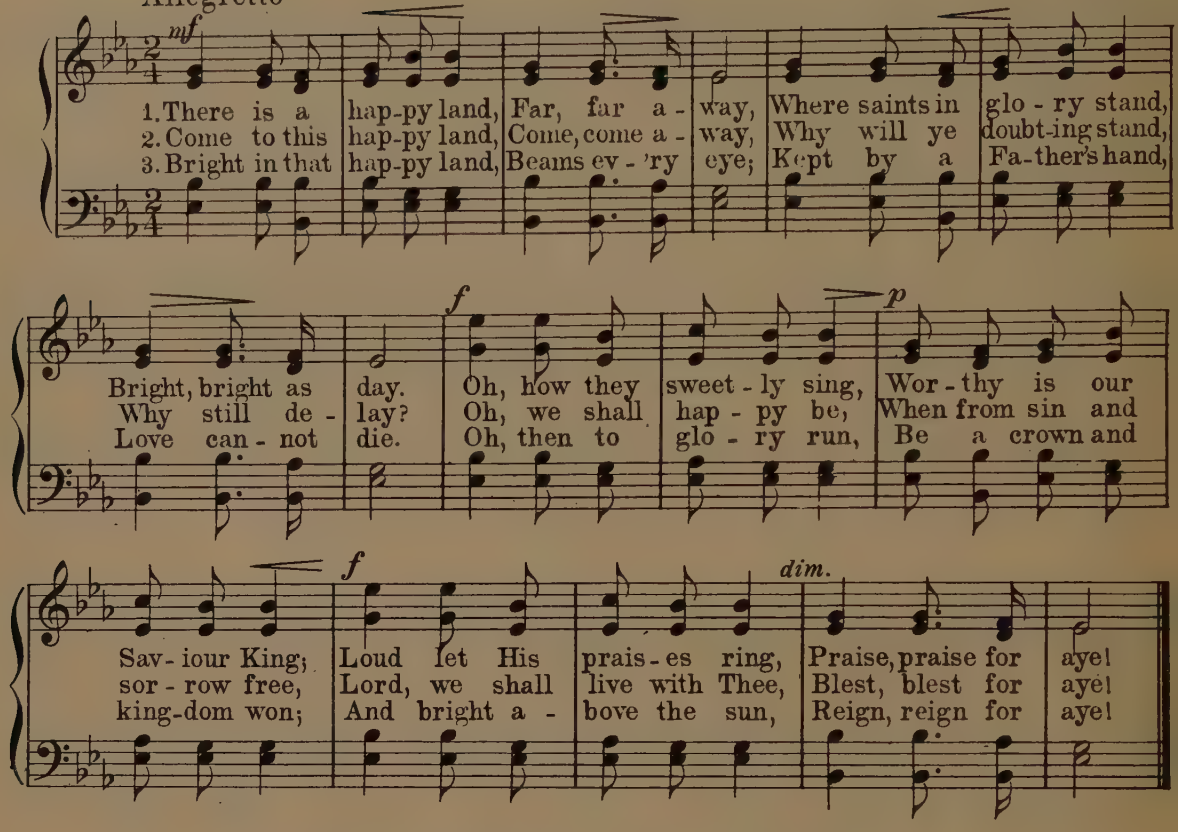

mf
cresc.
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:
f
dim.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

## O Jesus, Thou Art Standing


Andante
J. H. KNECHT
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-clos'd door, In low - ly pa-tience
2. O Je-sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns Thy brow en-
3. O Je-sus, Thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low, "I died for you, My
f
cresc.
wait-ing To pass the thresh-old o'er: We bear the name of Christ-ians, His
cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd: O love that pass-eth knowledge, So
chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We
p
cresc.
dim.
name and sign we bear O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!
pa-tient-ly to wait O sin that hath no e-qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door Dear Sav-iour, en - ter, en-ter, And leave us nev-er - more.

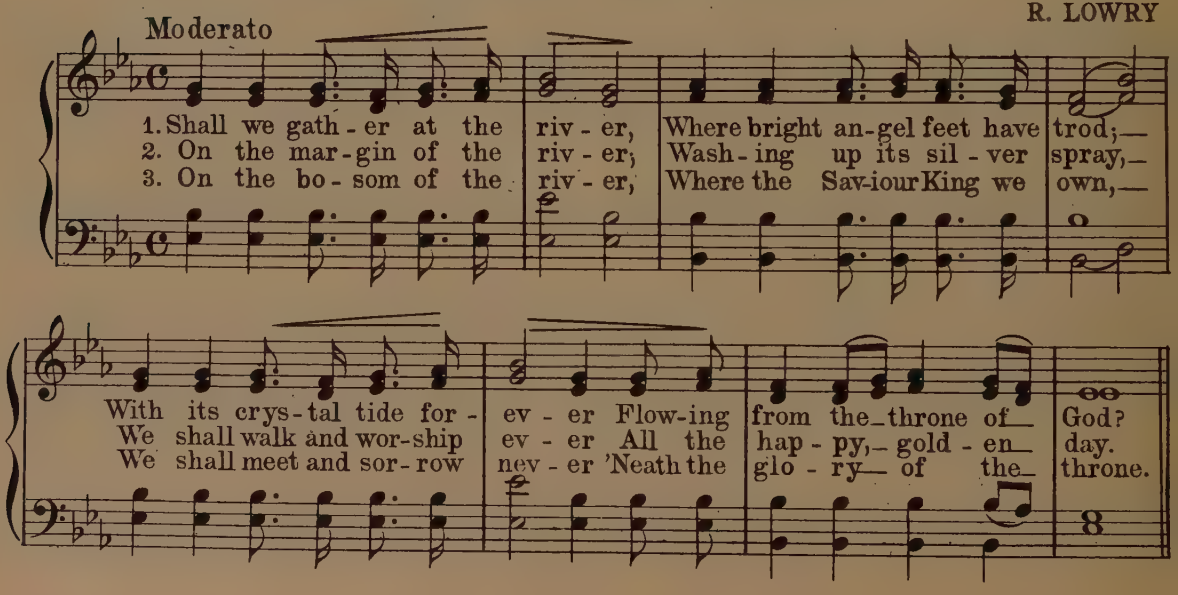
# There Is A Happy Land

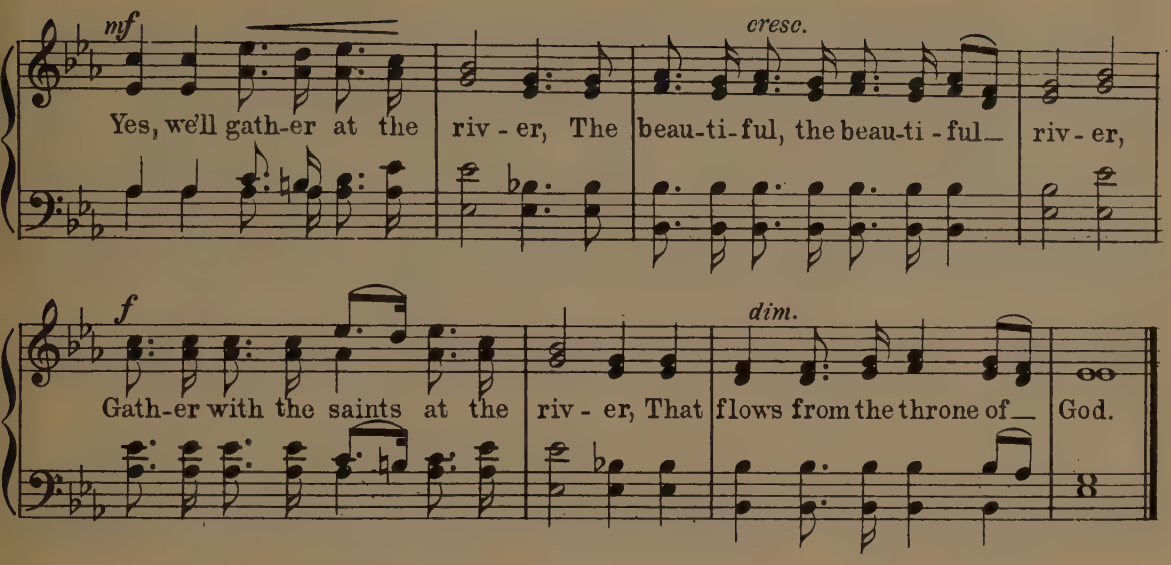
LOWELL MASON


Allegretto
mf
1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to this hap-py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubt-ing stand,
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand,
Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
Love can - not die. Oh, then to glo - ry run, Be a crown and
f
p
Sav - iour King; Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!
king-dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye!
f
dim.

# Shall We Gather At The River?

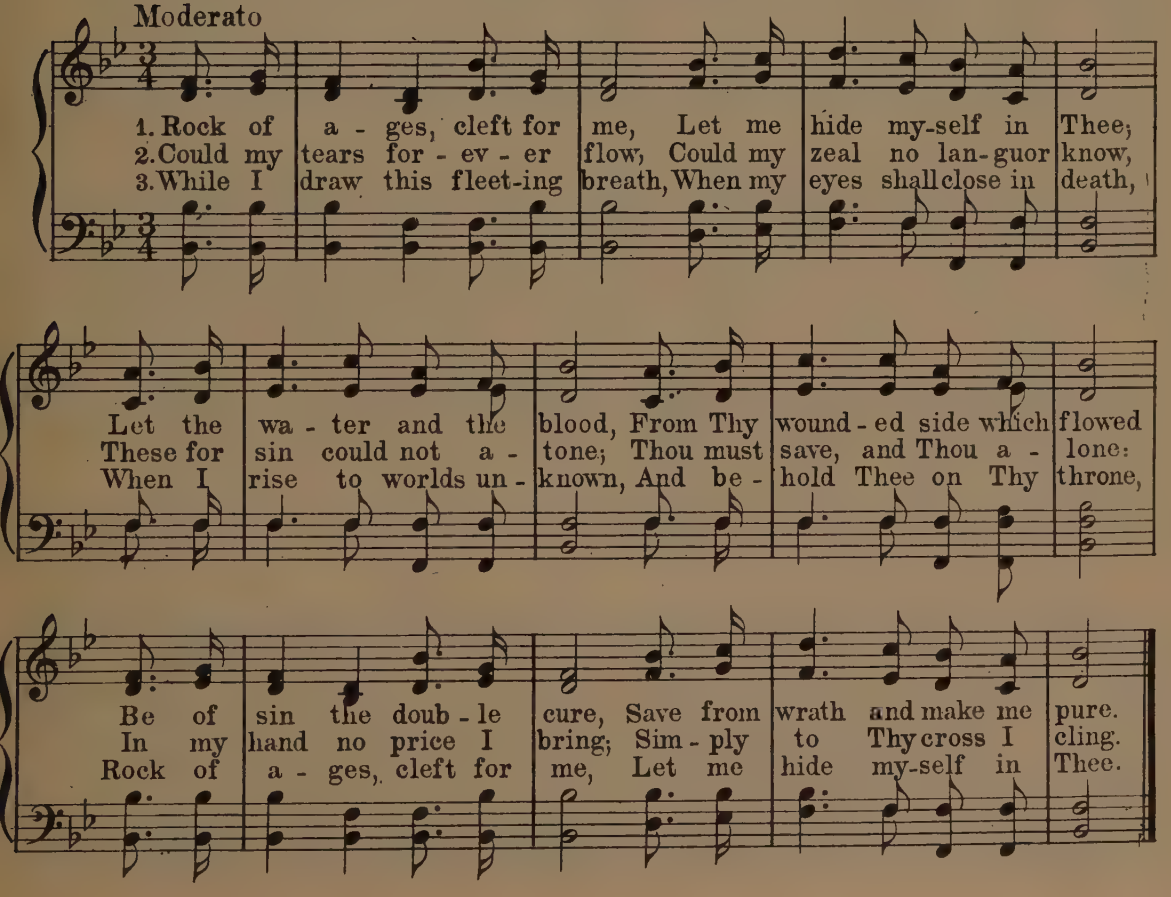
R. LOWRY


Moderato
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;—
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,—
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav-iour King we own,—
With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing from the throne of God?
We shall walk and wor-ship ev - er All the hap - py, gold - en day.
We shall meet and sor - row nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.


mf
cresc.
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful— riv - er,
f
dim.
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of— God.

## Rock Of Ages

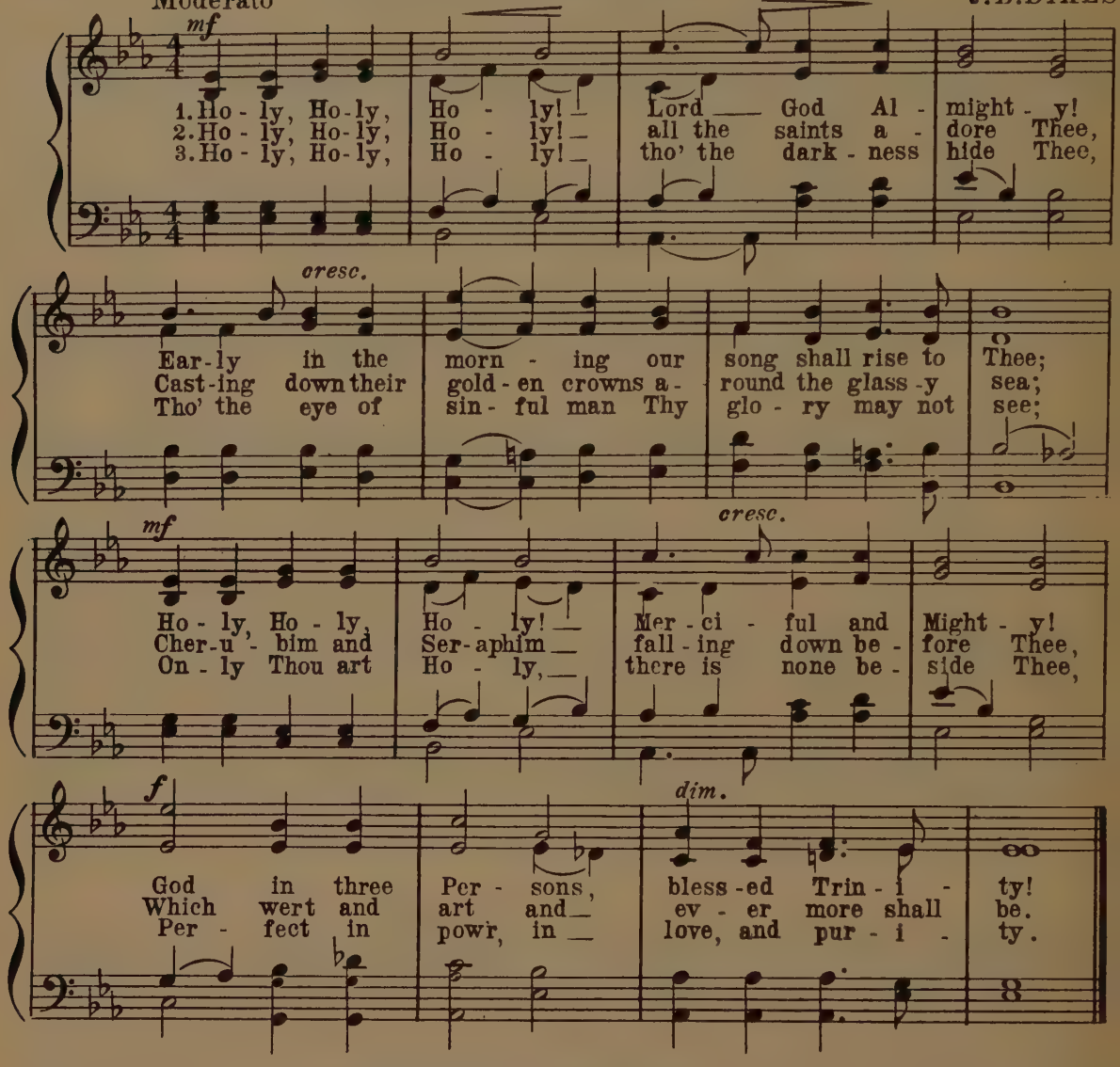
THOMAS HASTINGS


Moderato
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

# Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Moderato

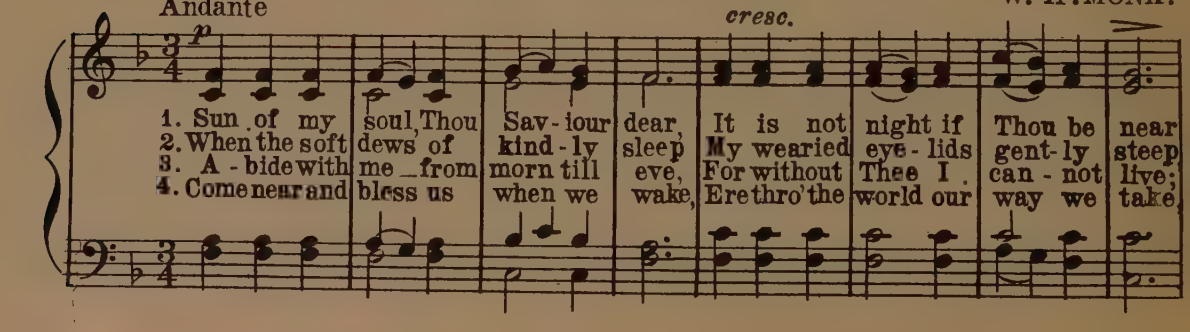
J. B. DYKES

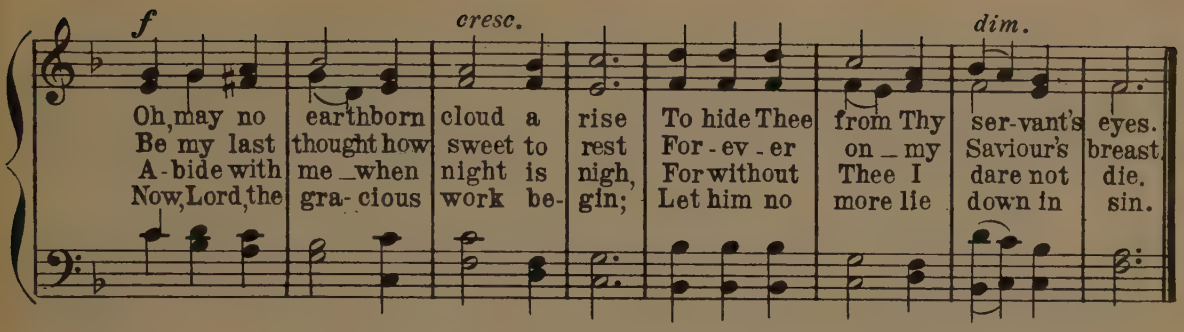

mf
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
cresc.
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
mf
cresc.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u' - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
f
dim.
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art and ev - er more shall be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

# Sun Of My Soul

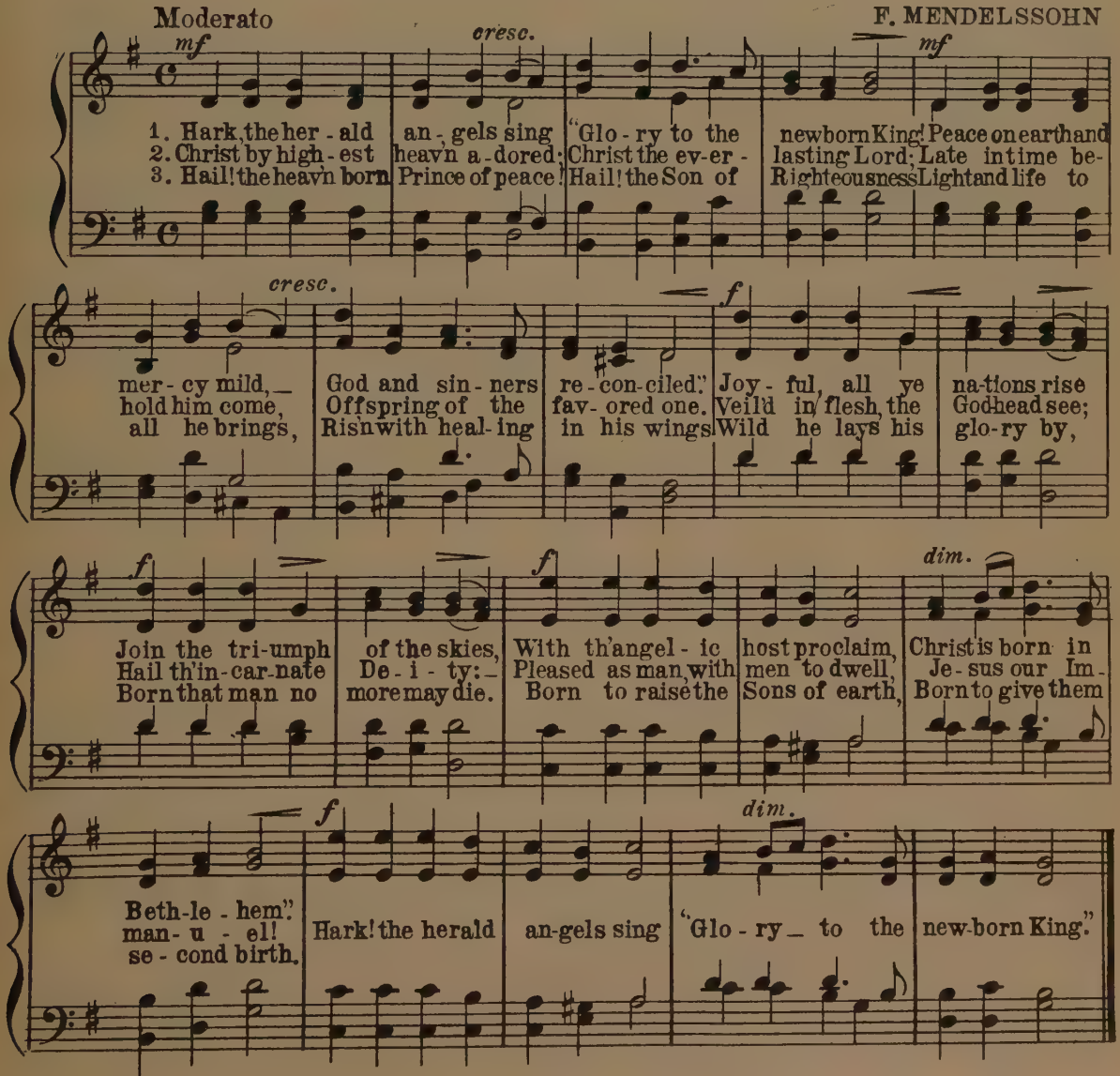
Andante

W. H. MONK.


p
cresc.
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

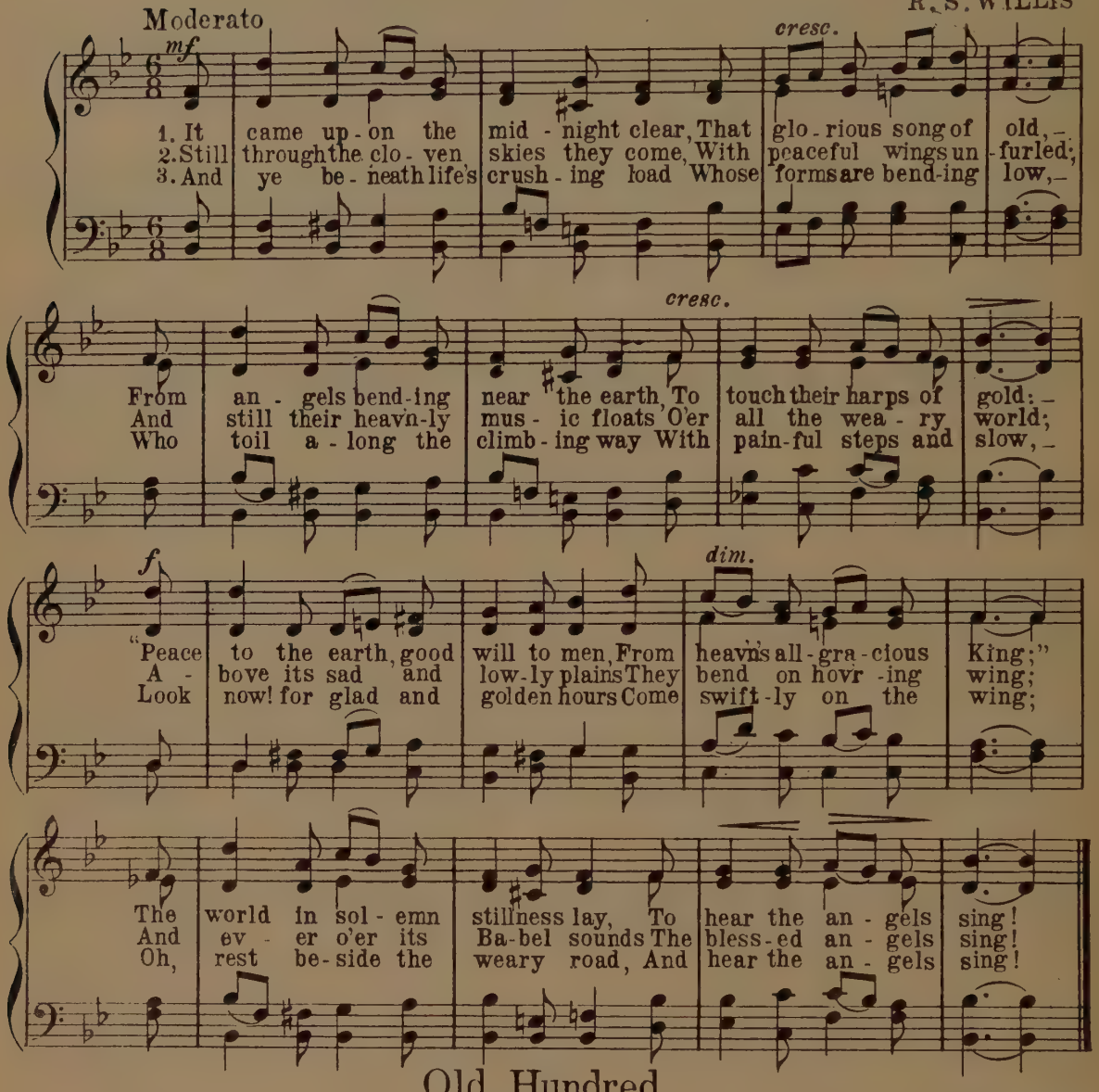

f
cresc.
dim.
Oh, may no earthborn cloud a rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing


Moderato
F. MENDELSSOHN
mf
cresc.
mf
1. Hark, the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and
2. Christ by high-est heav'n a-dored; Christ the ev-er-lasting Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the heav'n born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of Right-eousness Light and life to
cresc.
f
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise
hold him come, Off-spring of the fav-ored one. Veil'd in flesh, the God-head see;
all he brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in his wings. Wild he lays his glo-ry by,
f
f
dim.
Join the tri-umph of the skies, With th'angel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in
Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty: Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je-sus our Im-
Born that man no more may die. Born to raise the Sons of earth, Born to give them
f
dim.
Beth-le-hem."
man-u-el!
se-cond birth.
Hark! the herald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King."

# It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

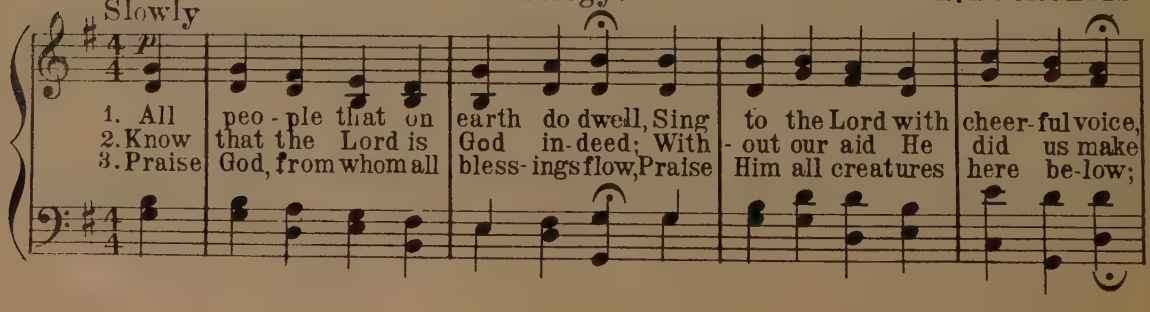
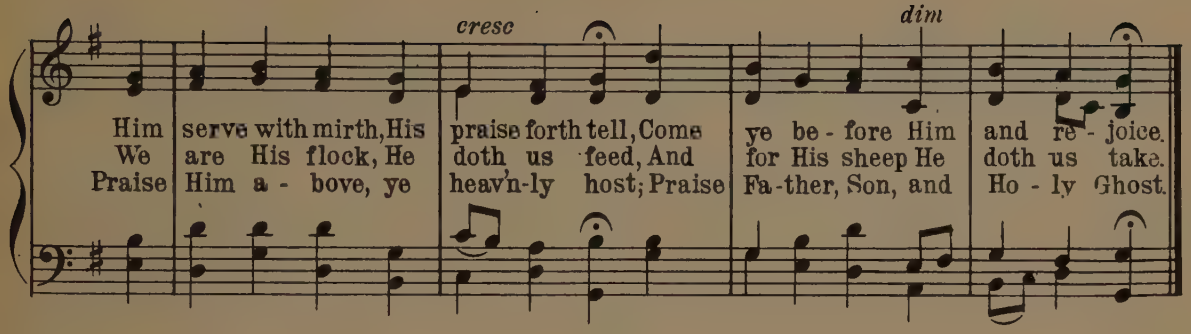
R. S. WILLIS


Moderato
mf
cresc.
1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,—
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furled;
3. And ye be-neath life's crush-ing load Whose forms are bend-ing low,—
cresc.
From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:—
And still their heav'n-ly mus-ic floats O'er all the wea-ry world;
Who toil a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,—
f
dim.
"Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;"
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov'r-ing wing;
Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
The world in sol-emn stillness lay, To hear the an-gels sing!
And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing!
Oh, rest be-side the weary road, And hear the an-gels sing!

# Old Hundred

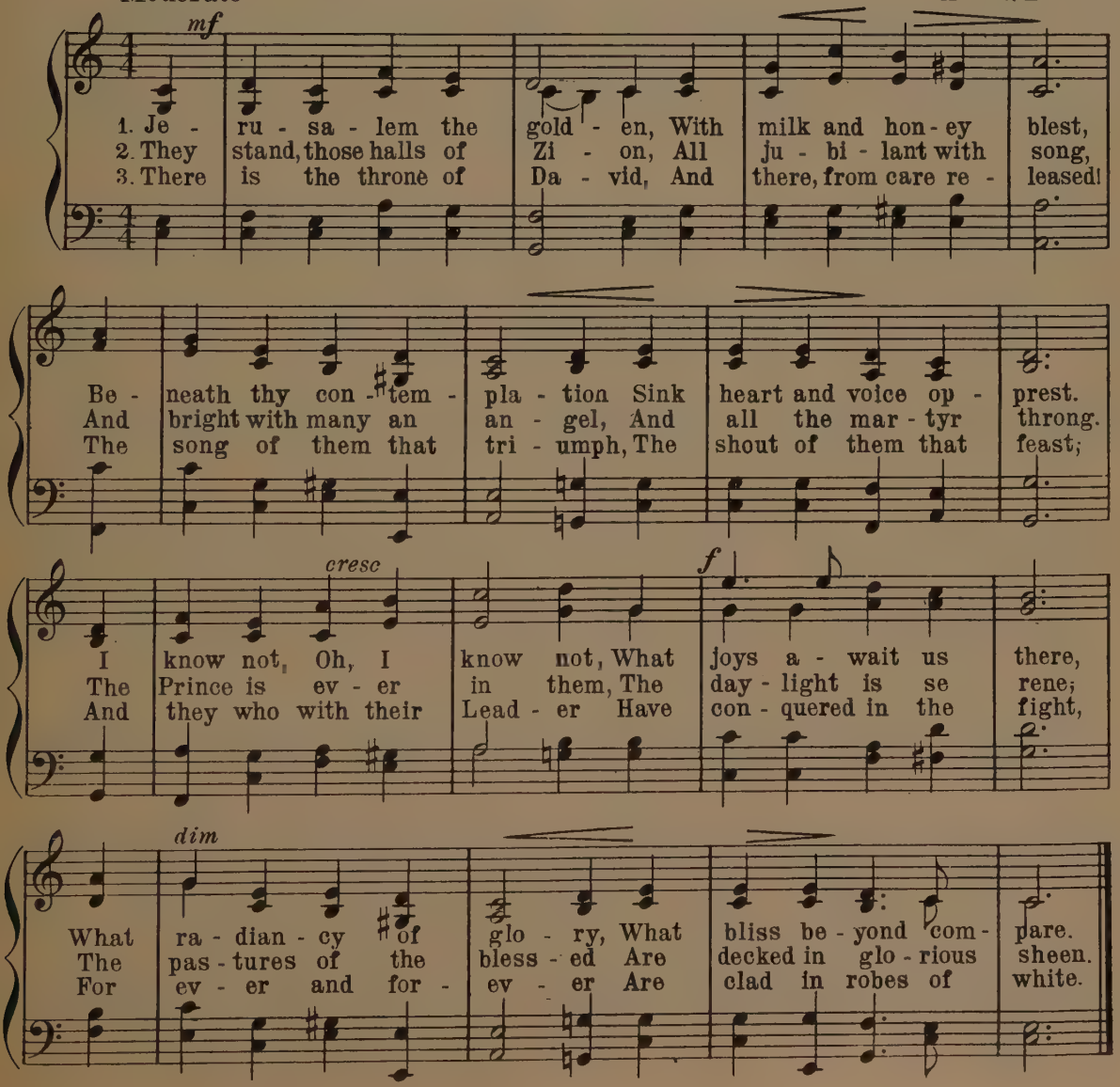
(Doxology)

L. BOURGEOIS


Slowly
p
1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice,
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make
3. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be-low;

cresc
dim
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## Jerusalem The Golden

Moderato

ALEX. EWING

mf
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased!
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
cresc
f
I know not, Oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se rene;
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
dim
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

# Abide With Me

W. H. MONK

Moderato

*p*

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close, ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy

deep - ens Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r! Who, like Thy - self, my

*mf*

*dim*

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!

# Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

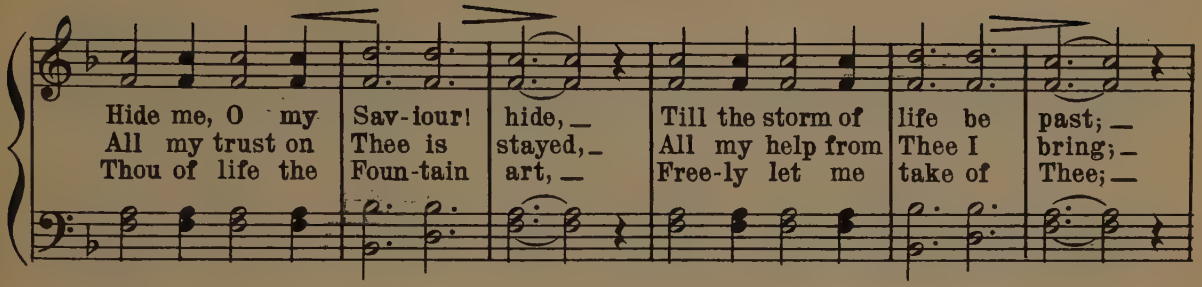
S. B. MARSH

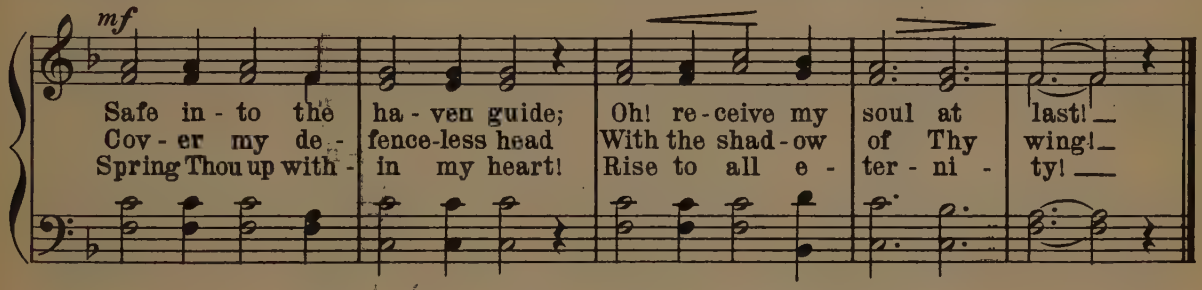
Andante

*mf*

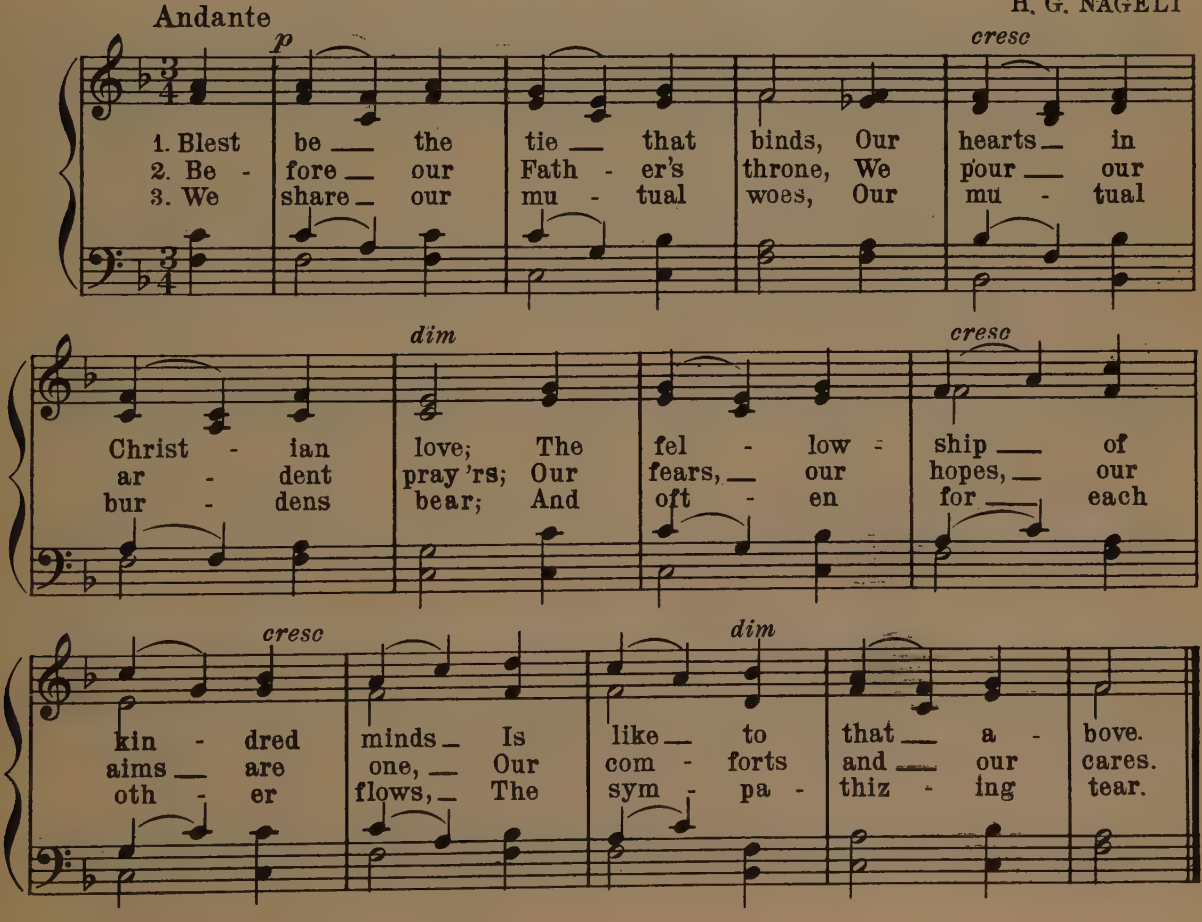
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!


Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the Foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

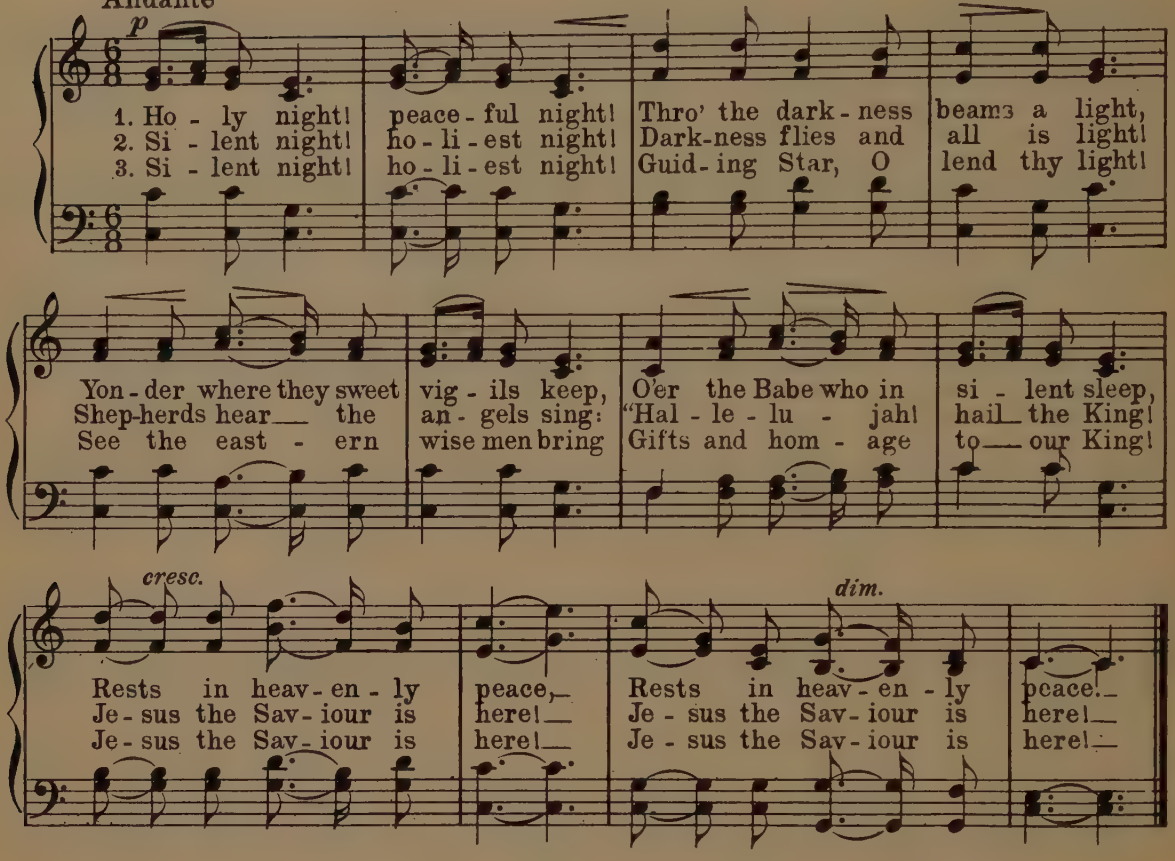

mf
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!

## Blest Be The Tie That Binds

H. G. NAGELI

Andante
p
cresc
1. Blest be the tie that binds, Our hearts in
2. Be - fore our Fath - er's throne, We pour our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual
dim
cresc
Christ - ian love; The fel - low - ship of
ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our
bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each
cresc
dim
kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

# Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

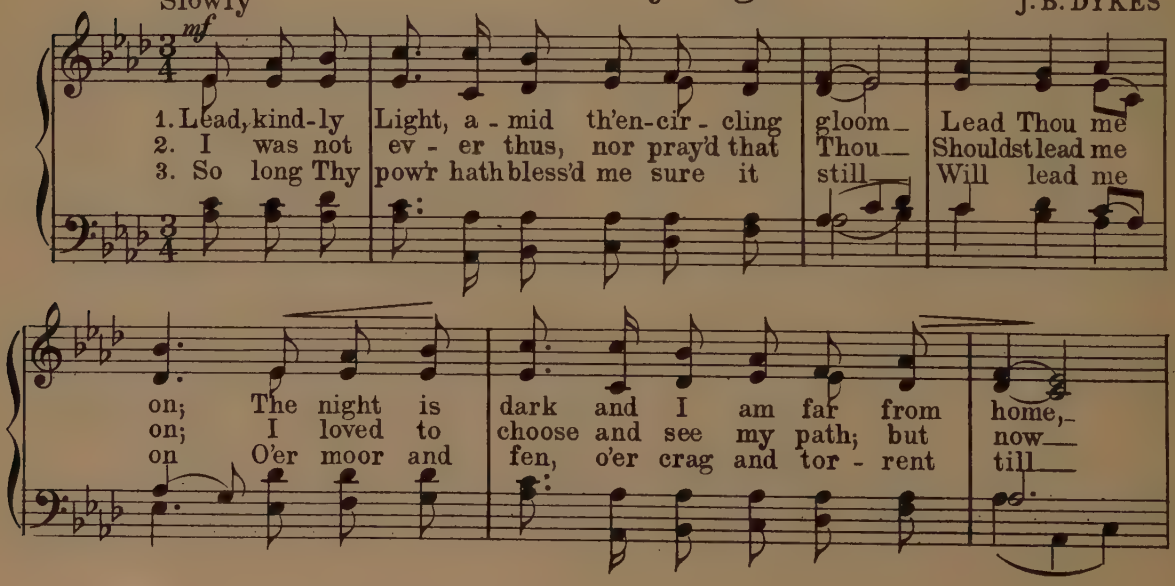
Andante

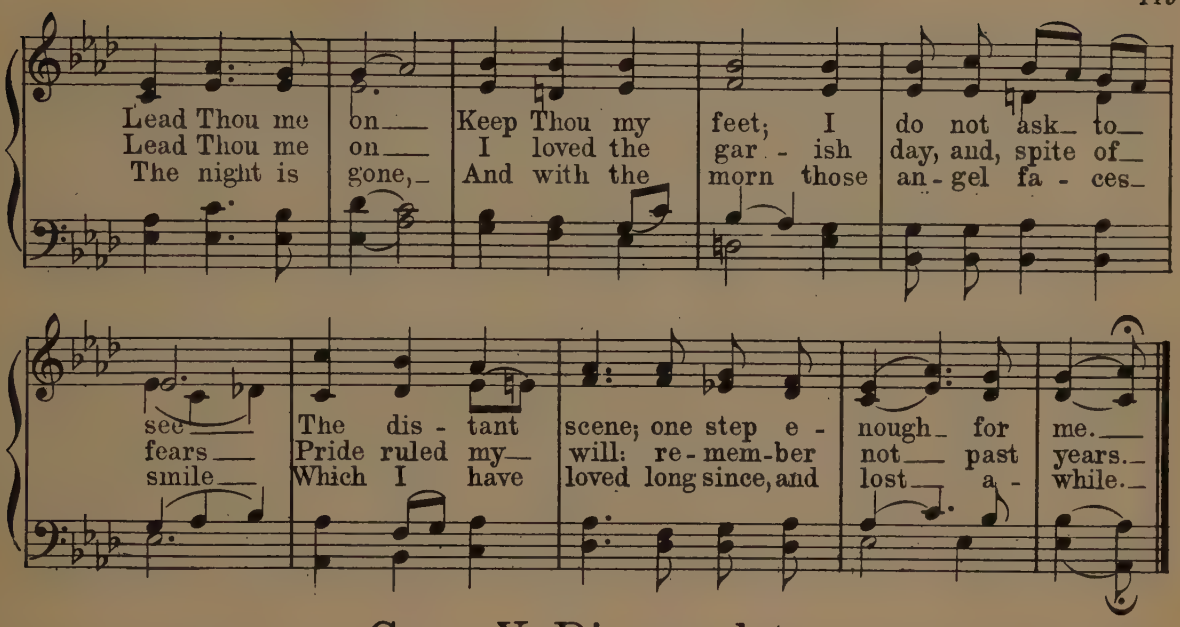
FRANZ GRUBER

p
1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light,
2. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Dark-ness flies and all is light!
3. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light!
Yon - der where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep,
Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing: "Hal - le - lu - jah! hail the King!
See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
cresc.
dim.
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!
Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!

# Lead, Kindly Light

Slowly

J. B. DYKES

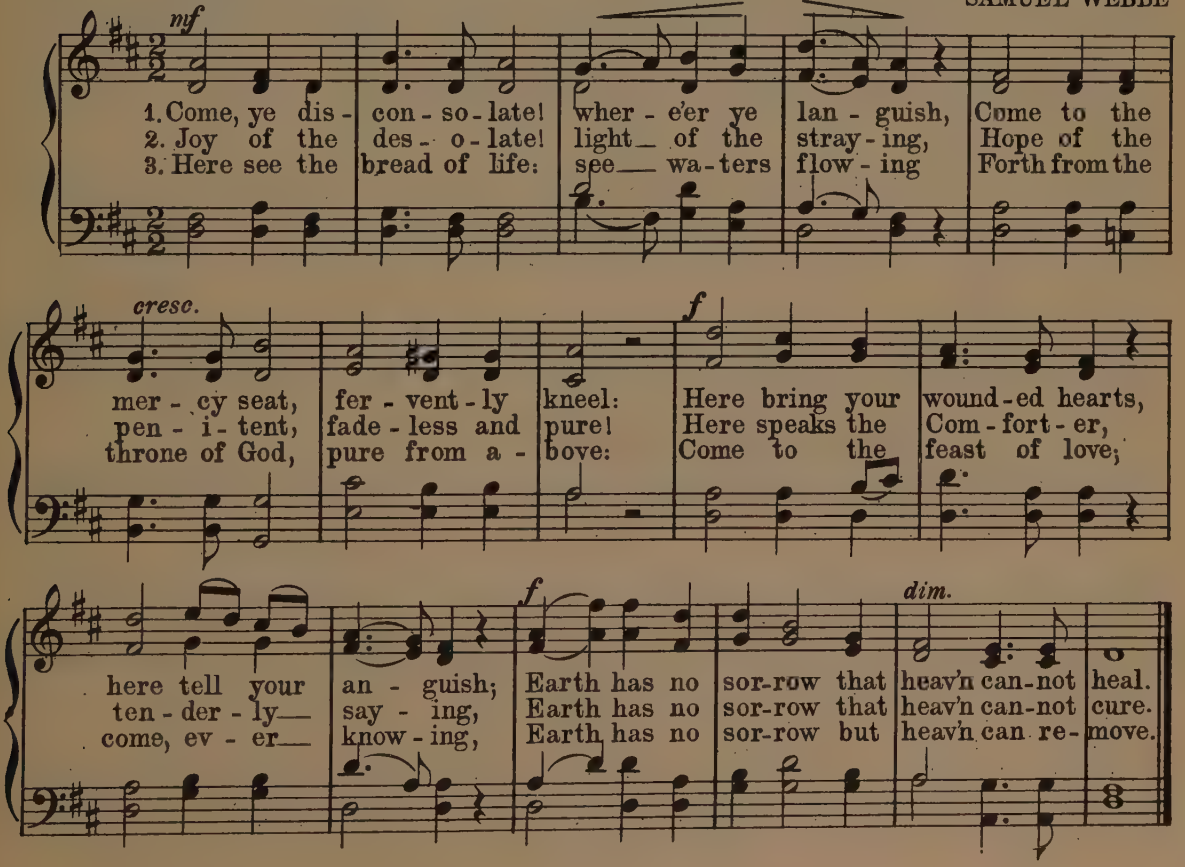

mf
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir - cling gloom Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me sure it still Will lead me
on; The night is dark and I am far from home,
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent till


Lead Thou me on Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces
see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
fears Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate

Moderato

SAMUEL WEBBE


mf
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late! wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the
cresc.
mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;
f
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.
dim.

# Nearer, My God, To Thee

Slowly

LOWELL MASON

*mf*

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my

be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o-ver me My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,
ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise So by my woes to be,

*f*

*dim.*

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

# O Come, All Ye Faithful

Moderato

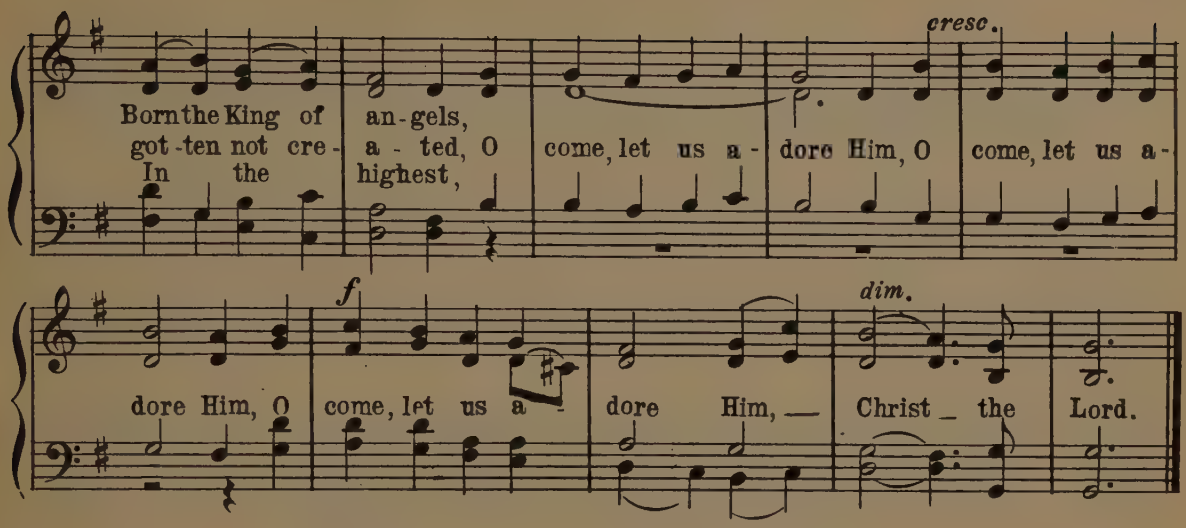
J. READING

*mf* *cresc.*

1. O come all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O
2. God of God, Light of light Lo! he ab-
3. Sing choirs of an-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye

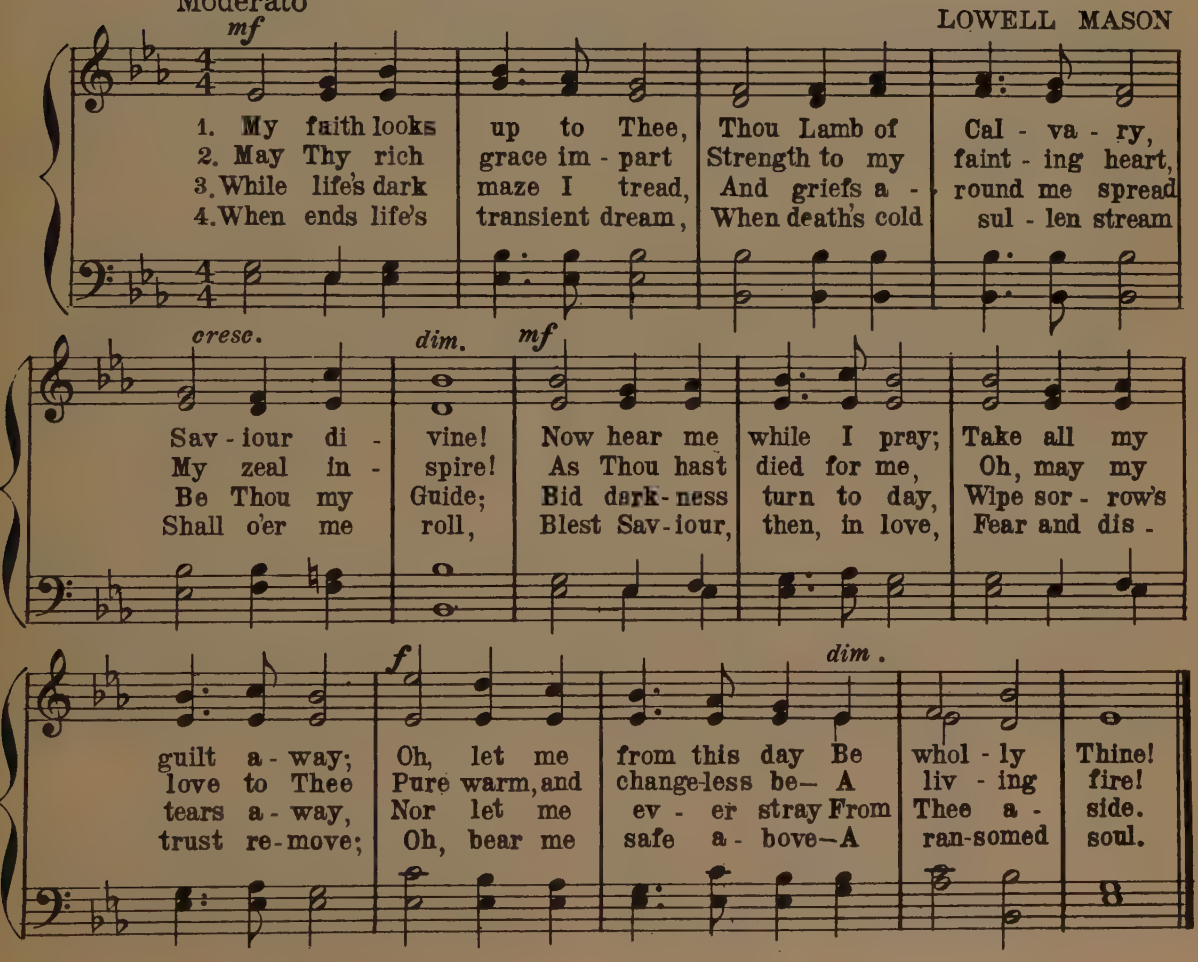
*dim.* *f*

come ye to Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold him
hors not the Vir-gin's womb. Ve-ry God, Be-
cit-i-zens of heavn a-bove. Glo-ry to God

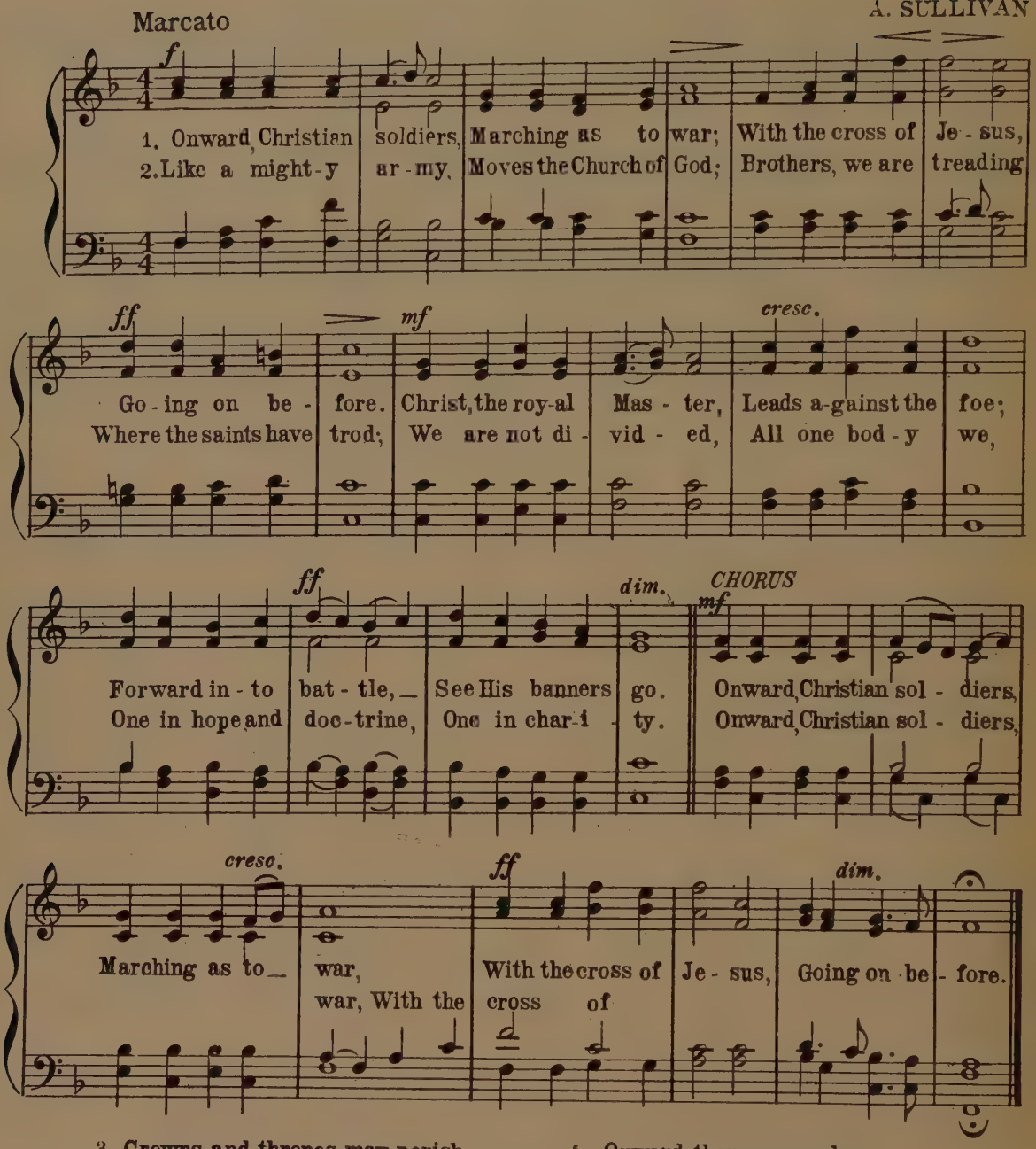

cresc.
Born the King of an-gels,
got-ten not cre-a-ted, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-
In the highest,
f
dim.
dore Him, O come, let us a- dore Him, — Christ _ the Lord.

## My Faith Looks Up To Thee

Moderato

LOWELL MASON

mf
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream
cresc.
dim.
mf
Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-
f
dim.
guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure warm, and change-less be— A liv-ing fire!
tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove—A ran-somed soul.

# Onward, Christian Soldiers

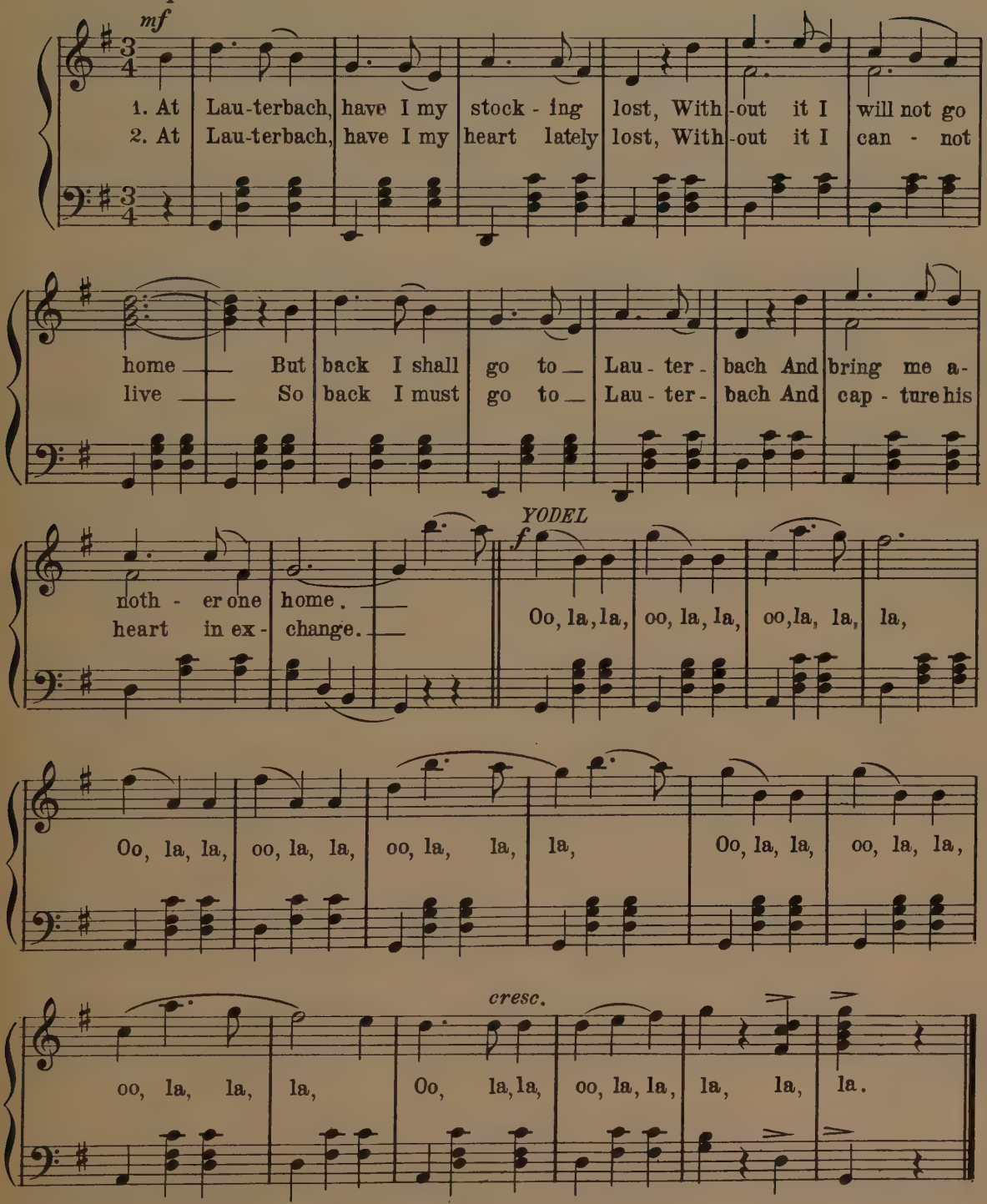
A. SULLIVAN

Marcato
f
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
ff
mf
cresc.
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
ff
dim.
CHORUS
mf
Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
cresc.
ff
dim.
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Going on be - fore.
war, With the cross of

3. Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—

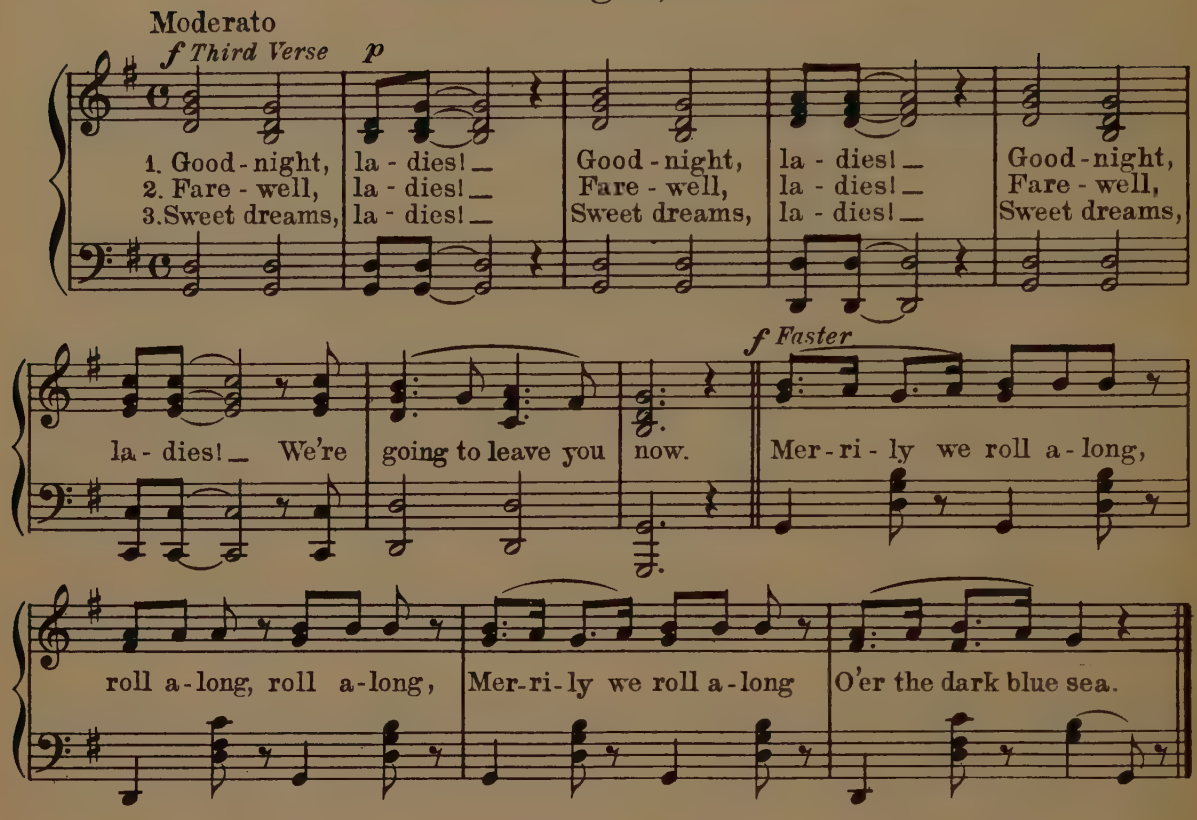
4. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ, the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—

# Lauterbach Song

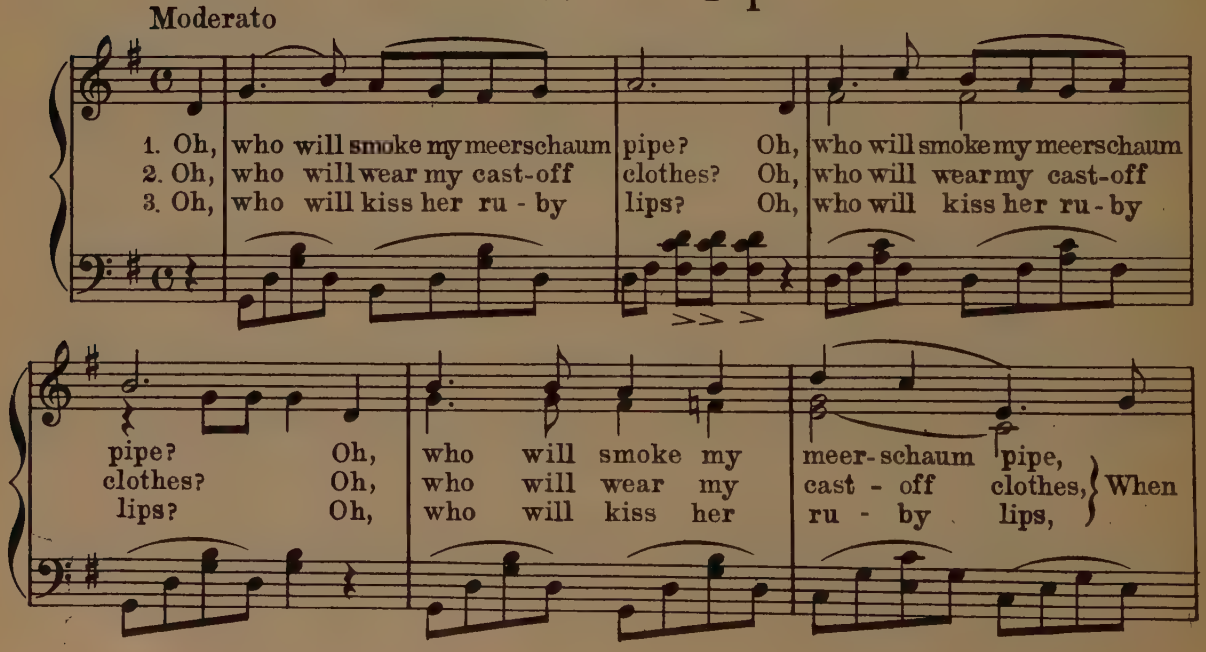
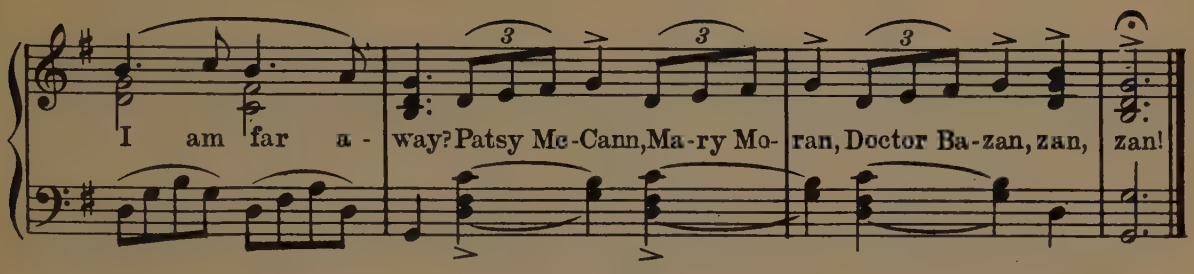
Tempo di Valse


mf
1. At Lau-terbach, have I my stock - ing lost, With-out it I will not go
2. At Lau-terbach, have I my heart lately lost, With-out it I can - not
home But back I shall go to Lau - ter - bach And bring me a-
live So back I must go to Lau - ter - bach And cap - ture his
noth - er one home.
heart in ex - change.
YODEL
f
Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la,
Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, Oo, la, la, oo, la, la,
cresc.
oo, la, la, la, Oo, la, la, oo, la, la, la, la, la.

# Good - Night, Ladies

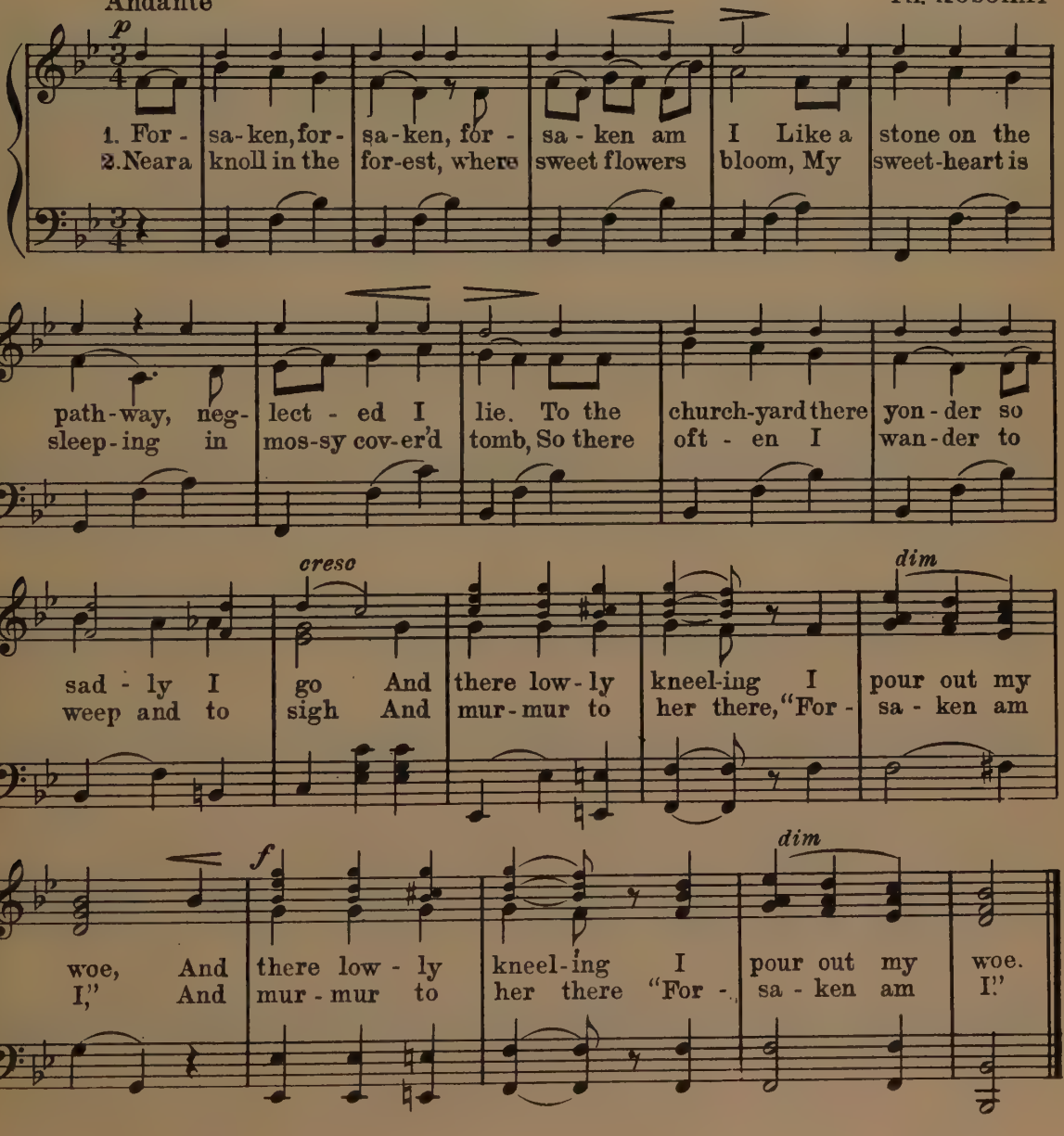

Moderato
f Third Verse
p
1. Good - night, la - dies! _ Good - night, la - dies! _ Good - night,
2. Fare - well, la - dies! _ Fare - well, la - dies! _ Fare - well,
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! _ Sweet dreams, la - dies! _ Sweet dreams,
la - dies! _ We're going to leave you now.
f Faster
Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,
roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long O'er the dark blue sea.

# Meerschaum Pipe

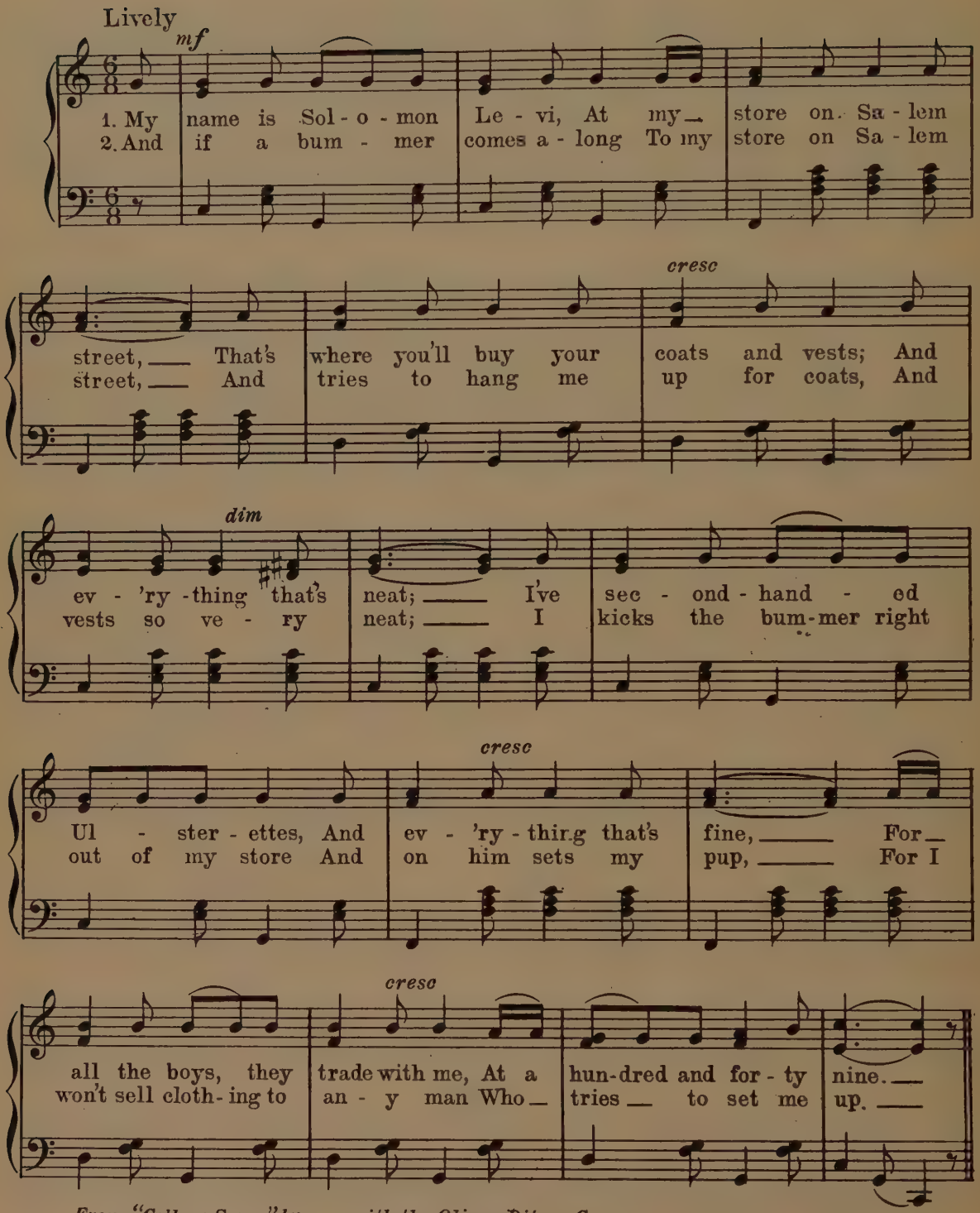

Moderato
1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum
2. Oh, who will wear my cast-off clothes? Oh, who will wear my cast-off
3. Oh, who will kiss her ru - by lips? Oh, who will kiss her ru - by
pipe? Oh, who will smoke my meer - schaum pipe,
clothes? Oh, who will wear my cast - off clothes,
lips? Oh, who will kiss her ru - by lips,
When

# Forsaken

Andante

TH. KOSCHAT

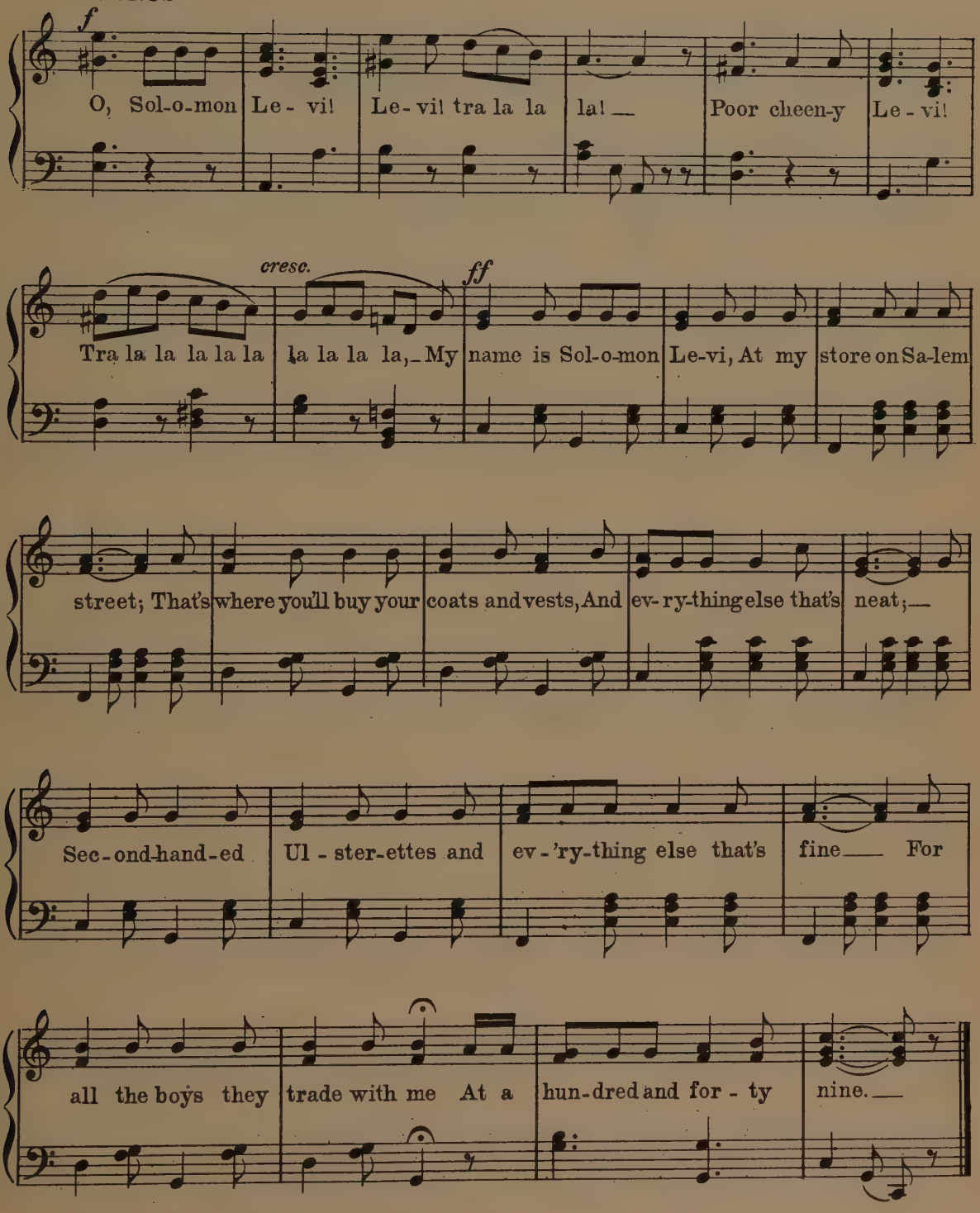

p
1. For - sa-ken, for- sa-ken, for - sa - ken am I Like a stone on the
2. Near a knoll in the for-est, where sweet flowers bloom, My sweet-heart is
path-way, neg- lect - ed I lie. To the church-yard there yon - der so
sleep-ing in mos-sy cov-er'd tomb, So there oft - en I wan - der to
cresc
dim
sad - ly I go And there low - ly kneel-ing I pour out my
weep and to sigh And mur - mur to her there, "For - sa - ken am
f
dim
woe, And there low - ly kneel-ing I pour out my woe.
I," And mur - mur to her there "For - sa - ken am I."

# Solomon Levi

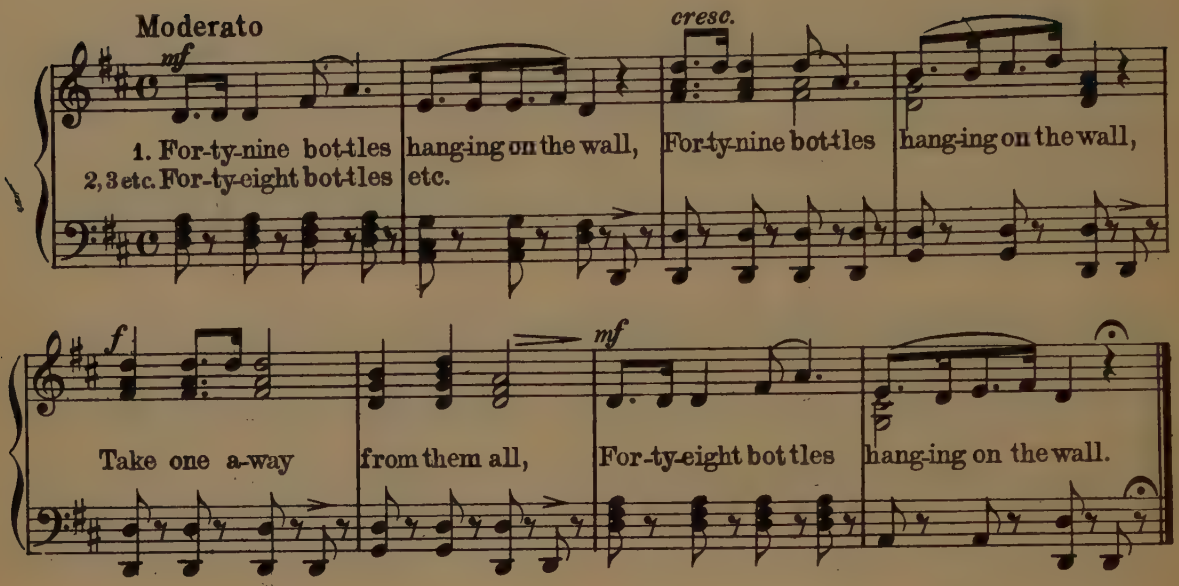

Lively
mf
1. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, At my store on Sa - lem
2. And if a bum - mer comes a - long To my store on Sa - lem
cresc
street, That's where you'll buy your coats and vests; And
street, And tries to hang me up for coats, And
dim
ev - 'ry - thing that's neat; I've sec - ond - hand - ed
vests so ve - ry neat; I kicks the bum-mer right
cresc
Ul - ster - ettes, And ev - 'ry - thing that's fine, For
out of my store And on him sets my pup, For I
cresc
all the boys, they trade with me, At a hun-dred and for - ty nine.
won't sell cloth - ing to an - y man Who tries to set me up.

*From "College Songs" by arr. with the Oliver Ditson Co.*

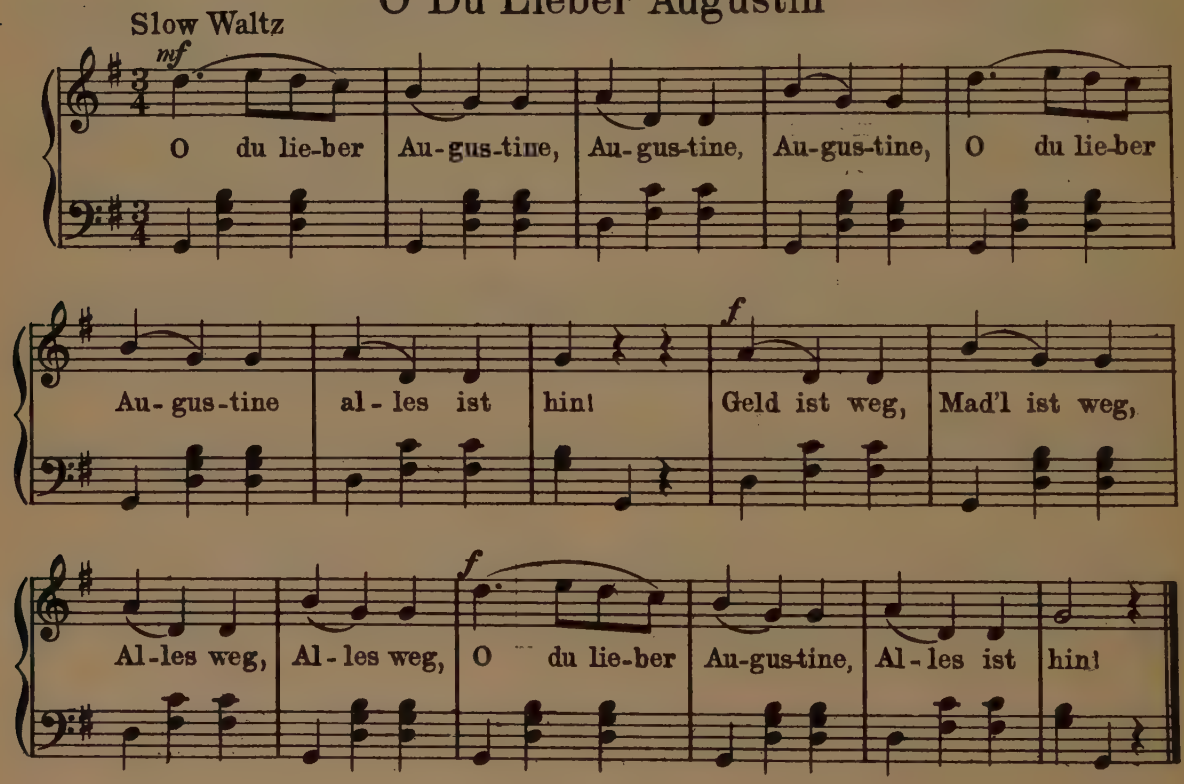
CHORUS

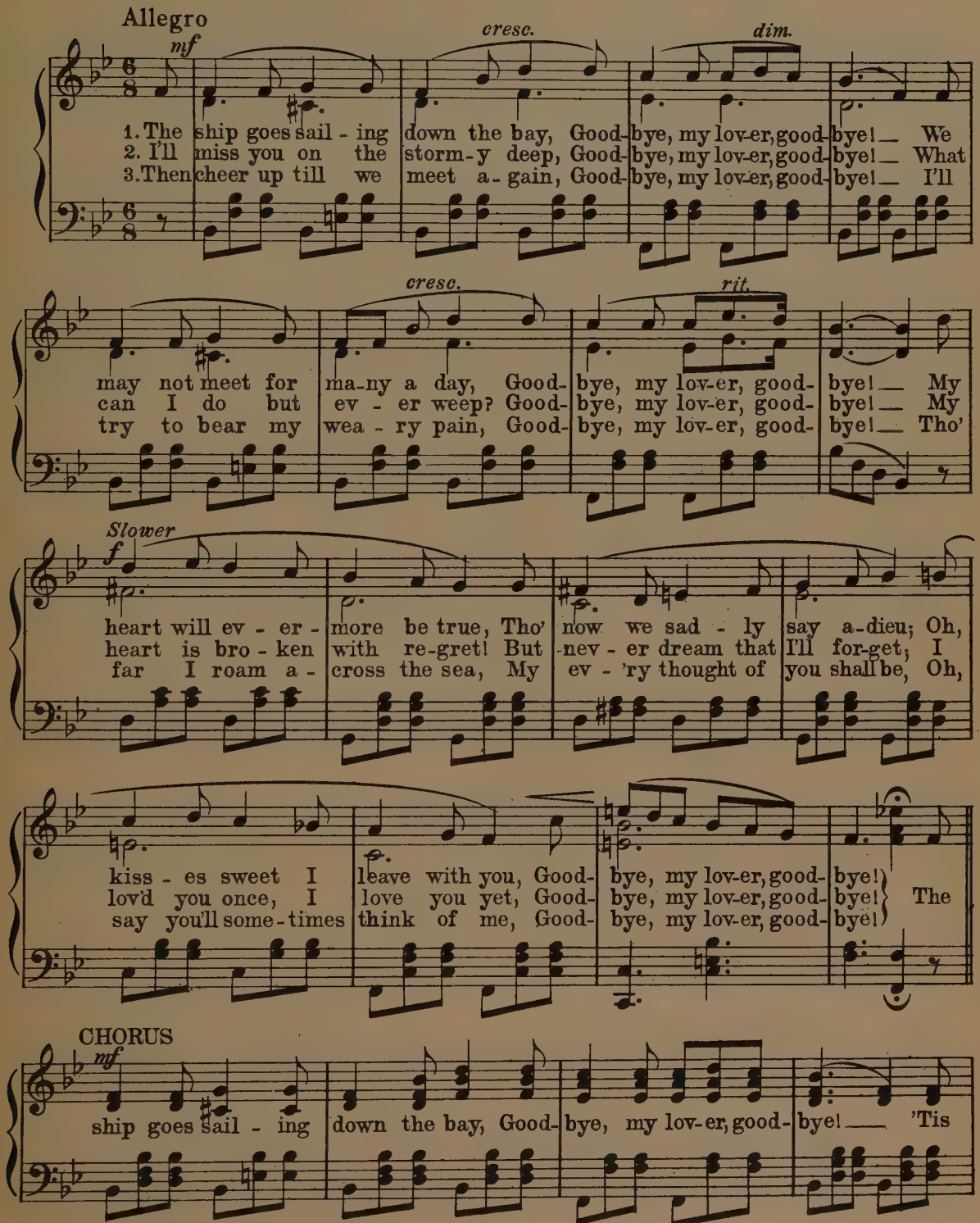

f
O, Sol-o-mon Le-vi! Le-vi! tra la la la! Poor cheen-y Le-vi!
cresc.
ff
Tra la la la la la la la la la, My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Sa-lem
street; That's where you'll buy your coats and vests, And ev-ry-thing else that's neat;
Sec-ond-hand-ed Ul-ster-ettes and ev-'ry-thing else that's fine For
all the boys they trade with me At a hun-dred and for-ty nine.

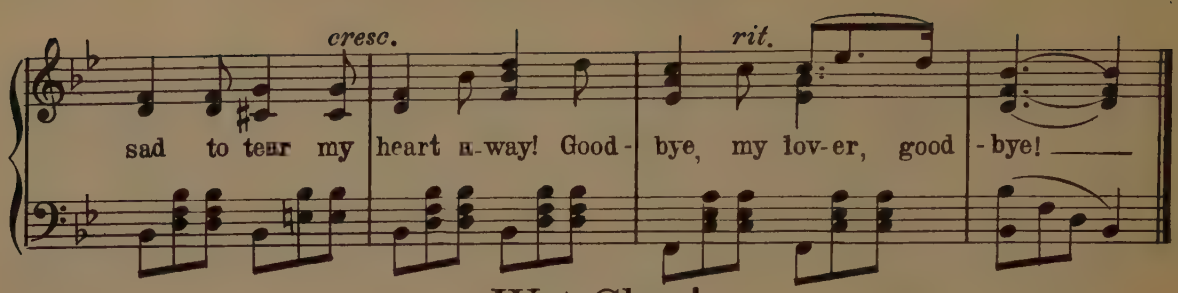
# Forty-Nine Bottles


Moderato
mf
cresc.
1. For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall, For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall,
2, 3 etc. For-ty-eight bot-tles etc.
f
mf
Take one a-way from them all, For-ty-eight bot-tles hang-ing on the wall.

# O Du Lieber Augustin


Slow Waltz
mf
O du lie-ber Au-gus-tine, Au-gus-tine, Au-gus-tine, O du lie-ber
f
Au-gus-tine al-les ist hin! Geld ist weg, Mad'l ist weg,
f
Al-les weg, Al-les weg, O du lie-ber Au-gus-tine, Al-les ist hin!

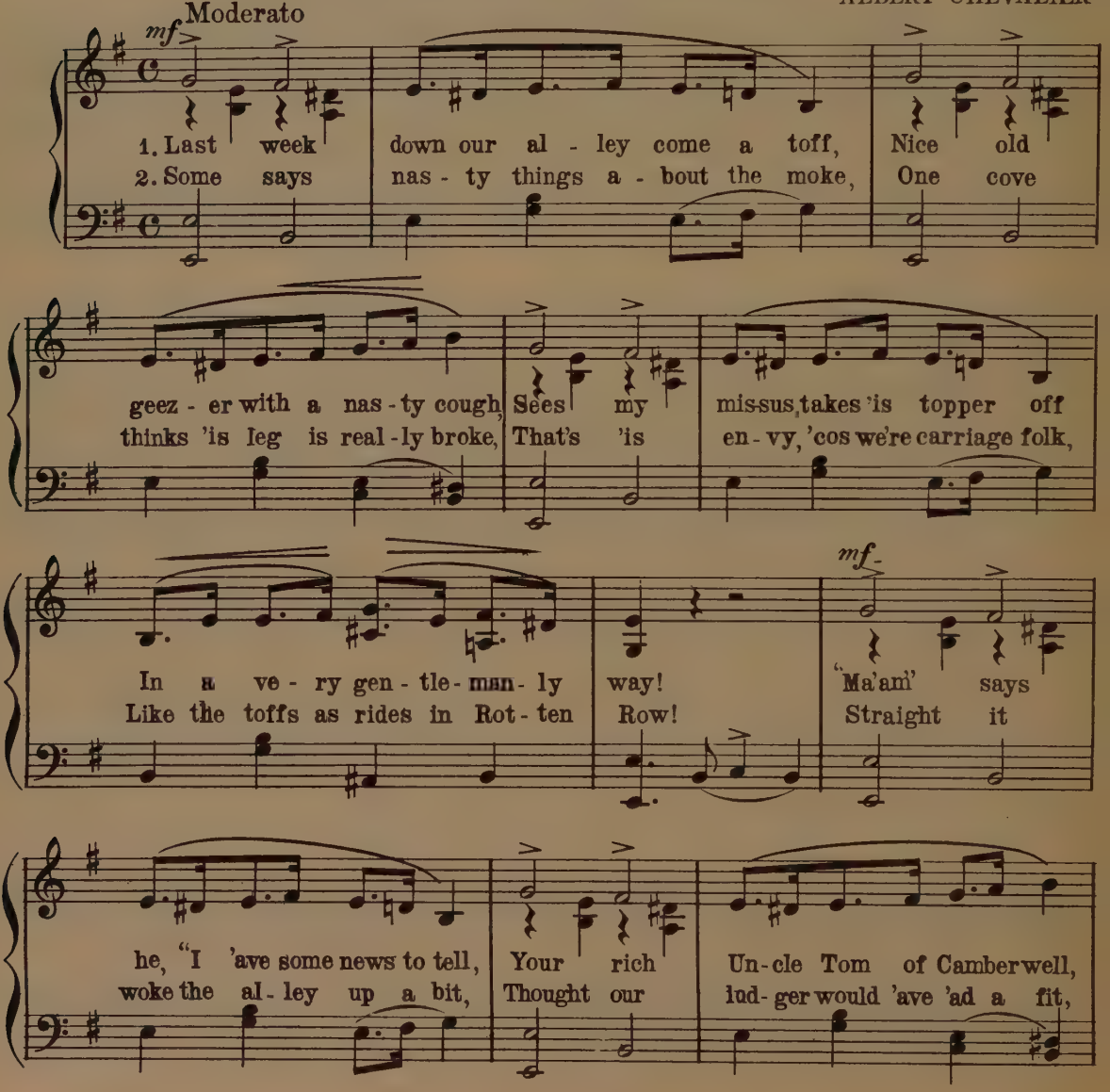
# Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

Allegro
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! We
2. I'll miss you on the storm-y deep, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! What
3. Then cheer up till we meet a-gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! I'll
cresc.
rit.
may not meet for ma-ny a day, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! My
can I do but ev - er weep? Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! My
try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! Tho'
Slower
f
heart will ev - er - more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly say a-dieu; Oh,
heart is bro - ken with re-gret! But nev - er dream that I'll for-get; I
far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Oh,
kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! The
say you'll some-times think of me, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
CHORUS
mf
ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! 'Tis

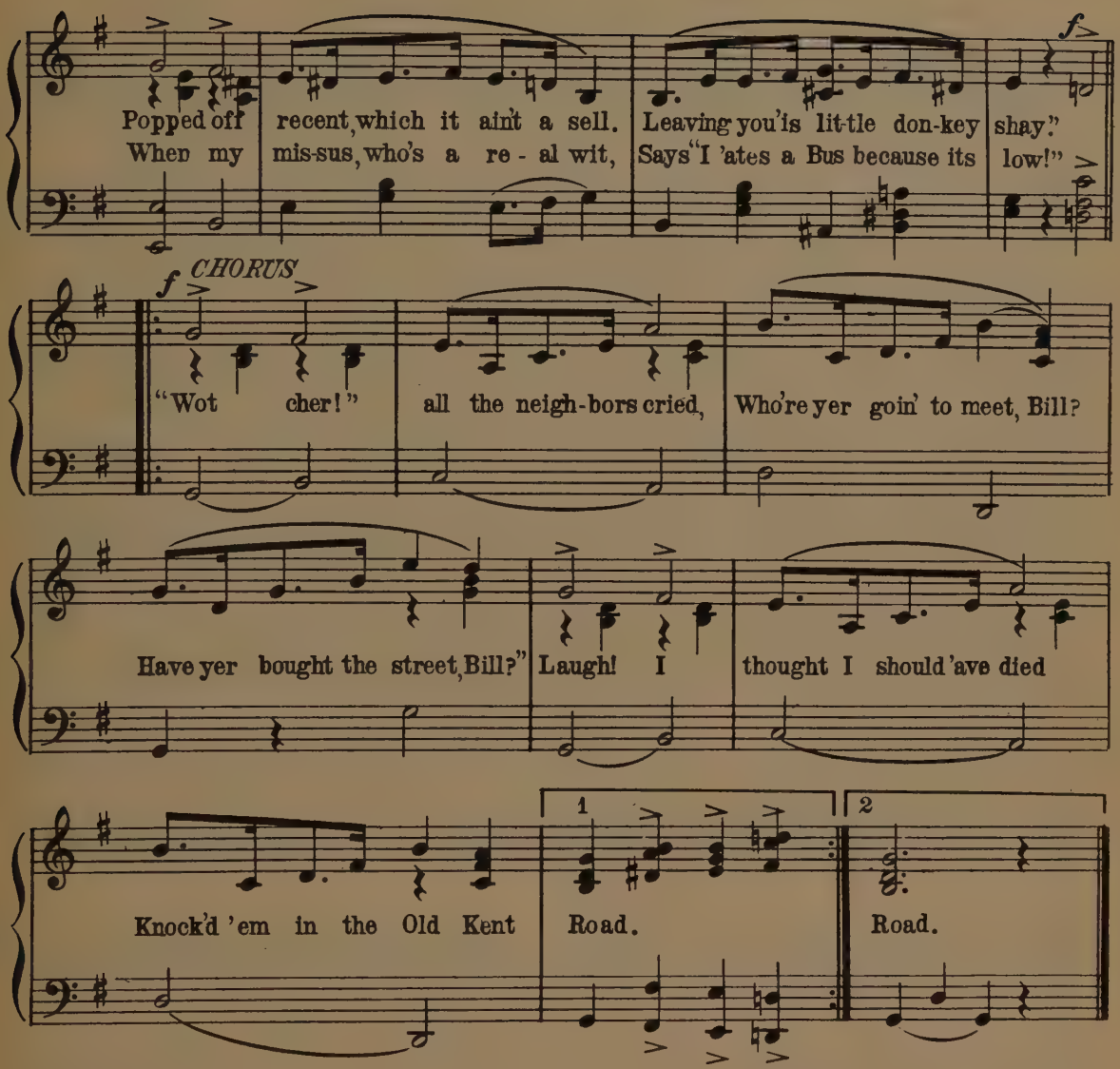



# Wot Cher!

(Knock'd 'Em In The Old Kent Road)

ALBERT CHEVALIER


Moderato
mf
1. Last week down our al - ley come a toff, Nice old
2. Some says nas - ty things a - bout the moke, One cove
geez - er with a nas - ty cough, Sees my mis-sus, takes 'is topper off
thinks 'is leg is real - ly broke, That's 'is en - vy, 'cos we're carriage folk,
In a ve - ry gen - tle - man - ly way!
Like the toffs as rides in Rot - ten Row!
mf
"Ma'am" says
Straight it
he, "I 'ave some news to tell,
woke the al - ley up a bit,
Your rich
Thought our
Un-cle Tom of Camberwell,
lud-ger would 'ave 'ad a fit,


Popped off recent, which it ain't a sell.
When my mis-sus, who's a re - al wit,
Leaving you'is lit-tle don-key shay."
Says "I 'ates a Bus because its low!"
f
CHORUS
"Wot cher!"
all the neigh-bors cried,
Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill?
Have yer bought the street, Bill?"
Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died
Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road.
Road.
1
2

3

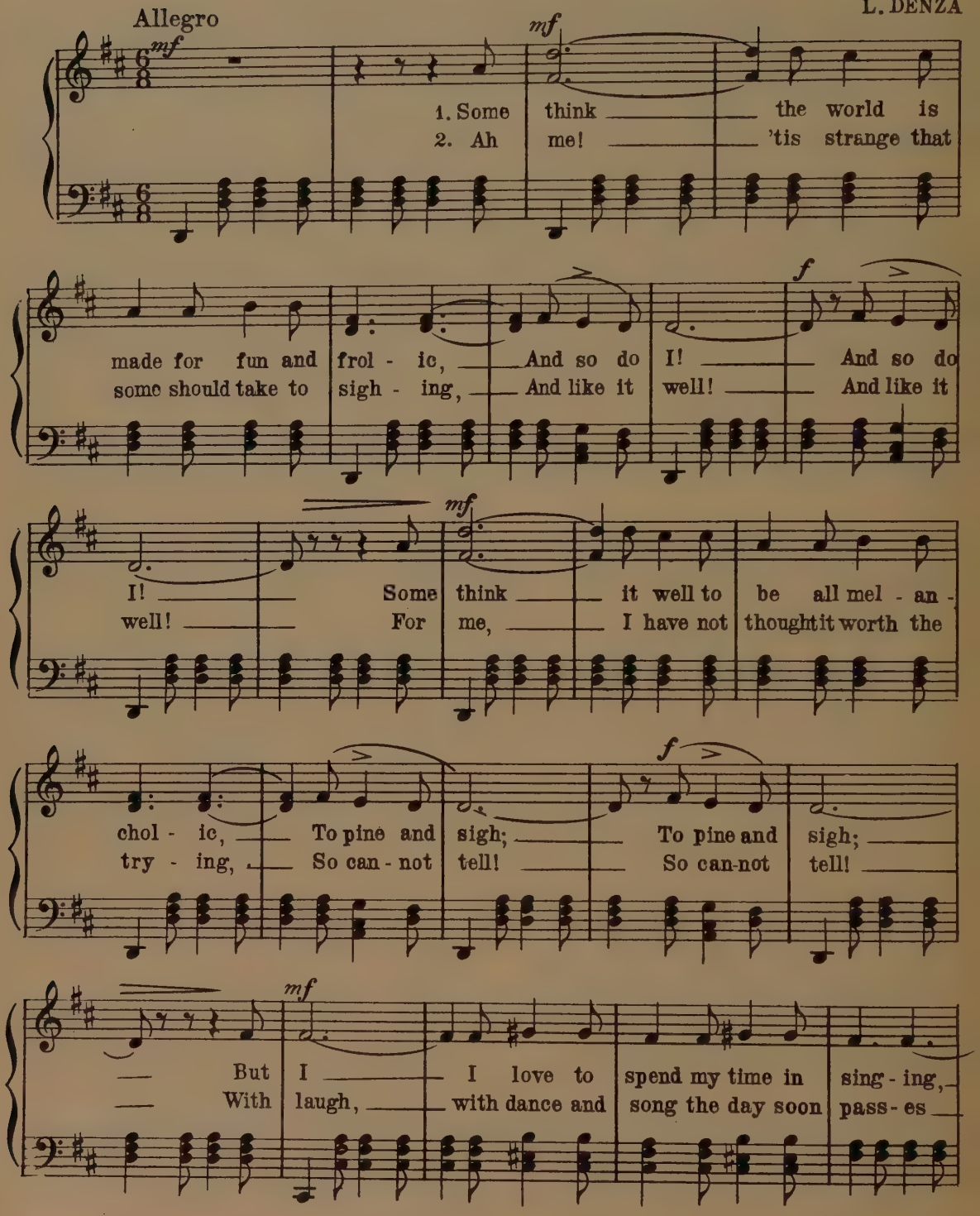
When we starts the blessed donkey stops,
He won't move, so out I quickly lops,
Pals start whackin' him, when down he drops,
Someone says he wasn't made to go.
Lor' it might 'ave been a four in 'and,
My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand,
First she bows, and then she waves 'er 'and,
Calling out "We're goin' for a blow!"

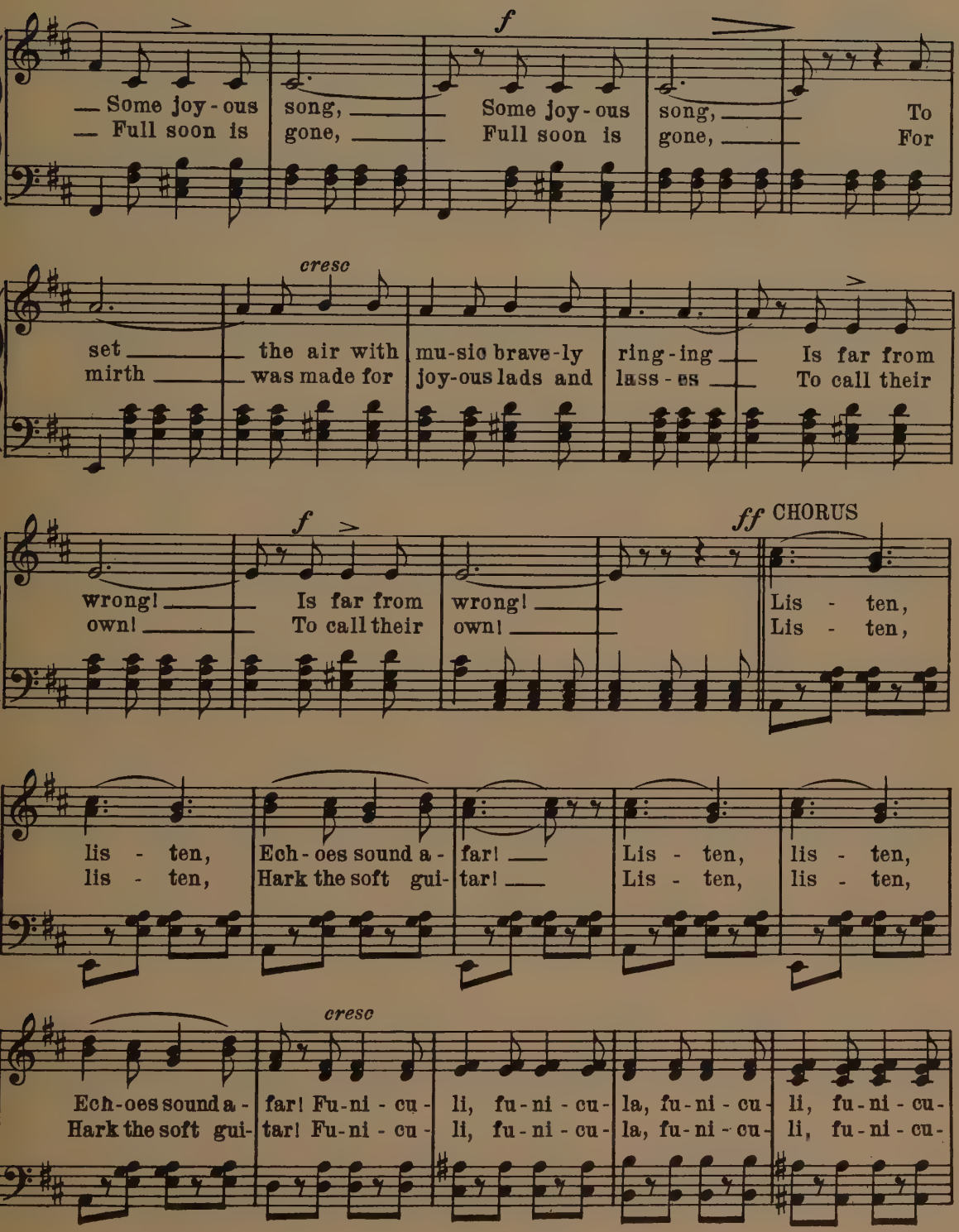
4

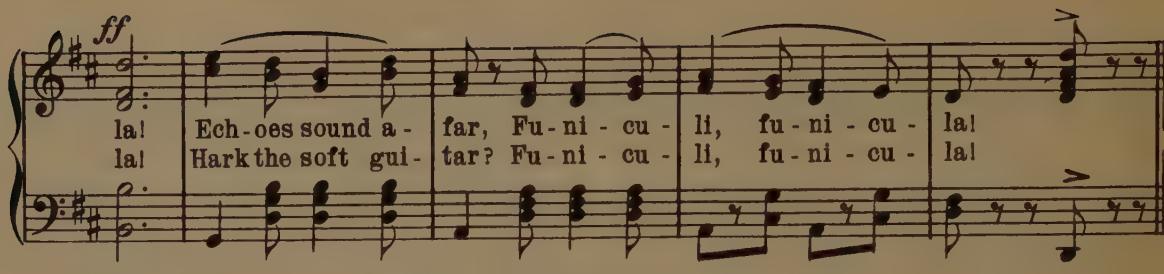
Ev'ry evenin' on the stroke of five,
Me and Missus takes a litte drive,
You'd say, "Wonderful they're still alive,"
If you saw that little donkey go.
I soon showed 'im that 'e'd have to do,
Just whatever he was wanted to,
Still I shan't forget that rowdy crew,
'Ollerin' "Woa! steady! Neddy, Woa!"

# Funiculi, Funicula

L. DENZA


Allegro
mf
1. Some think the world is
2. Ah me! 'tis strange that
made for fun and frol - ic, And so do I! And so do
some should take to sigh - ing, And like it well! And like it
f
I! Some think it well to be all mel - an -
well! For me, I have not thought it worth the
chol - ic, To pine and sigh; To pine and sigh;
try - ing, So can - not tell! So can-not tell!
But I I love to spend my time in sing - ing,
With laugh, with dance and song the day soon pass - es

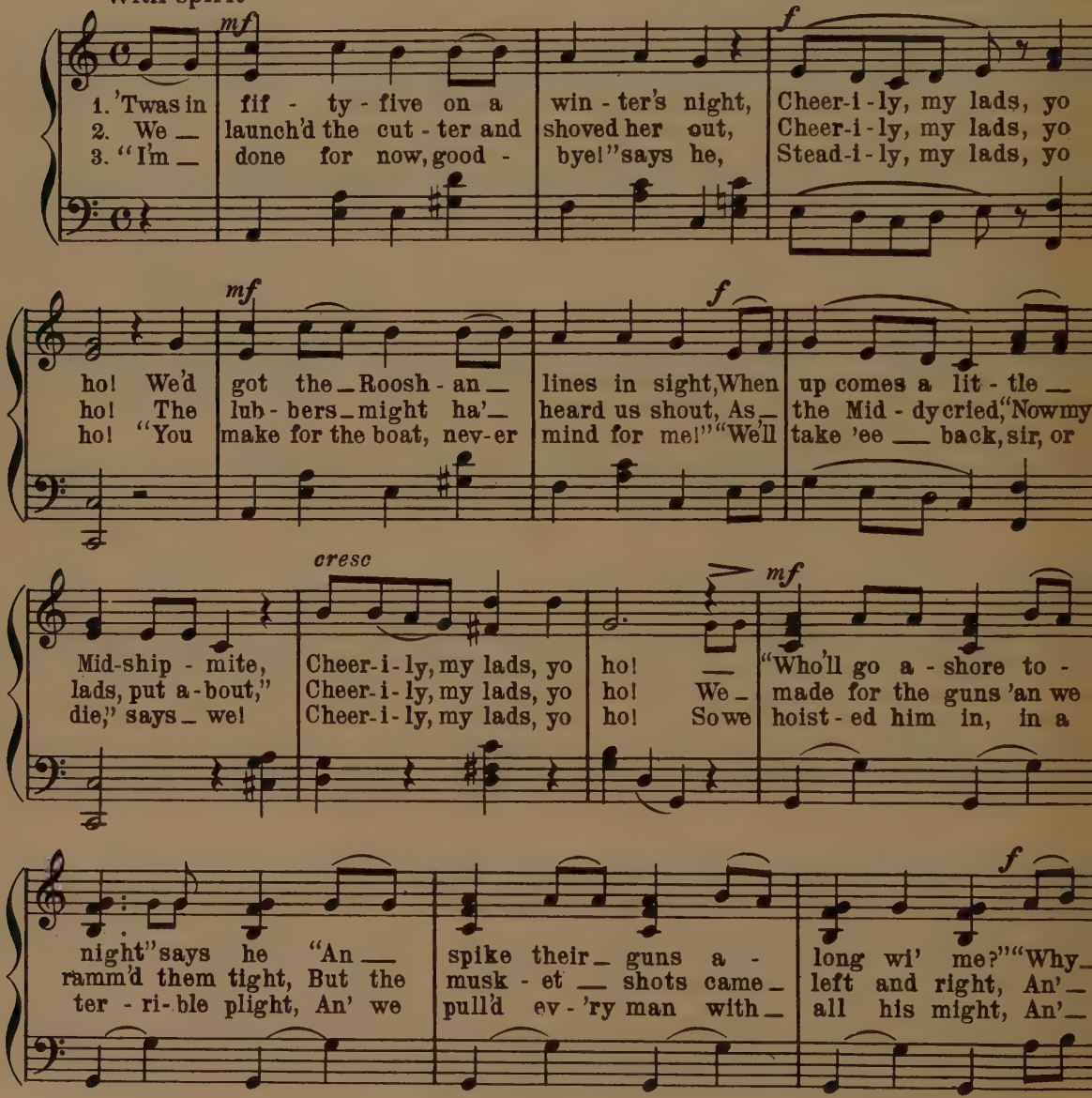

f
Some joy - ous song, To
Full soon is gone, For
Some joy - ous song,
Full soon is gone,
cresc
set the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring-ing Is far from
mirth was made for joy-ous lads and lass - es To call their
f
ff CHORUS
wrong! Is far from wrong! Lis - ten,
own! To call their own! Lis - ten,
lis - ten, Ech - oes sound a - far! Lis - ten, lis - ten,
lis - ten, Hark the soft gui - tar! Lis - ten, lis - ten,
cresc
Ech-oes sound a - far! Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu-
Hark the soft gui - tar! Fu-ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu-

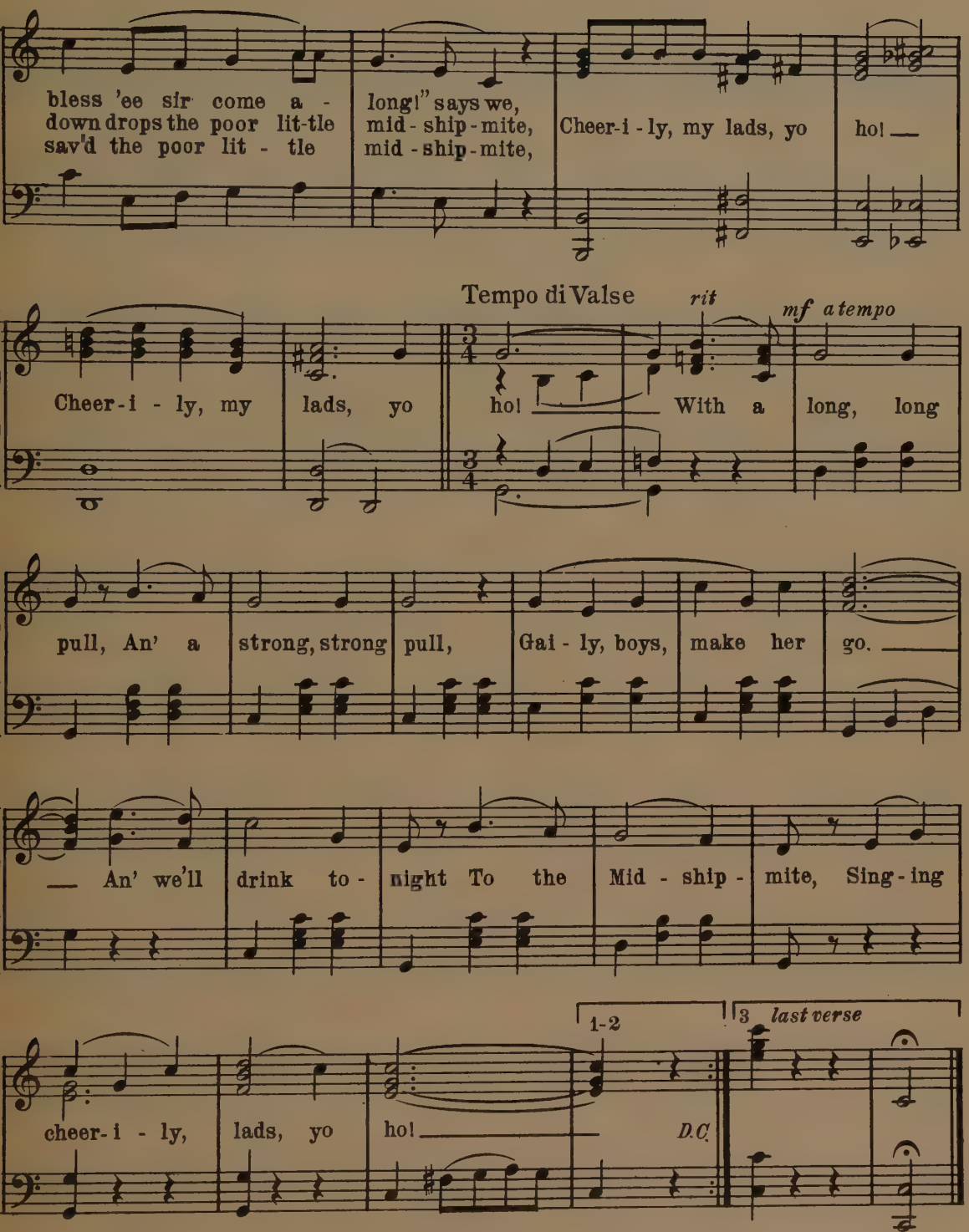



# The Midshipmite

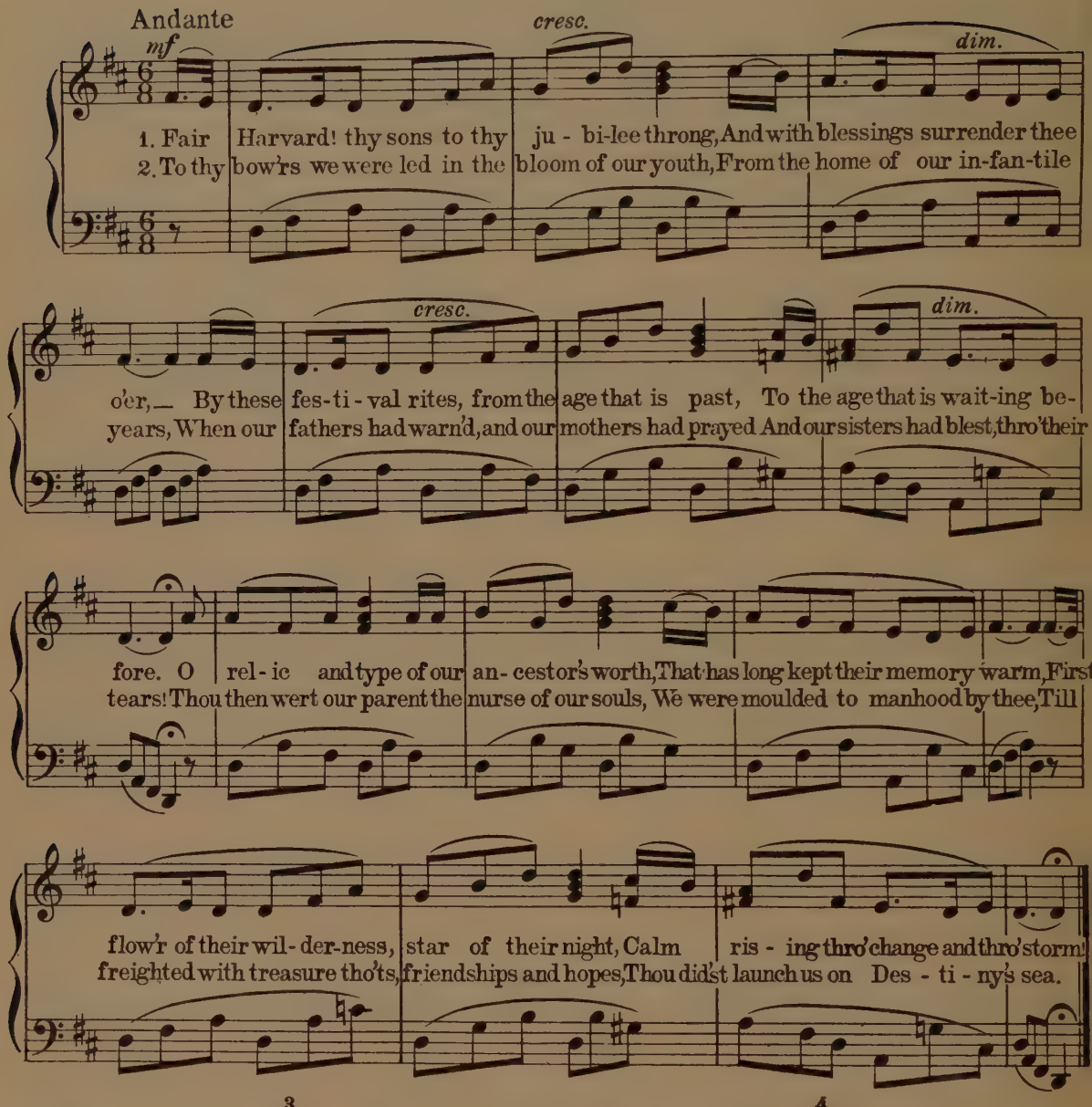
With spirit

STEPHEN ADAMS


mf
1. 'Twas in fif- ty- five on a win- ter's night, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
2. We launch'd the cut- ter and shoved her out, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
3. "I'm done for now, good- bye!" says he, Stead-i-ly, my lads, yo
mf
f
ho! We'd got the Roosh- an lines in sight, When up comes a lit- tle
ho! The lub- bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid- dy cried, "Now my
ho! "You make for the boat, nev-er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or
cresc
mf
Mid-ship- mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a- shore to-
lads, put a- bout," Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns 'an we
die," says we! Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist- ed him in, in a
f
night" says he "An spike their guns a- long wi' me?" "Why
ramm'd them tight, But the musk- et shots came left and right, An'
ter- ri- ble plight, An' we pull'd ev- 'ry man with all his might, An'


bless 'ee sir come a - long!" says we,
down drops the poor lit-tle mid - ship - mite,
sav'd the poor lit - tle mid - ship - mite,
Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho!
Tempo di Valse
rit
mf a tempo
Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! With a long, long
pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly, boys, make her go.
An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship - mite, Sing - ing
1-2
3 last verse
cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho!
D.C.

# Fair Harvard


Andante
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy ju - bi-lee throng, And with blessings surrender thee
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in-fan-tile
o'er, — By these fes-ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be-
years, When our fathers had warn'd, and our mothers had prayed And our sisters had blest, thro' their
fore. O rel - ic and type of our an - cestor's worth, That has long kept their memory warm, First
tears! Thou then wert our parent the nurse of our souls, We were moulded to manhood by thee, Till
flow'r of their wil - der-ness, star of their night, Calm ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm!
freighted with treasure tho'ts, friendships and hopes, Thou didst launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea.

3.

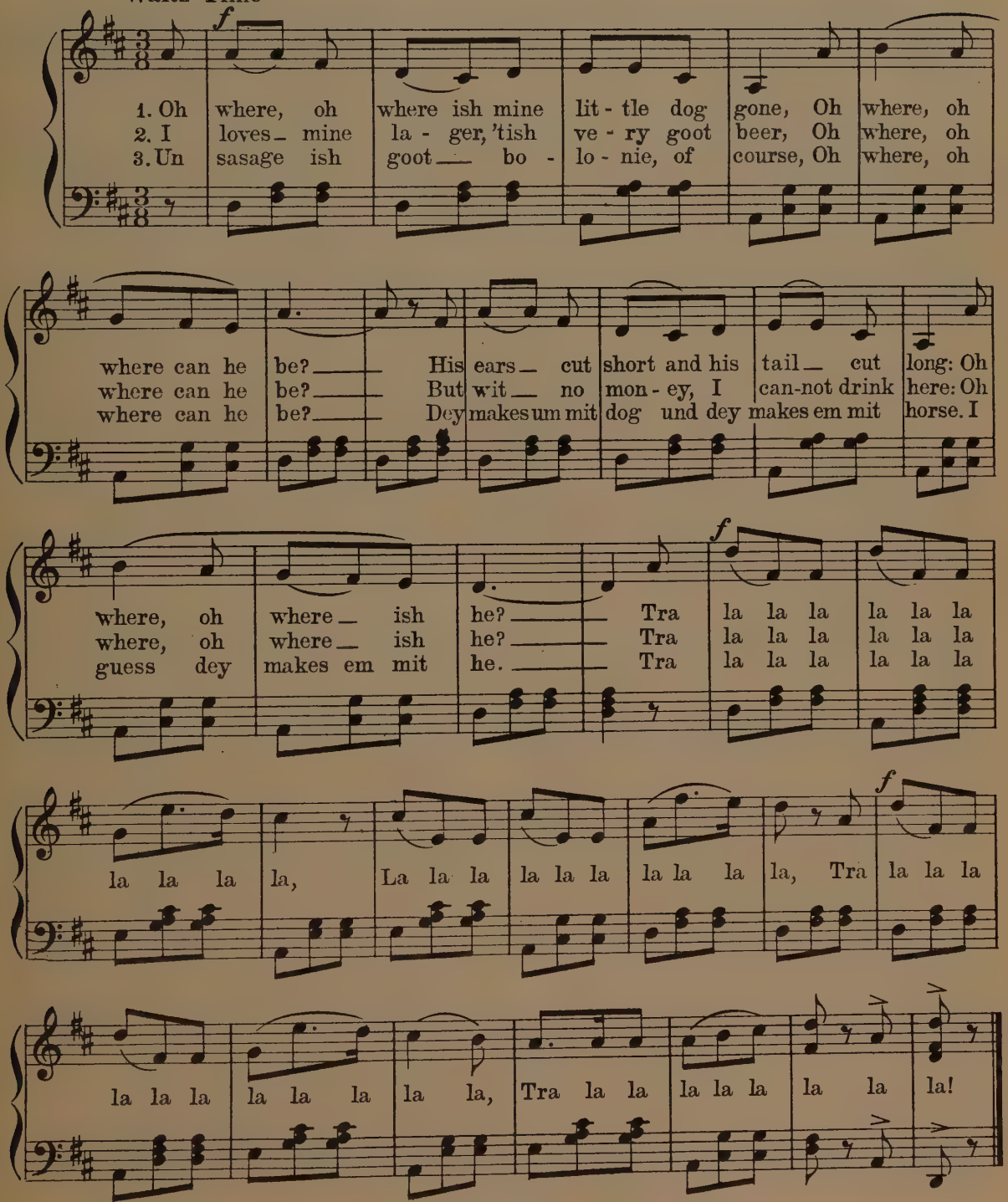
When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod;
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

4.

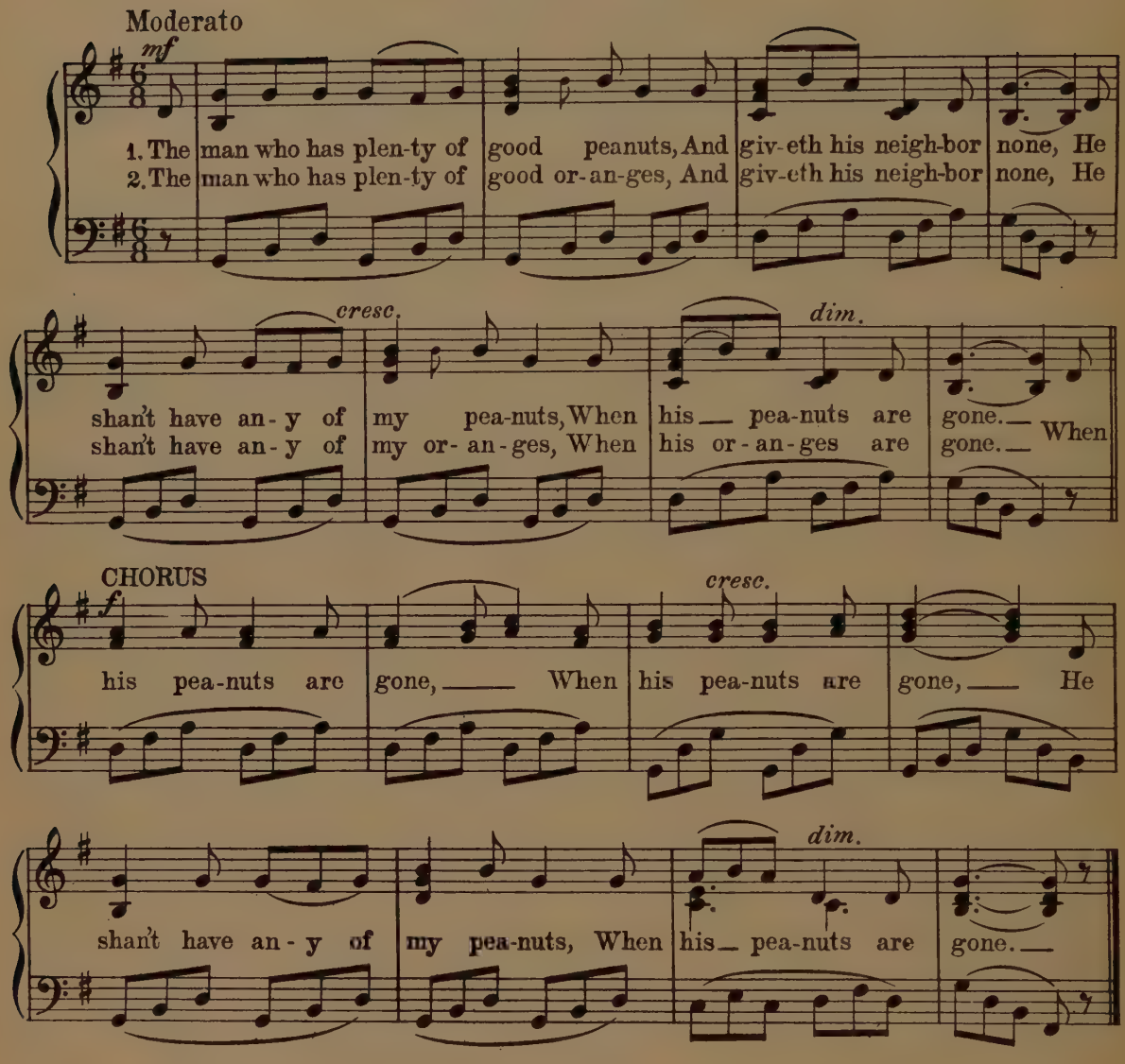
Farewell, be thy destinies onward and bright
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

# Dutch Warbler

Waltz Time


f
1. Oh where, oh where ish mine lit - tle dog gone, Oh where, oh
2. I loves mine la - ger, 'tish ve - ry goot beer, Oh where, oh
3. Un sasage ish goot bo - lo - nie, of course, Oh where, oh
where can he be? His ears cut short and his tail cut long: Oh
where can he be? But wit no mon - ey, I can-not drink here: Oh
where can he be? Dey makes um mit dog und dey makes em mit horse. I
f
where, oh where ish he? Tra la la la la la la
where, oh where ish he? Tra la la la la la la
guess dey makes em mit he. Tra la la la la la la
f
la la la la, La la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la
la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la!

# Peanut Song

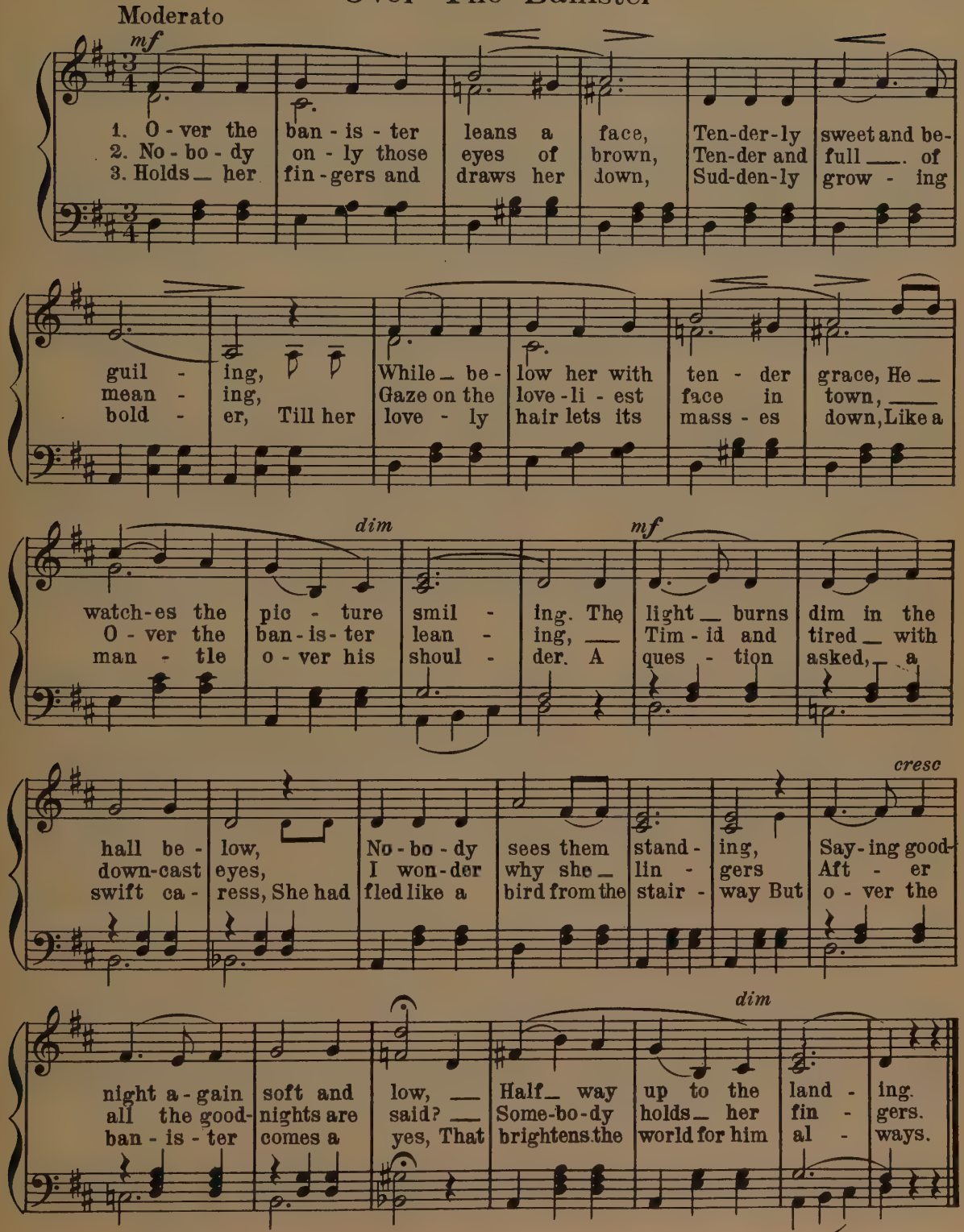

Moderato
mf
1. The man who has plen-ty of good peanuts, And giv-eth his neigh-bor none, He
2. The man who has plen-ty of good or-an-ges, And giv-eth his neigh-bor none, He
cresc.
dim.
shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts, When his pea-nuts are gone. When
shan't have an-y of my or-an-ges, When his or-an-ges are gone.
CHORUS
f
cresc.
his pea-nuts are gone, When his pea-nuts are gone, He
dim.
shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts, When his pea-nuts are gone.

3. The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda crackers
And giveth his neighbor none;
He shan't have any of my soft soda crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda crackers are gone.

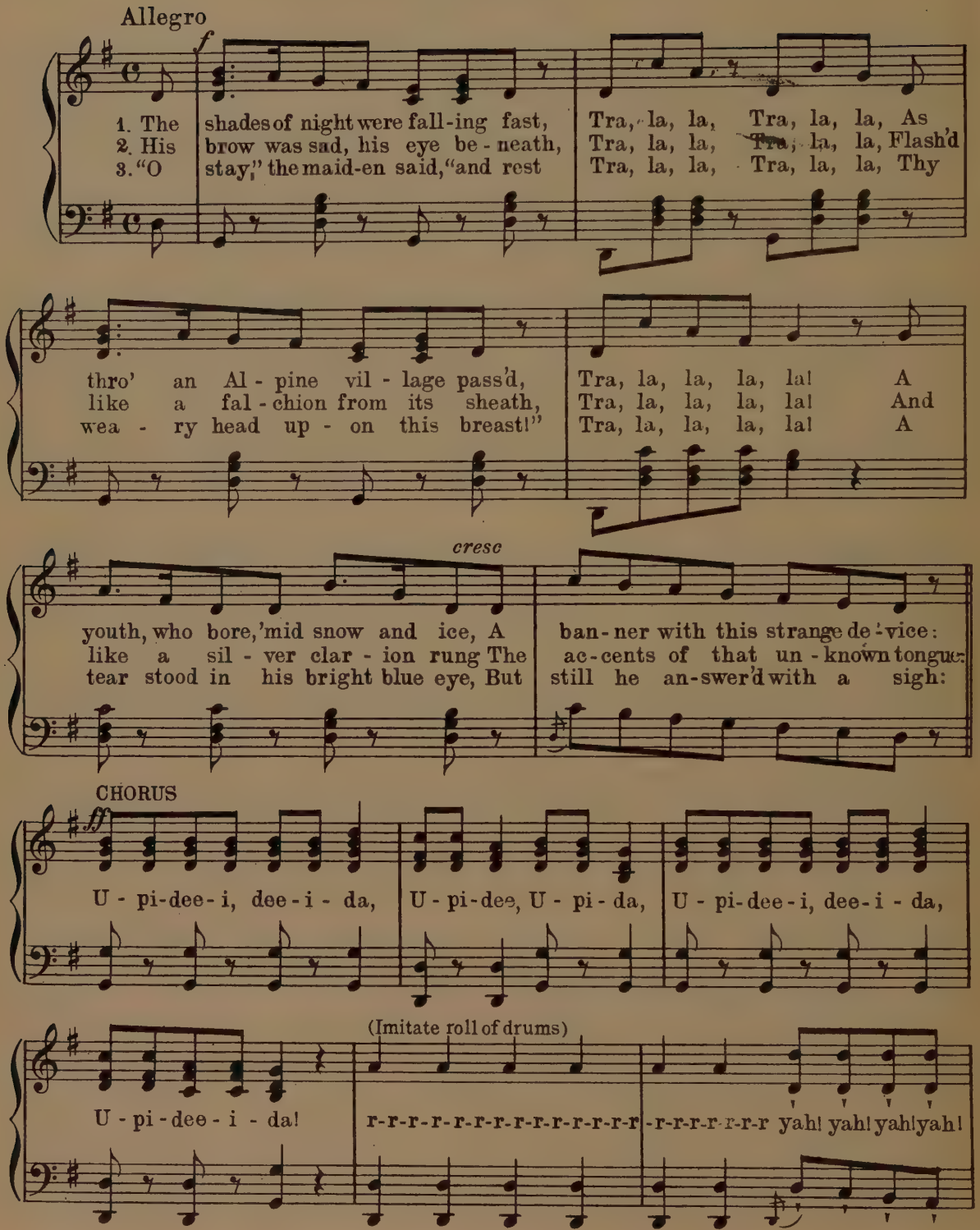
4. The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawberry short-cake
And giveth his neighbor none;
He shan't have any of my ripe, red strawberry short-cake,
When his ripe, red strawberry short-cake is gone.

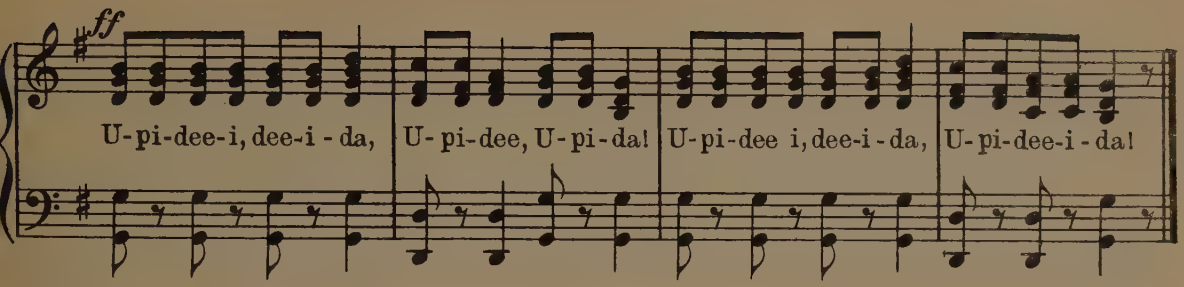
5. The man who has plenty of good salt-junk
And giveth his neighbor none;
He shan't have any of my good salt-junk,
When his good salt-junk is gone.

6. The man who has plenty of spondulacs
And giveth his neighbor none;
He shan't have any of my spondulacs,
When his spondulacs are gone.

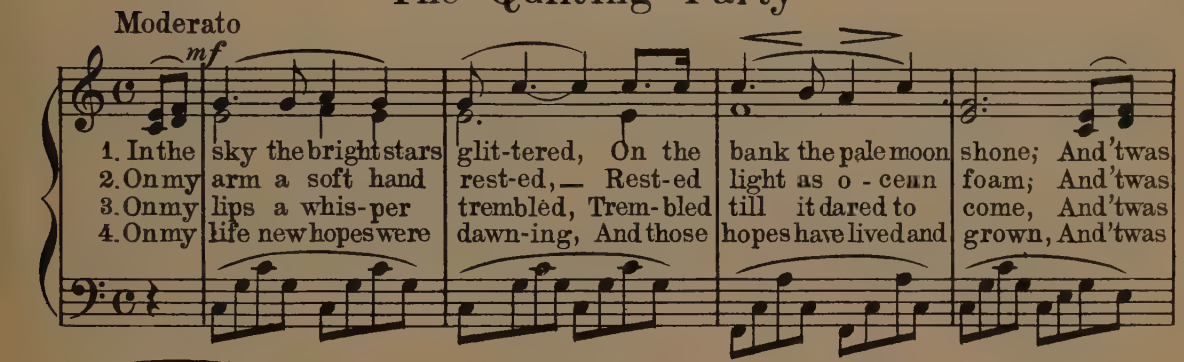
# Over The Banister

Moderato
mf
1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten-der-ly sweet and be-
2. No - bo - dy on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten-der and full ___ of
3. Holds ___ her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud-den-ly grow - ing
guil - ing, While ___ be - low her with ten - der grace, He ___
mean - ing, Gaze on the love - li - est face in town, ___
bold - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down, Like a
dim
mf
watch-es the pic - ture smil - ing. The light ___ burns dim in the
O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - ing, ___ Tim - id and tired ___ with
man - tle o - ver his shoul - der. A ques - tion asked, ___ a
cresc
hall be - low, No - bo - dy sees them stand - ing, Say - ing good-
down-cast eyes, I won - der why she ___ lin - gers Aft - er
swift ca - ress, She had fled like a bird from the stair - way But o - ver the
dim
night a - gain soft and low, ___ Half ___ way up to the land - ing.
all the good- nights are said? ___ Some-bo-dy holds ___ her fin - gers.
ban - is - ter comes a yes, That brightens the world for him al - ways.

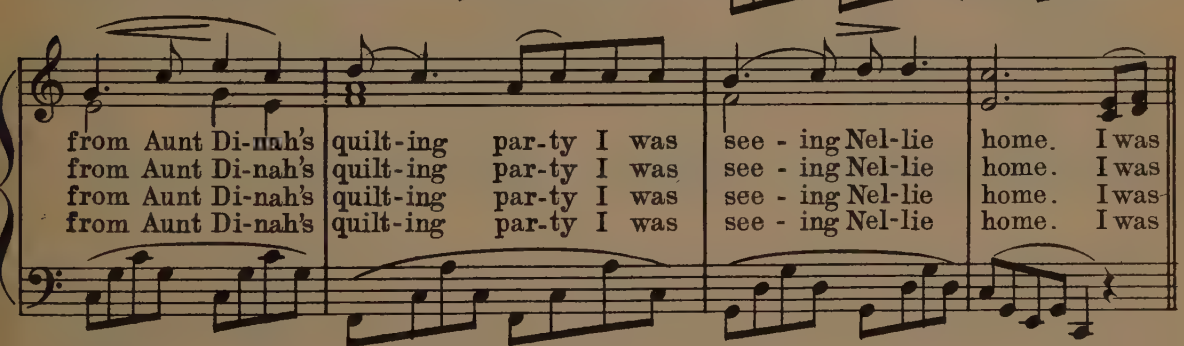
# Upidee

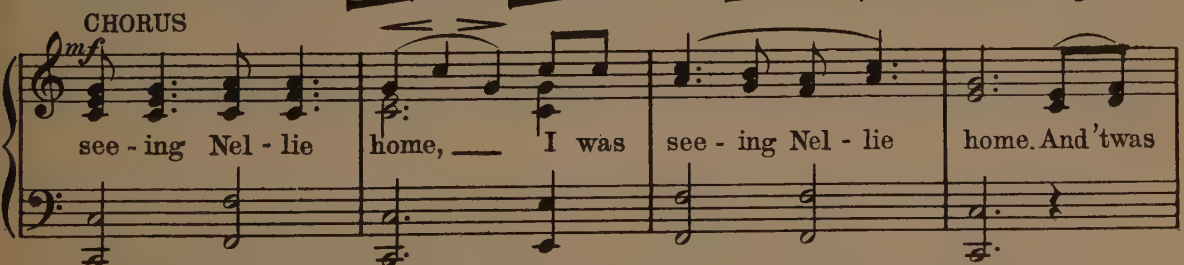

Allegro
f
1. The shades of night were fall-ing fast, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, As
2. His brow was sad, his eye be-neath, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Flash'd
3. "O stay," the maid-en said, "and rest Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Thy
thro' an Al-pine vil-lage pass'd, Tra, la, la, la, la! A
like a fal-chion from its sheath, Tra, la, la, la, la! And
wea-ry head up-on this breast!" Tra, la, la, la, la! A
cresc
youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with this strange de-vice:
like a sil-ver clar-ion rung The ac-cents of that un-known tongue
tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an-swer'd with a sigh:
CHORUS
ff
U-pi-dee-i, dee-i-da, U-pi-dee, U-pi-da, U-pi-dee-i, dee-i-da,
(Imitate roll of drums)
U-pi-dee-i-da! r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r yah! yah! yah! yah!

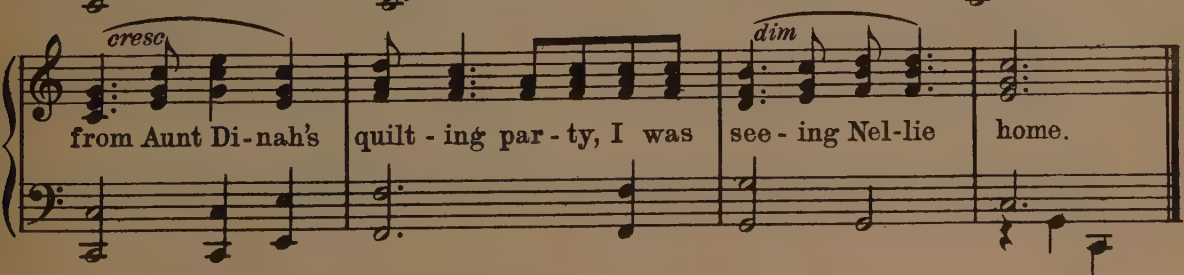



# The Quilting Party

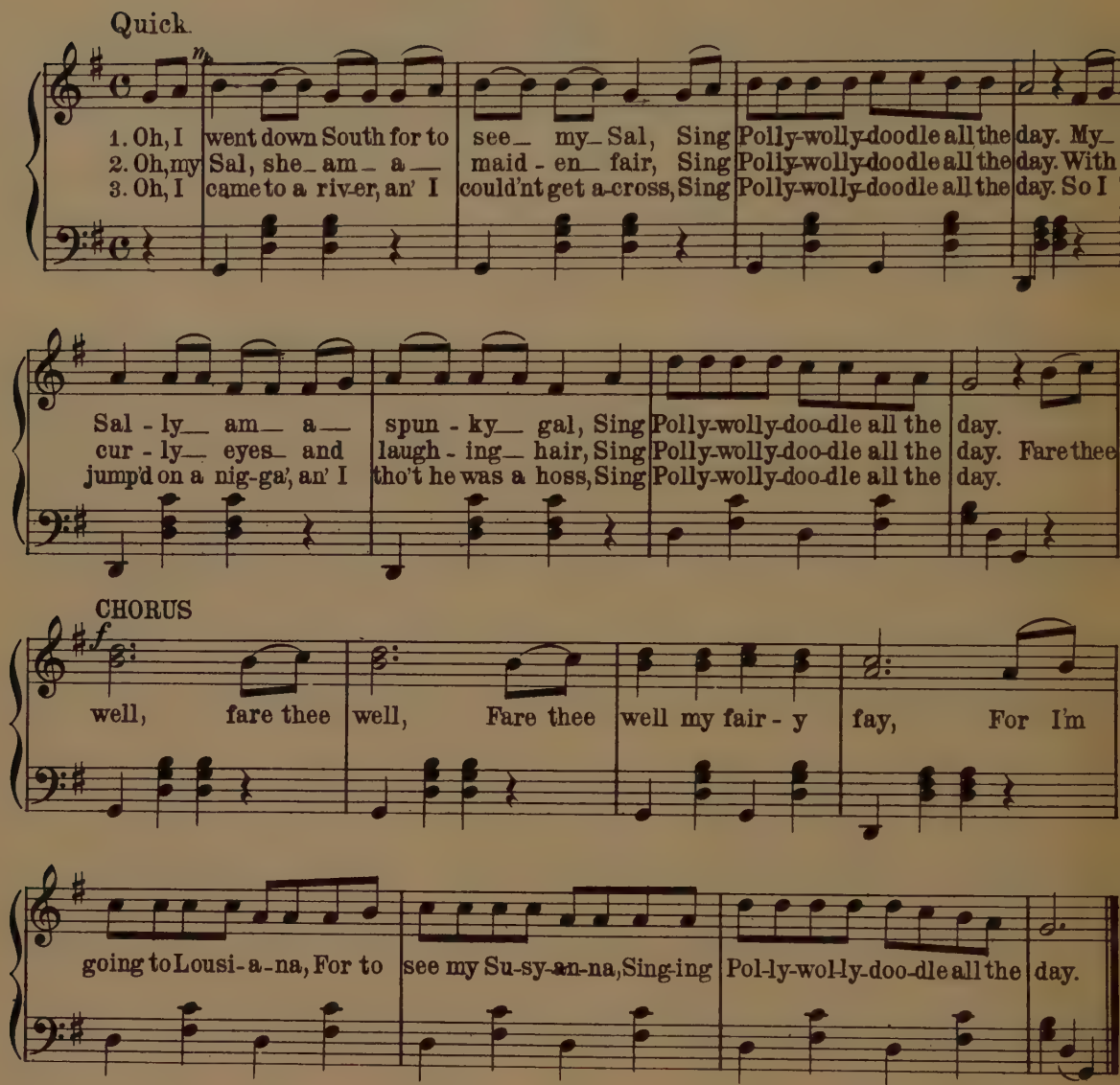

Moderato
mf
1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trem-bled till it dared to come, And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have lived and grown, And 'twas


from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see - ing Nel-lie home. I was



# Polly-Wolly-Doodle


Quick.
1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. My
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid - en fair, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. With
3. Oh, I came to a riv-er, an' I could'nt get a-cross, Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day. So I
Sal - ly am a spun - ky gal, Sing Polly-wolly-doo-dle all the day.
cur - ly eyes and laugh - ing hair, Sing Polly-wolly-doo-dle all the day. Fare thee
jump'd on a nig-ga', an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Polly-wolly-doo-dle all the day.
CHORUS
well, fare thee well, Fare thee well my fair - y fay, For I'm
going to Lousi-a-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing-ing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

4.

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
A-pickin his teef wid a carpet tack,
Sing etc., etc.

5.

Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
Sing etc., etc.
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost,
Sing etc., etc.

6.

Behind de barn, down on my knees,
Sing etc., etc.
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze,
Sing etc., etc.

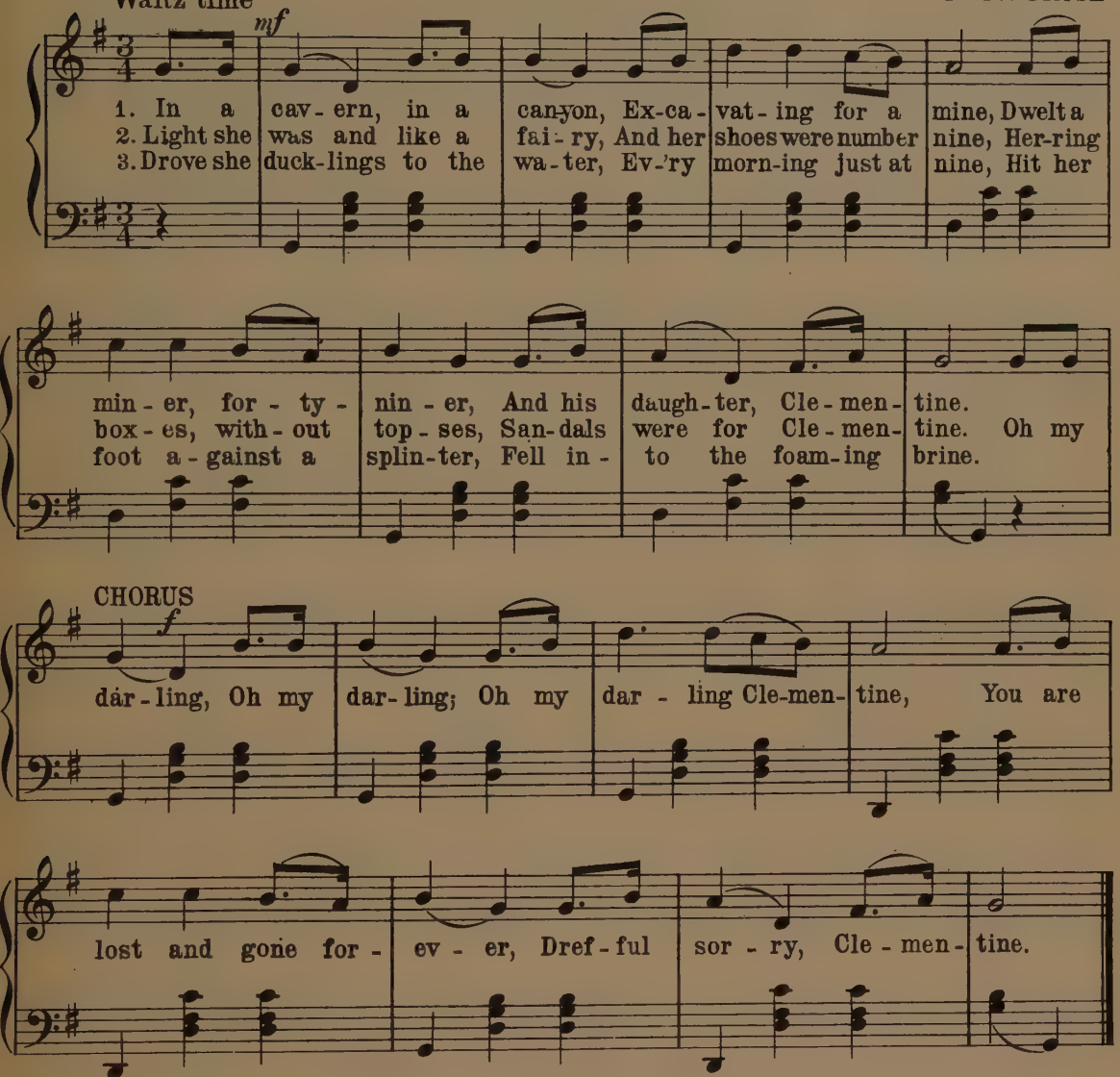
7.

He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin' cough,
Sing etc., etc.
He sneezed his head an' tail right off,
Sing etc., etc.

# Oh, My Darling Clementine

Waltz time

P. MONTROSE


mf
1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a mine, Dwelt a
2. Light she was and like a fai-ry, And her shoes were number nine, Her-ring
3. Drove she duck-lings to the wa-ter, Ev-'ry morn-ing just at nine, Hit her
min-er, for-ty-nin-er, And his daugh-ter, Cle-men-tine.
box-es, with-out top-ses, San-dals were for Cle-men-tine. Oh my
foot a-gainst a splin-ter, Fell in-to the foam-ing brine.
CHORUS
f
dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling; Oh my dar-ling Cle-men-tine, You are
lost and gone for-ev-er, Dref-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-tine.

4.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

5.

In a churchyard near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine;
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

6.

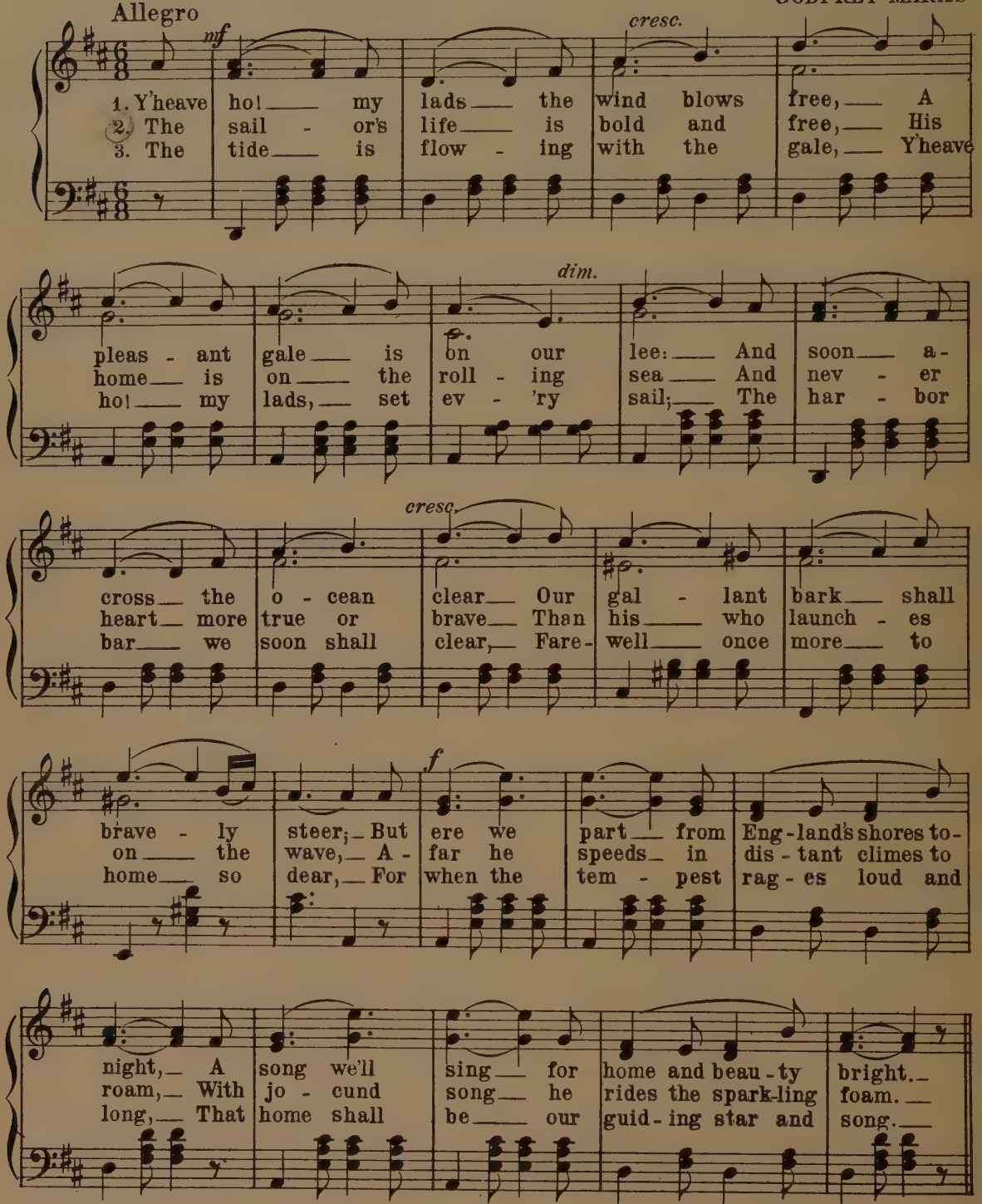
Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine;
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

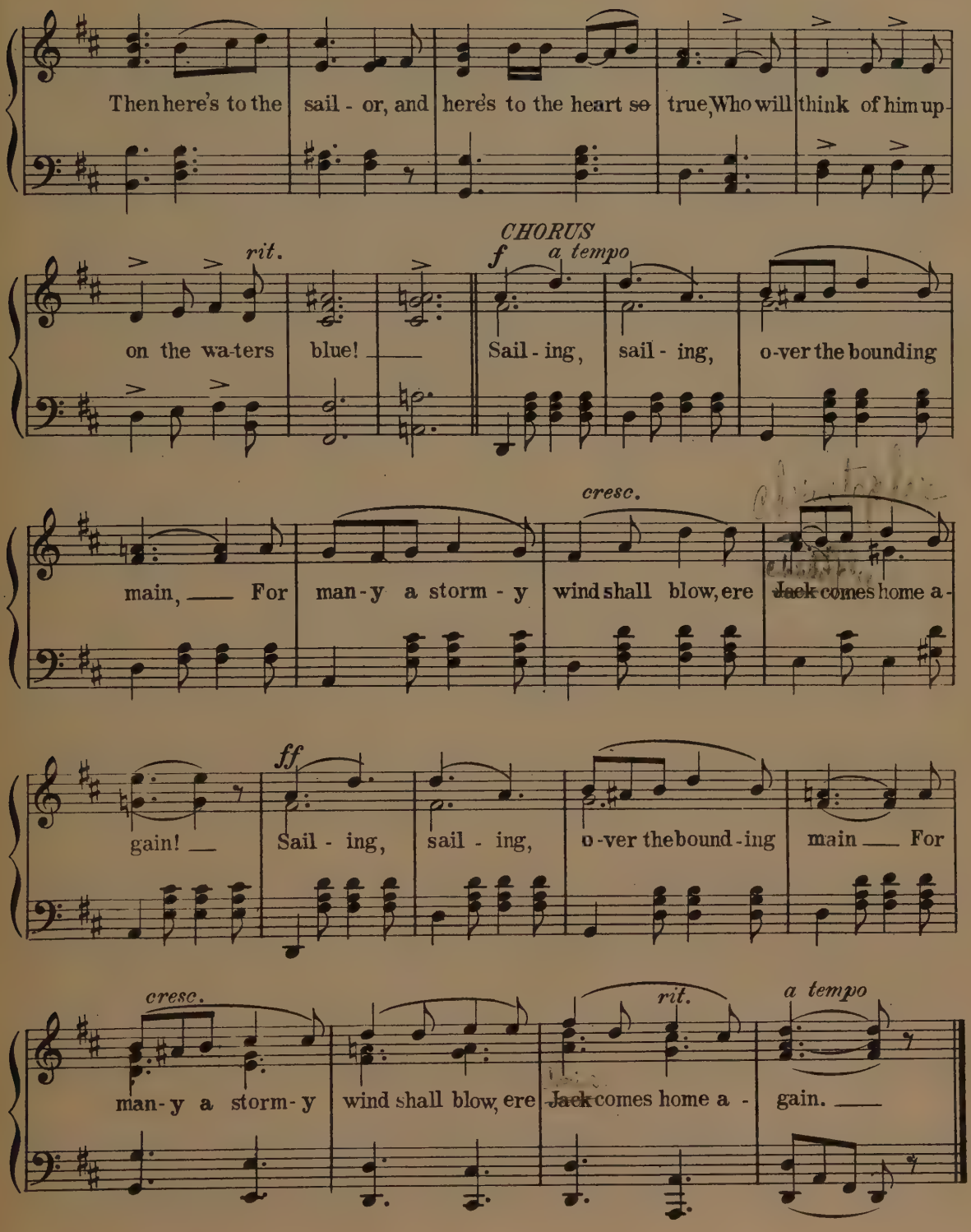
7.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line.

# Sailing

GODFREY MARKS


Allegro
mf
cresc.
1. Y'heave ho! my lads the wind blows free, A
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His
3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave
dim.
pleas - ant gale is on our lee: And soon a-
home is on the roll - ing sea And nev - er
ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry sail; The har - bor
cresc.
cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall
heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es
bar we soon shall clear, Fare - well once more to
f
brave - ly steer; But ere we part from Eng-land's shores to-
on the wave, A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to
home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and
night, A song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright.
roam, With jo - cund song he rides the spark-ling foam.
long, That home shall be our guid - ing star and song.


Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the heart so true, Who will think of him up-
rit.
on the wa-ters blue!
CHORUS
f
a tempo
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o-ver the bounding
cresc.
main, For man-y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a-
ff
gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o-ver the bound-ing main For
cresc.
man-y a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a -
rit.
a tempo
gain.

# Mush, Mush

Waltz tempo

*mf*

1. Oh 'twas there I larn'd ra - din' an' wri - tin' At Billy Brackett's where
2. Oh 'twas there that I larn'd all me court - in', O' the lis - sons I
Con - nor, she lived jist for ninst me, An' tin - der lines

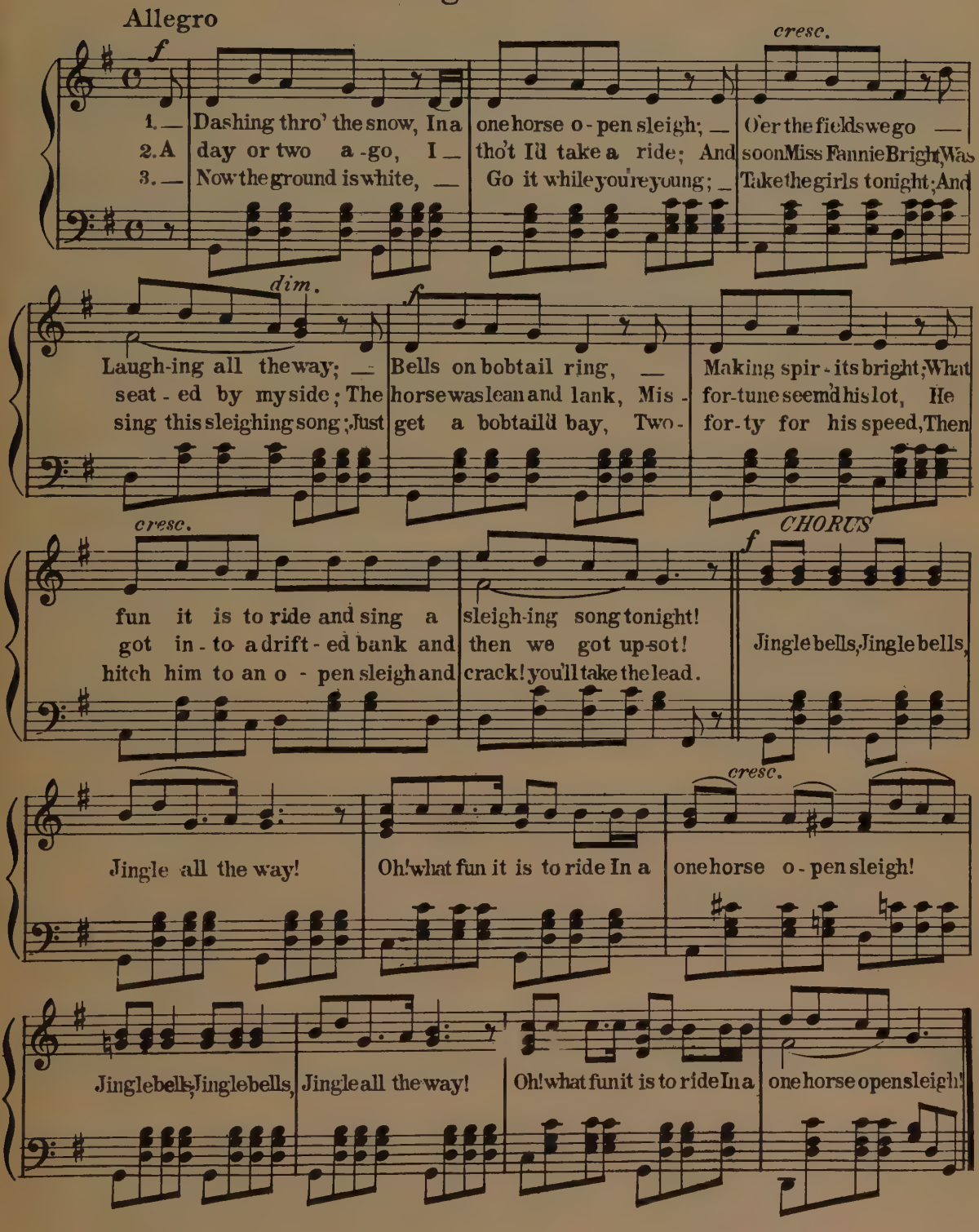
I wint to school, And 'twas there I larned howl - in' and fightin'
cop - y I wrote, There was ne'er a gos - soon in the vil - lage
tuck in the art Till Cu - pid the blackguard while sportin'
to her I wrote If ye dare say one hard word a - gin her

Wid me schoolmasther Mis - ter, O' Toole; Him an'
Dared thread on the tail o' my heart, Mush, mush, mush, tural i -
An' ar - row dhraw straight thro' me Miss Judy O'
I'll thread on the tail o' yer

ad - dy, Sing mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - a! There was

*f*

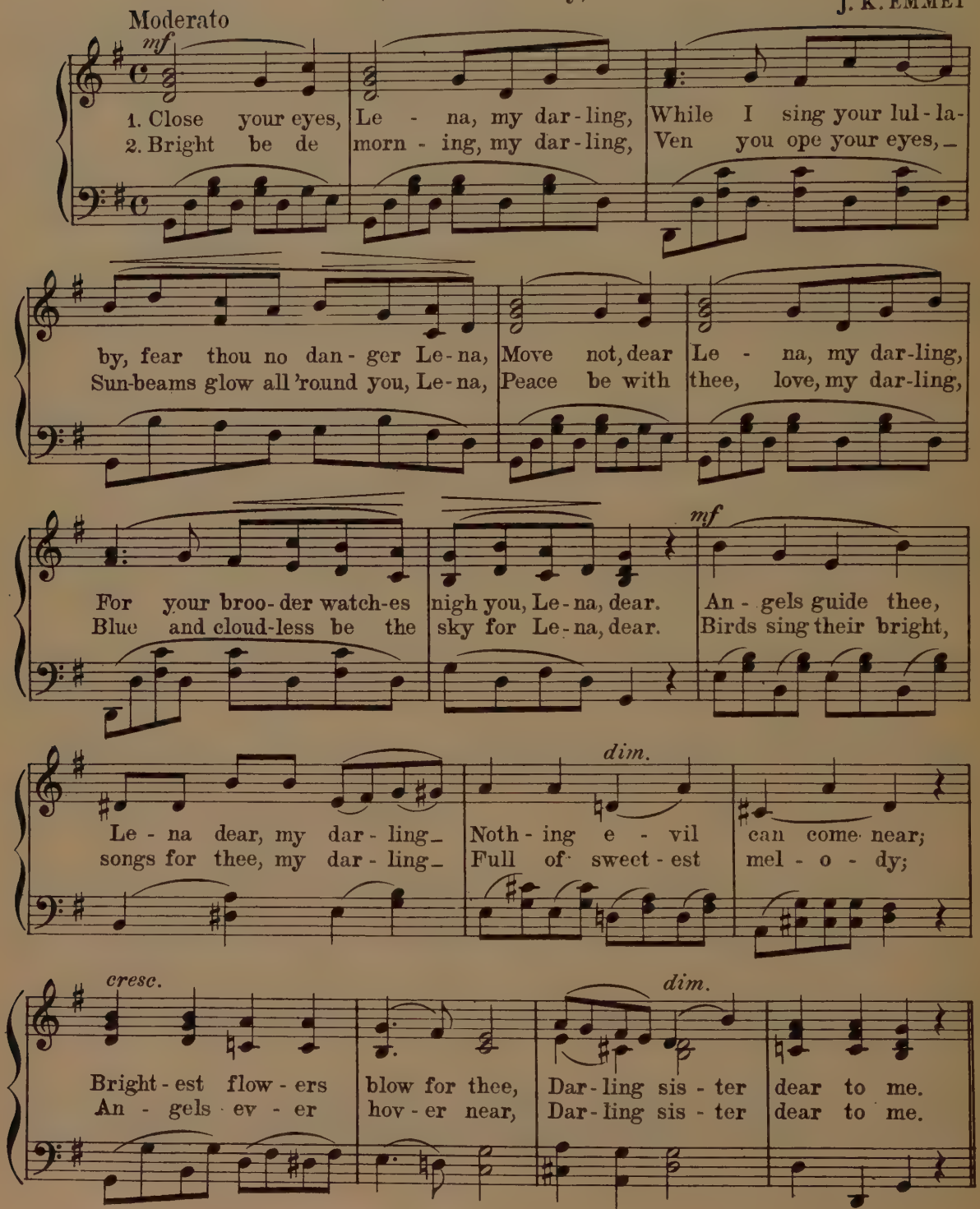
ne'er a gos - soon in the village Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!

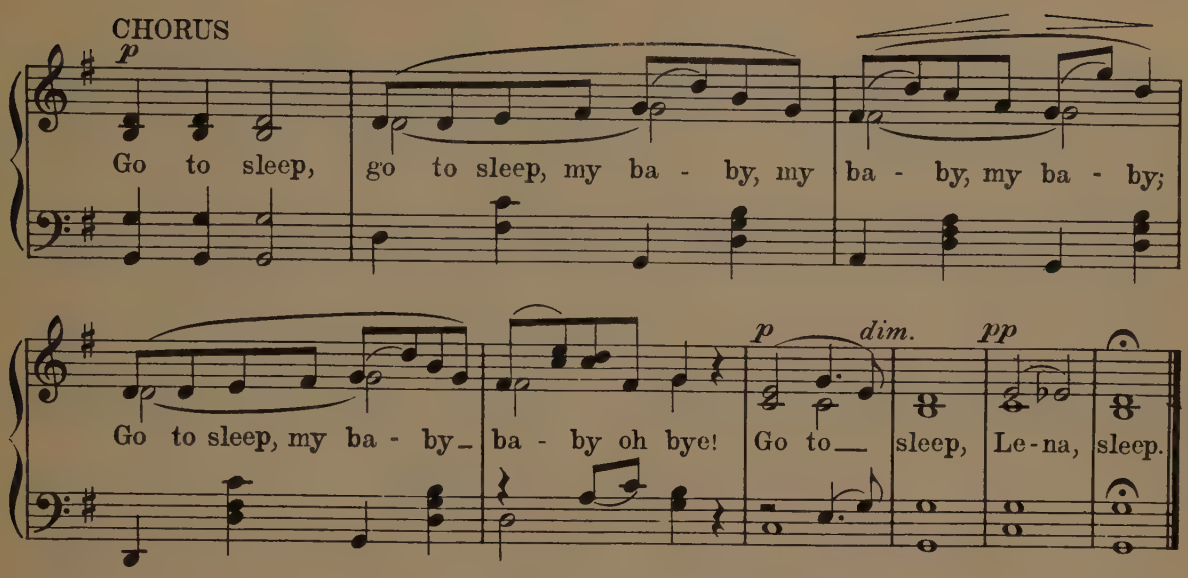
# Jingle Bells

Allegro
f
cresc.
1.— Dashing thro' the snow, In a one horse o - pen sleigh; — O'er the fields we go —
2.A day or two a - go, I — thot I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fannie Bright Was
3.— Now the ground is white, — Go it while you're young; — Take the girls tonight; And
dim.
f
Laugh-ing all the way; — Bells on bobtail ring, — Making spir - its bright; What
seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for-tune seem'd his lot, He
sing this sleighing song; Just get a bobtail'd bay, Two - for-ty for his speed, Then
cresc.
f
CHORUS
fun it is to ride and sing a sleigh-ing song tonight!
got in - to a drift - ed bank and then we got up-sot!
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh and crack! you'll take the lead.
Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
cresc.
Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!
Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse open sleigh!

# Go To Sleep, Lena Darling

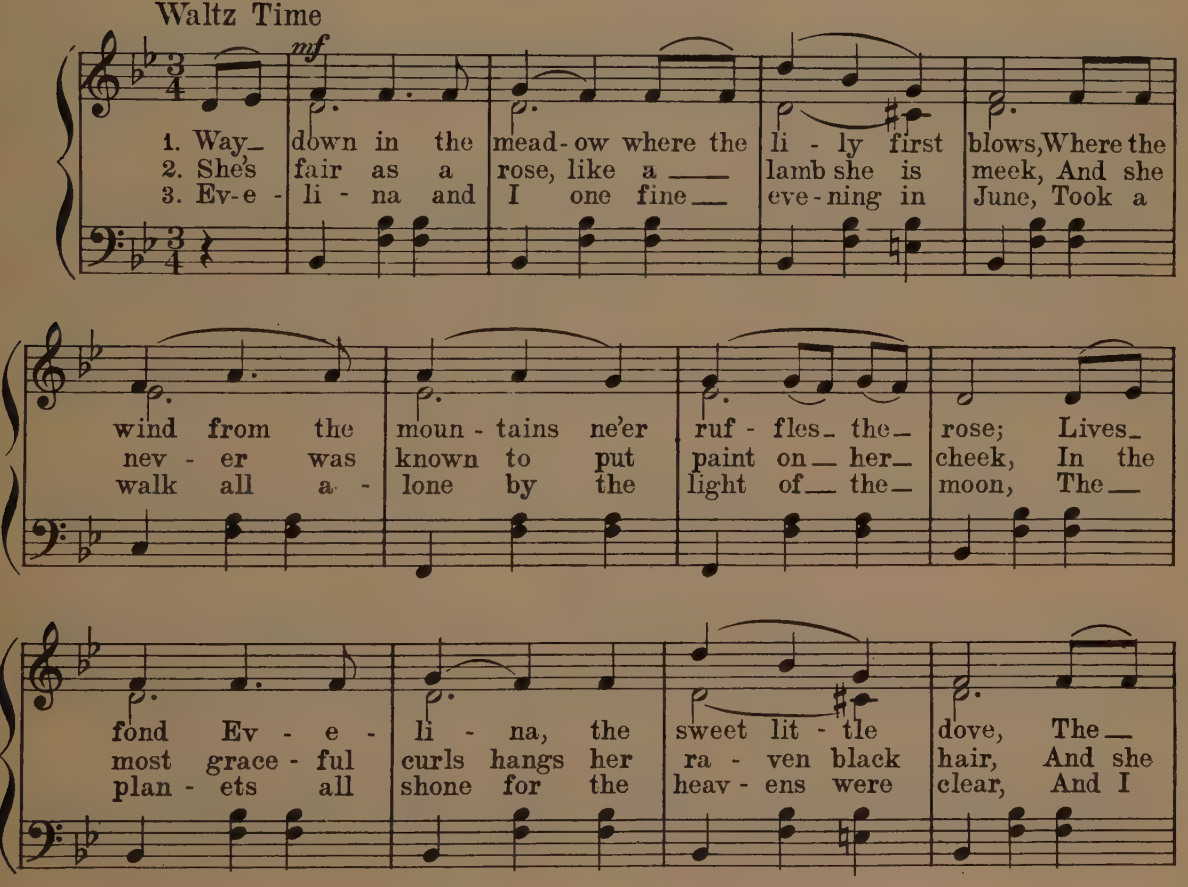
(Emmet's Lullaby)

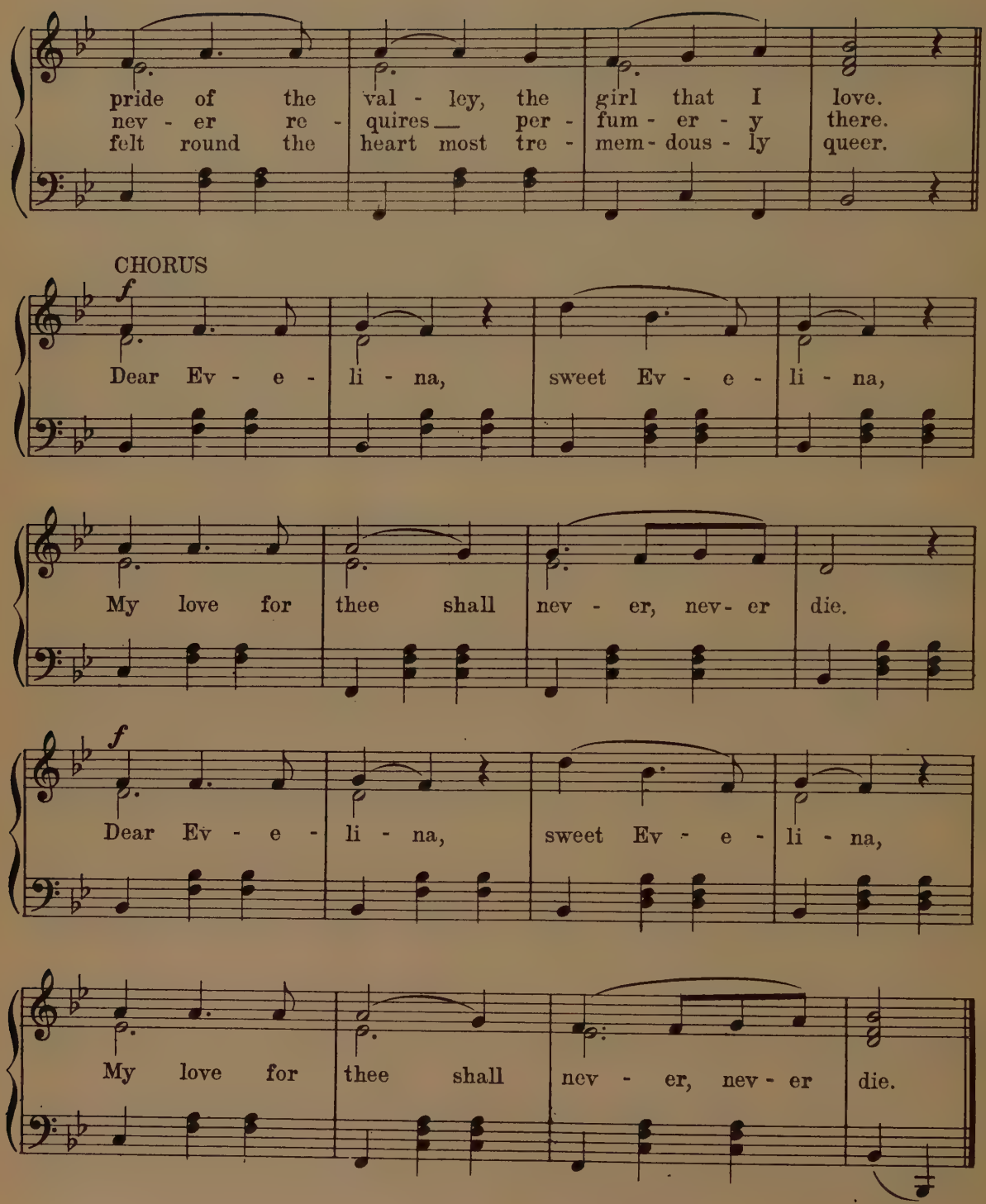
J. K. EMMET

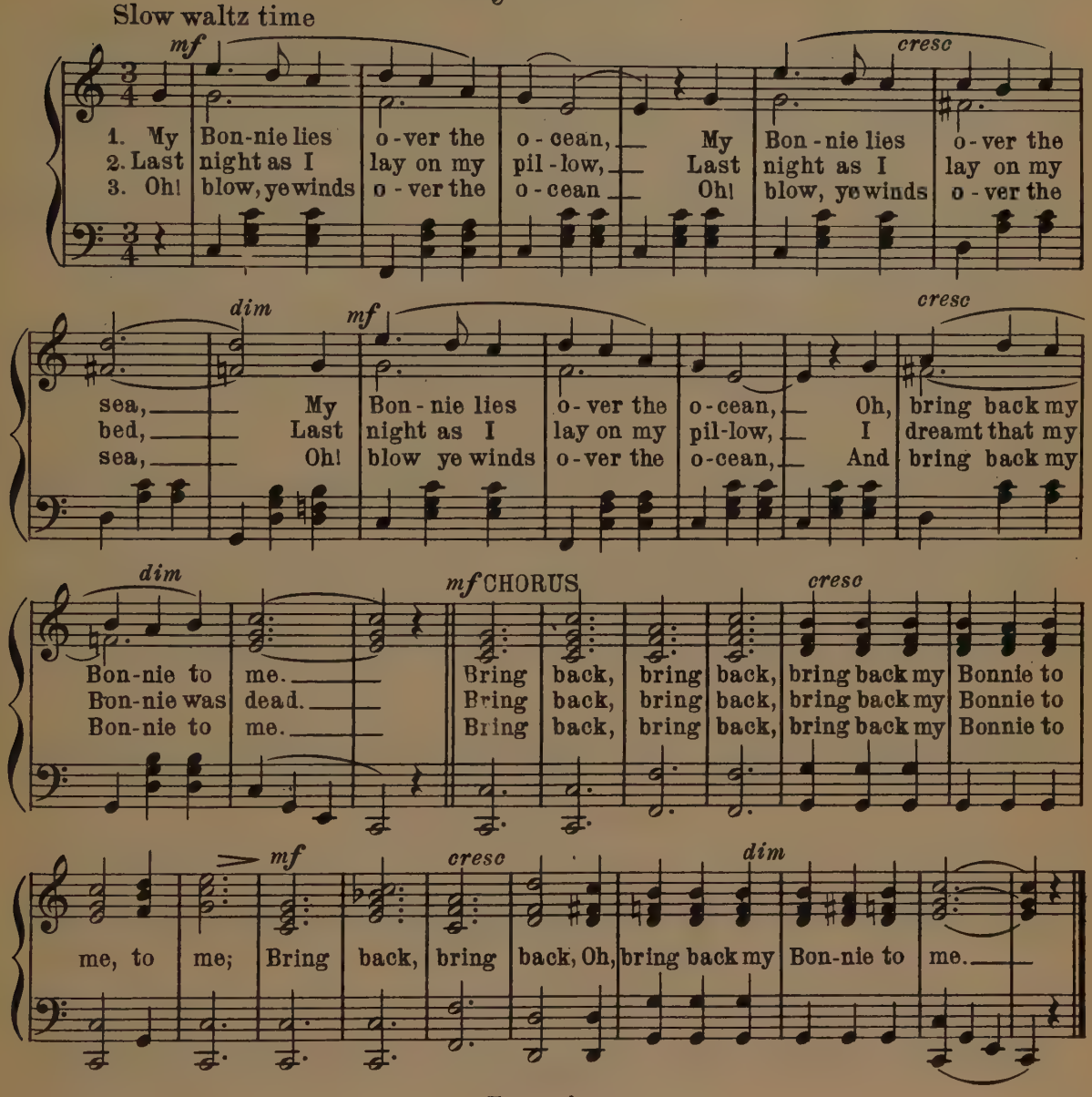

Moderato
mf
1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling, While I sing your lul-la-
2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar-ling, Ven you ope your eyes, _
by, fear thou no dan - ger Le-na, Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling,
Sun-beams glow all 'round you, Le-na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling,
mf
For your broo-der watch-es nigh you, Le-na, dear. An - gels guide thee,
Blue and cloud-less be the sky for Le-na, dear. Birds sing their bright,
dim.
Le - na dear, my dar - ling_ Noth - ing e - vil can come near;
songs for thee, my dar - ling_ Full of sweet - est mel - o - dy;
cresc.
dim.
Bright - est flow - ers blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter dear to me.
An - gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter dear to me.



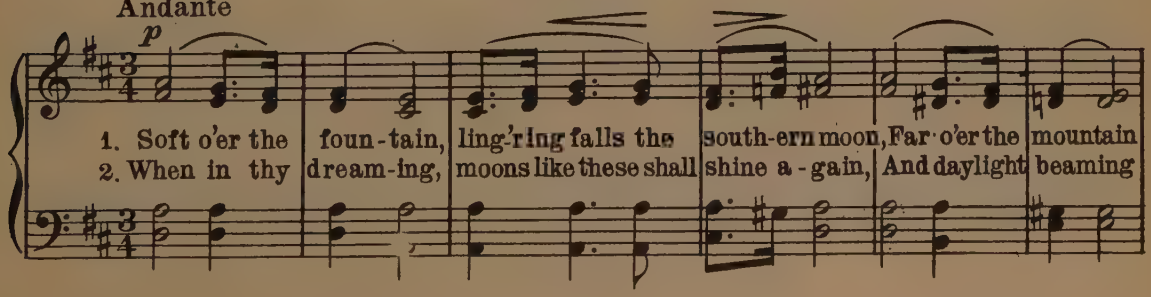

## Dear Evelina

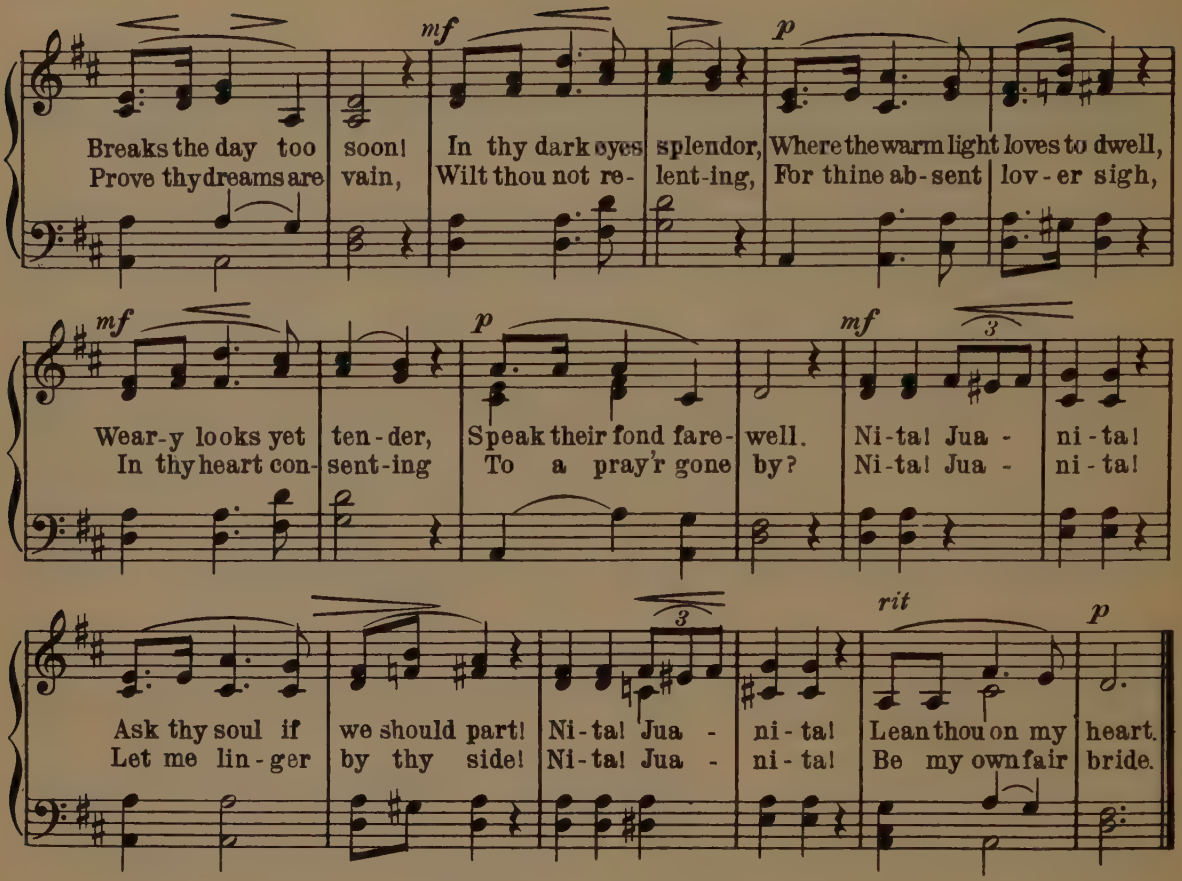

Waltz Time
mf
1. Way_ down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the
2. She's fair as a rose, like a ___ lamb she is meek, And she
3. Ev-e - li - na and I one fine__ eve-ning in June, Took a
wind from the moun - tains ne'er ruf - fles_ the_ rose; Lives_
nev - er was known to put paint on__ her_ cheek, In the
walk all a - lone by the light of__ the_ moon, The__
fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The__
most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven black hair, And she
plan - ets all shone for the heav - ens were clear, And I


pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there.
felt round the heart most tre - mem - dous - ly queer.
CHORUS
f
Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na,
My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.
f
Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na,
My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

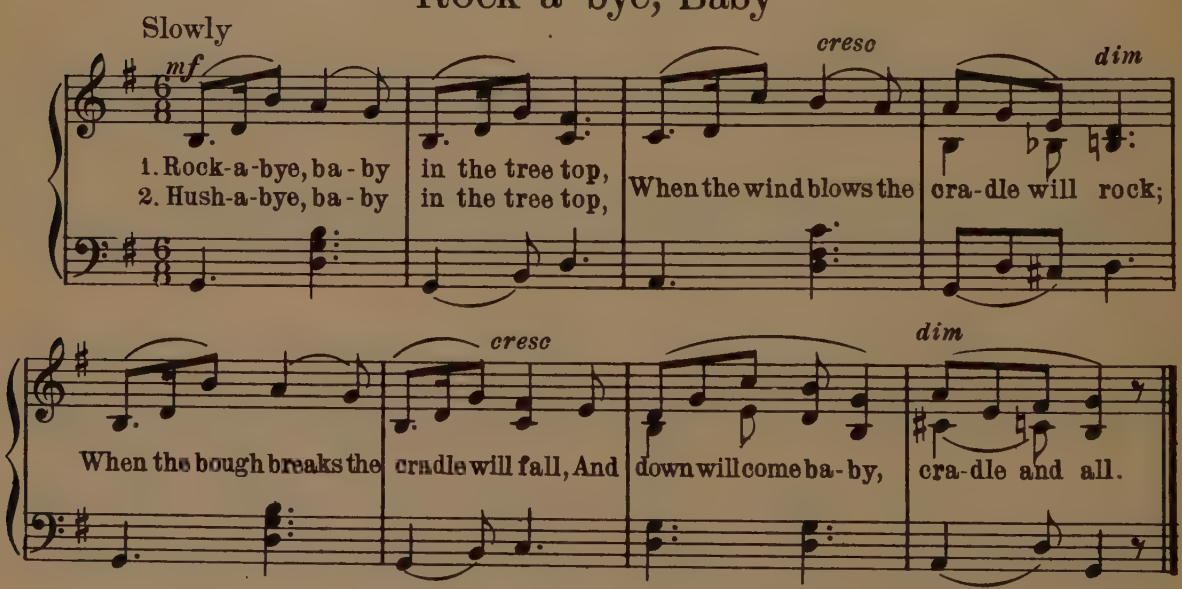
# My Bonnie

Slow waltz time
mf
cresc
1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the
2. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my
3. Oh! blow, ye winds o-ver the o-cean Oh! blow, ye winds o-ver the
dim
mf
cresc
sea, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean, Oh, bring back my
bed, Last night as I lay on my pil-low, I dreamt that my
sea, Oh! blow ye winds o-ver the o-cean, And bring back my
dim
mf CHORUS
cresc
Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to
Bon-nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to
Bon-nie to me. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to
mf
cresc
dim
me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon-nie to me.

# Juanita


Andante
p
1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, ling'ring falls the south-ern moon, Far o'er the mountain
2. When in thy dream-ing, moons like these shall shine a-gain, And daylight beaming


mf
p
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not re- lent-ing, For thine ab- sent lov - er sigh,
mf
p
mf
Wear-y looks yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare- well. Ni-ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con- sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua - ni - ta!
rit
p
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

## Rock-a-bye, Baby


Slowly
mf
cresc
dim
1. Rock-a-bye, ba - by in the tree top, When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock;
2. Hush-a-bye, ba - by in the tree top,
cresc
dim
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall, And down will come ba - by, cra-dle and all.

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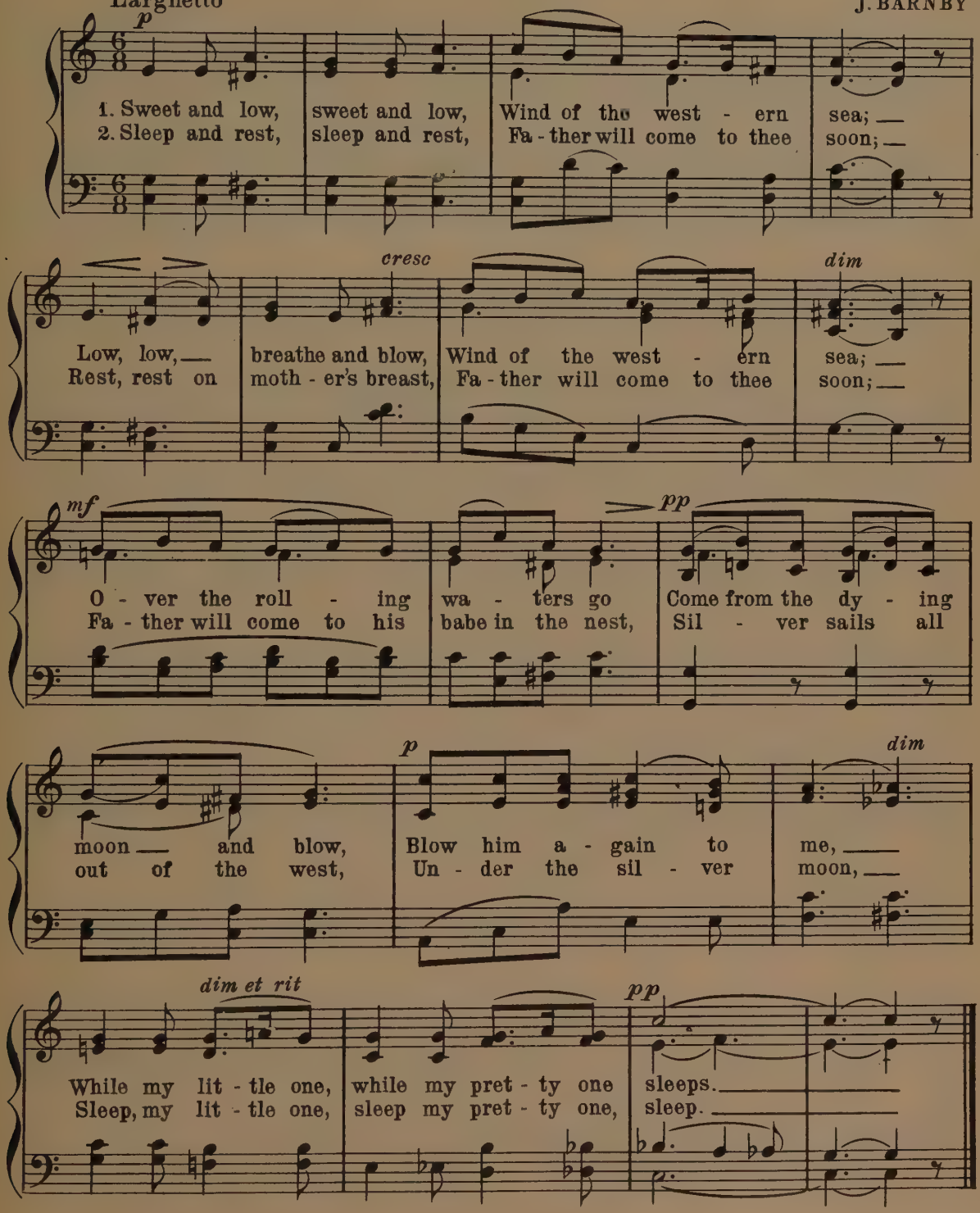
# Sweet And Low

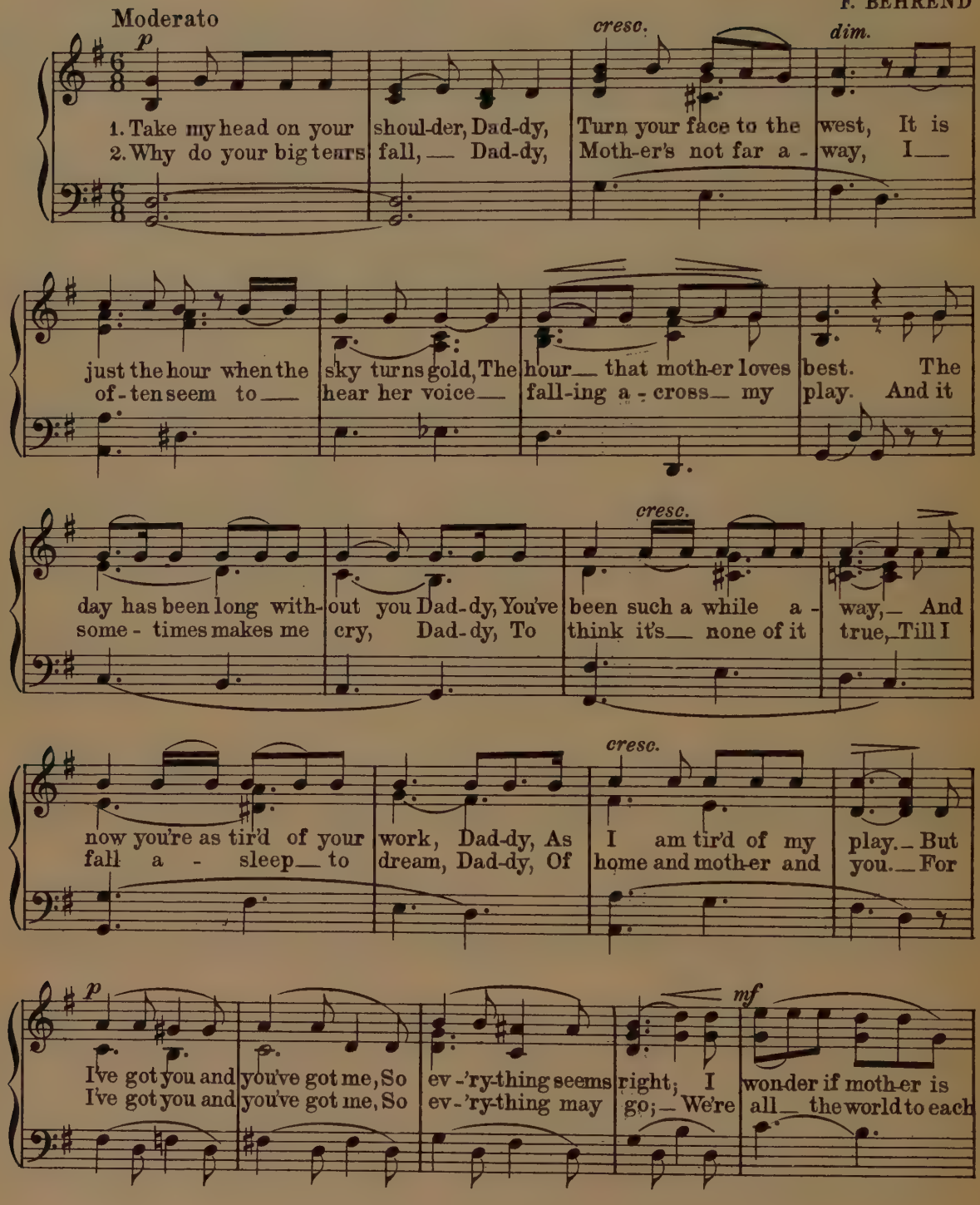
Larghetto

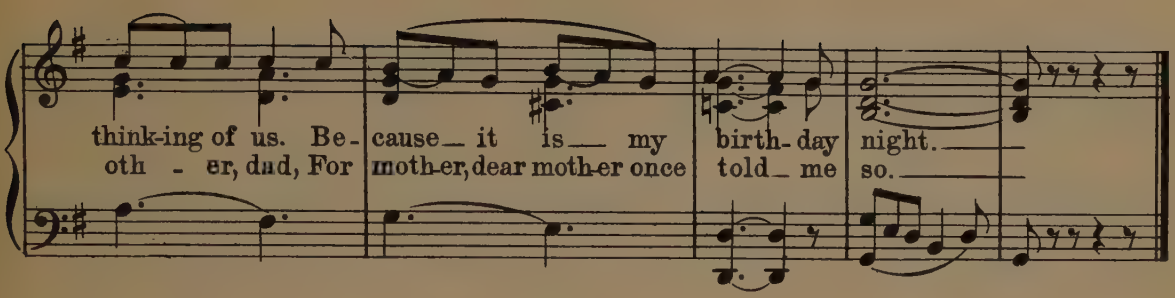
J. BARNBY


p
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
cresc
dim
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
mf
pp
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all
p
dim
moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,
dim et rit
pp
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.

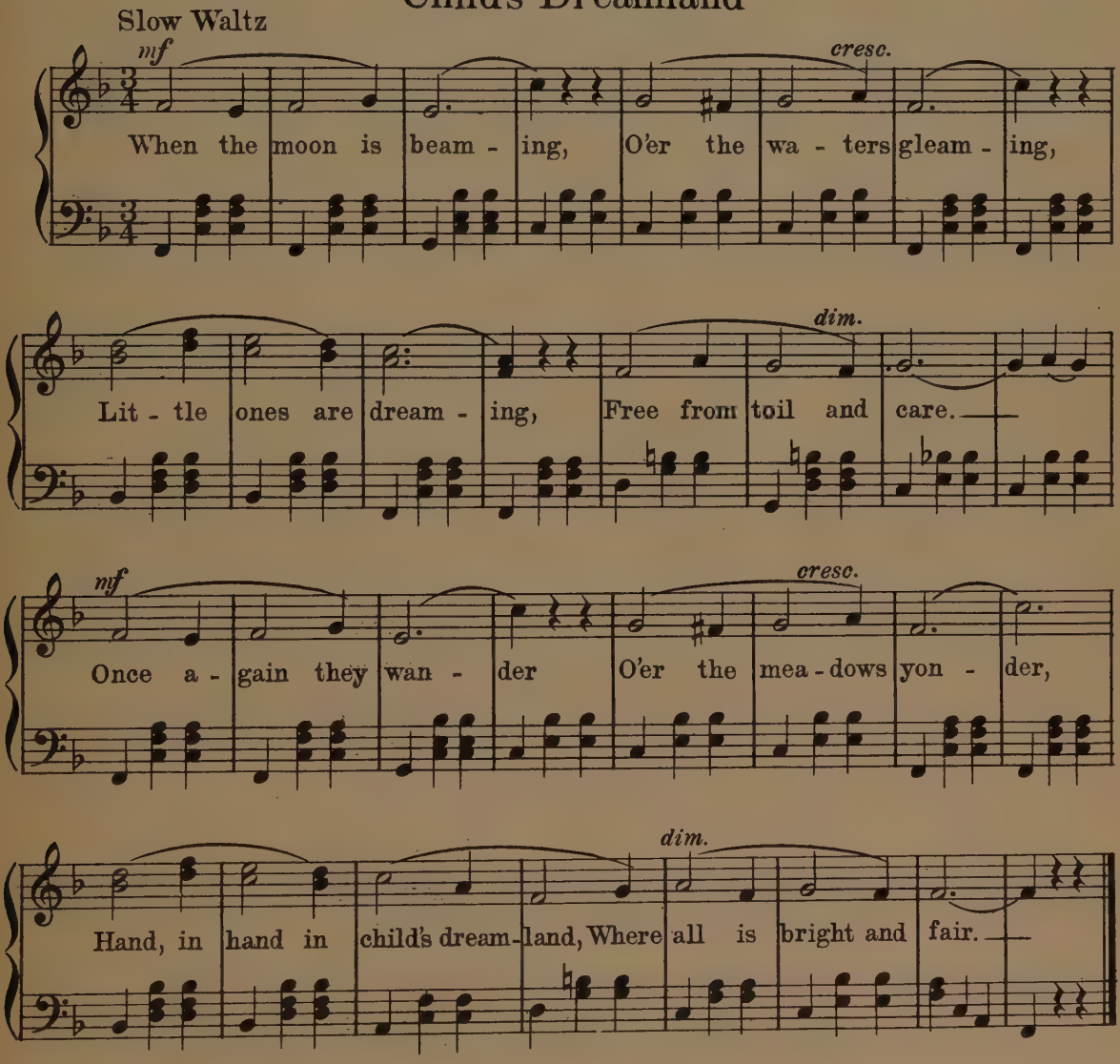
# Daddy

F. BEHREND

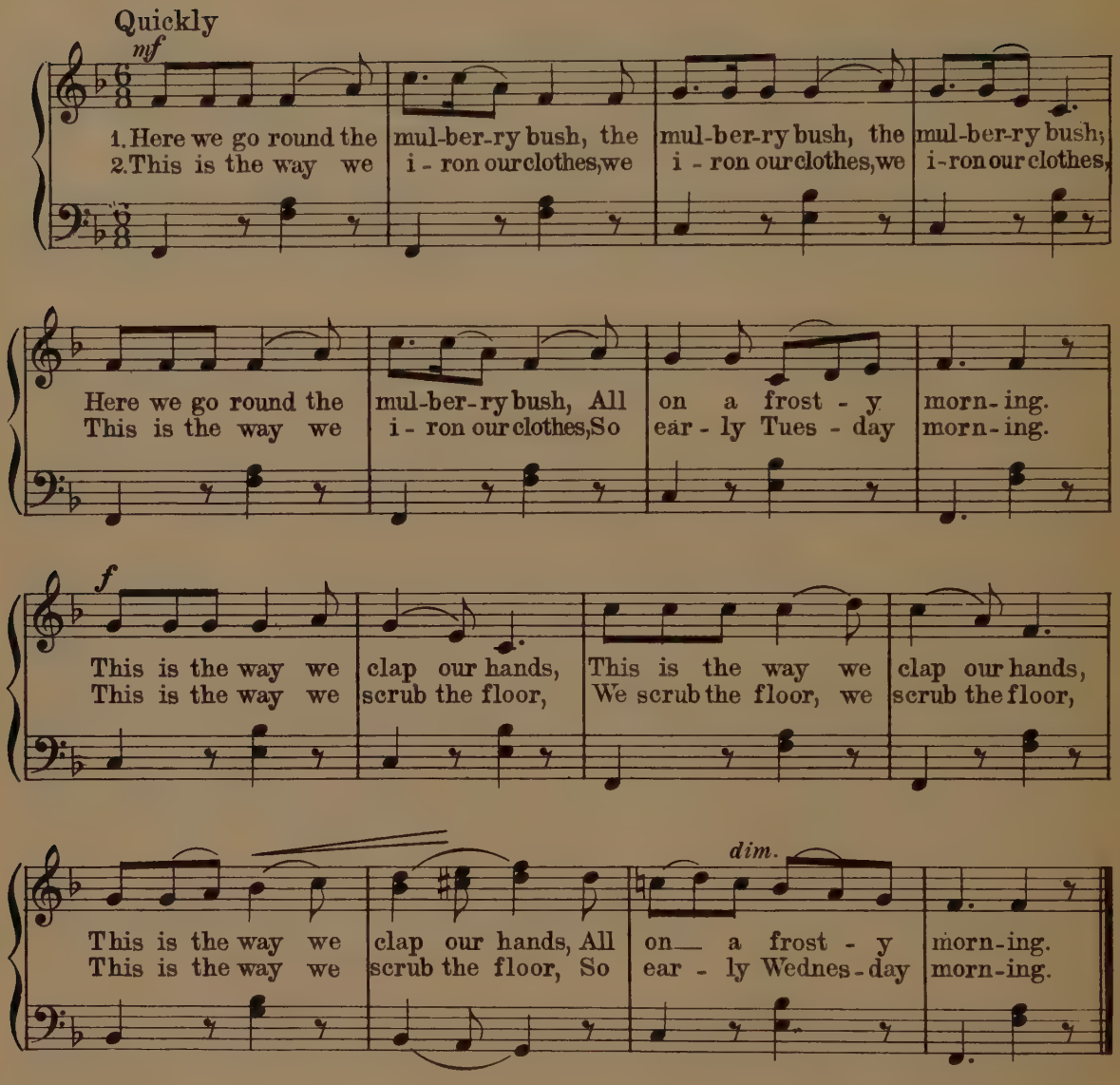

Moderato
p
cresc.
dim.
1. Take my head on your shoul-der, Dad-dy, Turn your face to the west, It is
2. Why do your big tears fall, — Dad-dy, Moth-er's not far a - way, I —
just the hour when the sky turns gold, The hour — that moth-er loves best. The
of - ten seem to — hear her voice — fall-ing a - cross — my play. And it
cresc.
day has been long with- out you Dad-dy, You've been such a while a - way, — And
some - times makes me cry, Dad-dy, To think it's — none of it true, Till I
cresc.
now you're as tir'd of your work, Dad-dy, As I am tir'd of my play. — But
fall a - sleep — to dream, Dad-dy, Of home and moth-er and you. — For
p
mf
I've got you and you've got me, So ev - 'ry-thing seems right; I wonder if moth-er is
I've got you and you've got me, So ev - 'ry-thing may go; — We're all — the world to each



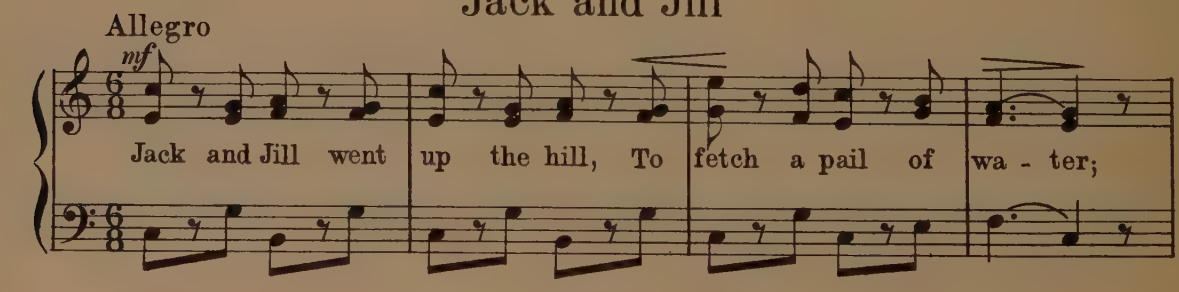

## Child's Dreamland

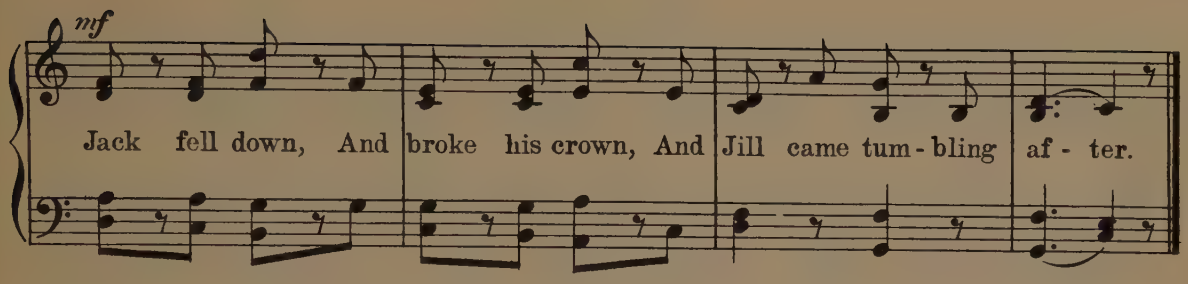

Slow Waltz
mf
cresc.
When the moon is beam - ing, O'er the wa - ters gleam - ing,
dim.
Lit - tle ones are dream - ing, Free from toil and care.
mf
cresc.
Once a - gain they wan - der O'er the mea - dows yon - der,
dim.
Hand, in hand in child's dream-land, Where all is bright and fair.

# The Mulberry Bush

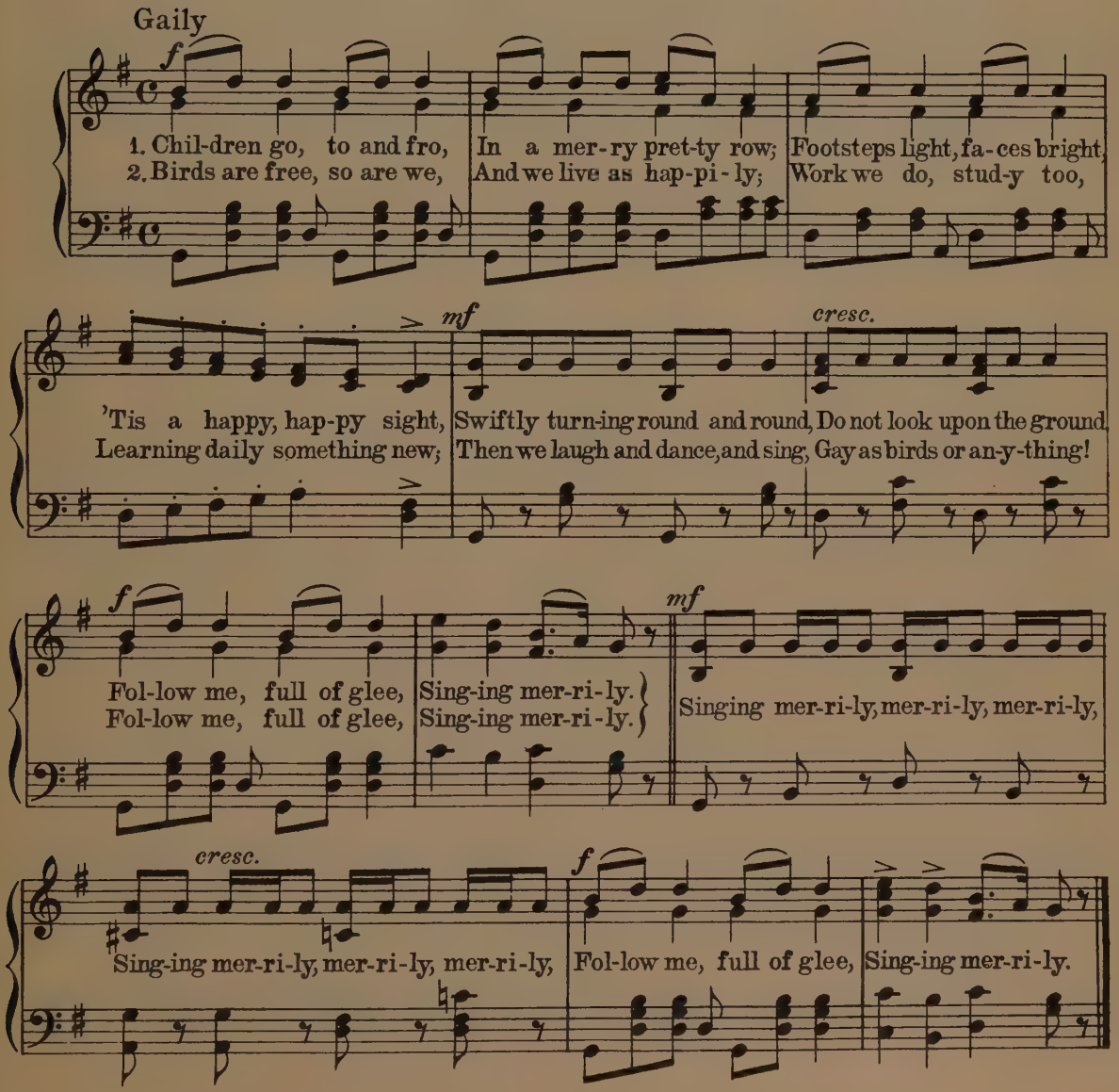

Quickly
mf
1. Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush;
2. This is the way we i - ron our clothes, we i - ron our clothes, we i - ron our clothes,
Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, All on a frost - y morn-ing.
This is the way we i - ron our clothes, So ear - ly Tues - day morn-ing.
f
This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we clap our hands,
This is the way we scrub the floor, We scrub the floor, we scrub the floor,
dim.
This is the way we clap our hands, All on a frost - y morn-ing.
This is the way we scrub the floor, So ear - ly Wednes - day morn-ing.

# Jack and Jill





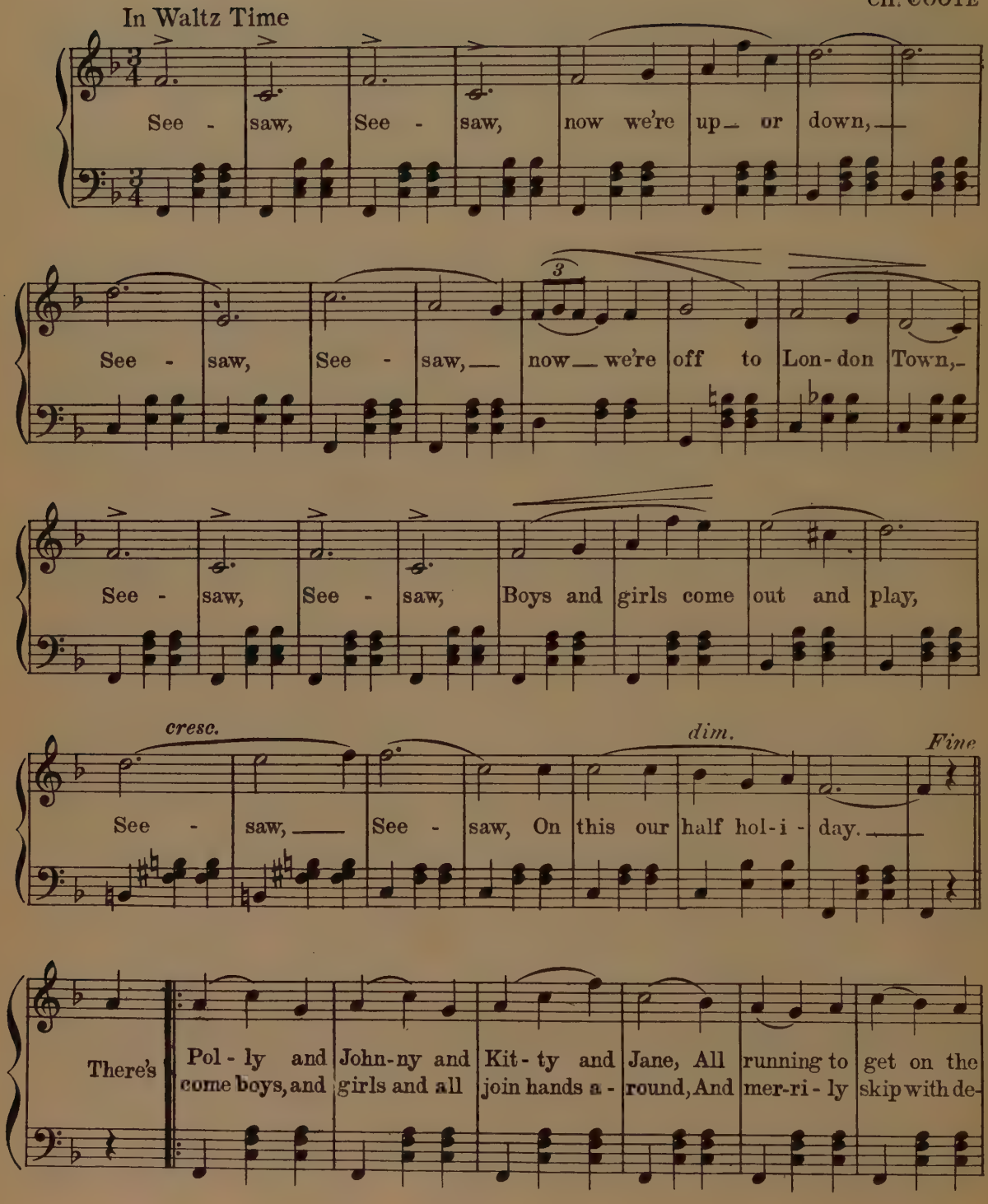

## Follow Me, Full of Glee

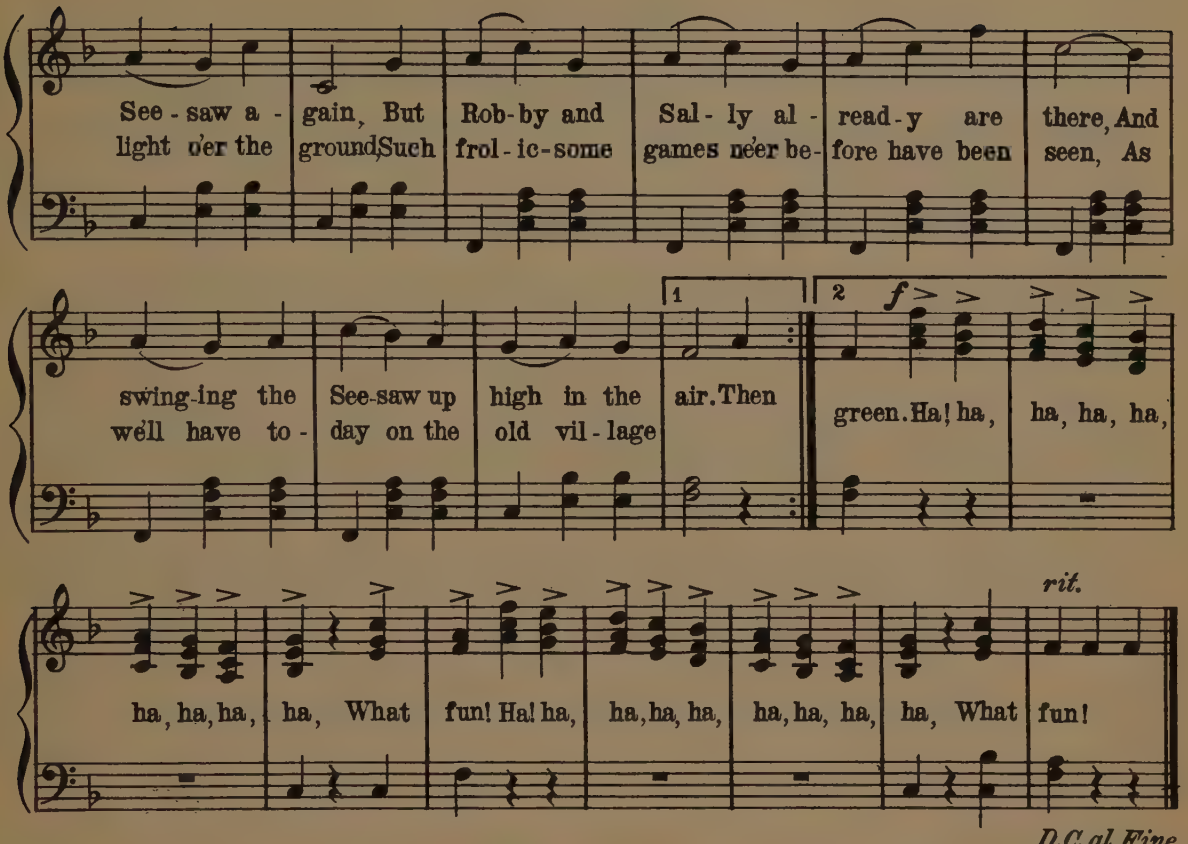

Gaily
f
1. Chil-dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry pret-ty row; Footsteps light, fa-ces bright,
2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y too,
mf
cresc.
'Tis a happy, hap-py sight, Swiftly turn-ing round and round, Do not look upon the ground,
Learning daily something new; Then we laugh and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing!
f
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.
mf
Singing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
cresc.
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
f
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

# See-Saw

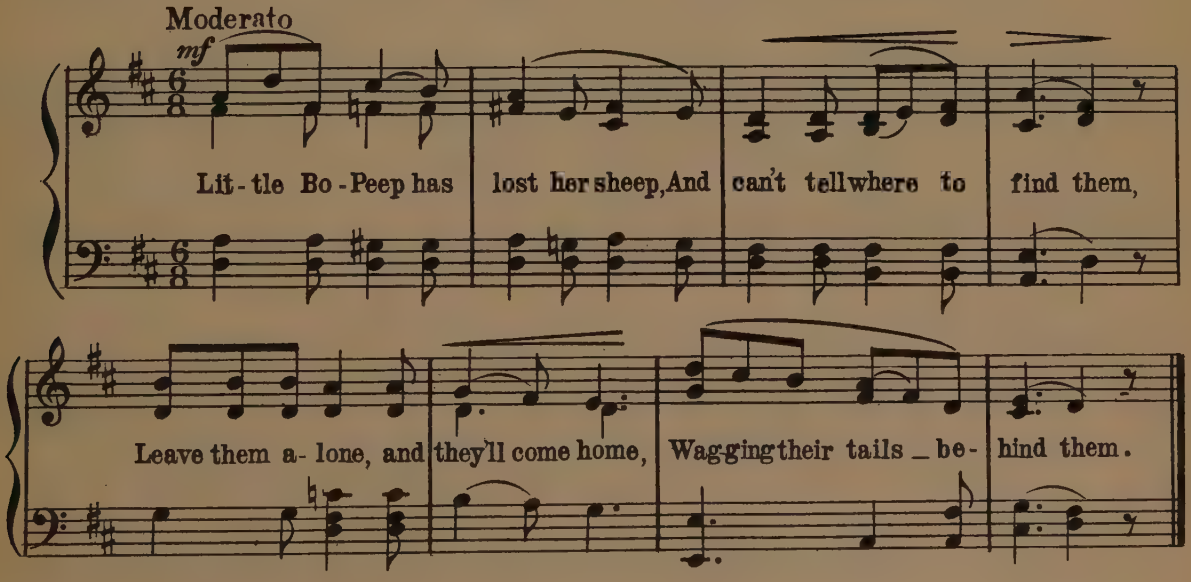
CH. COOTE

In Waltz Time

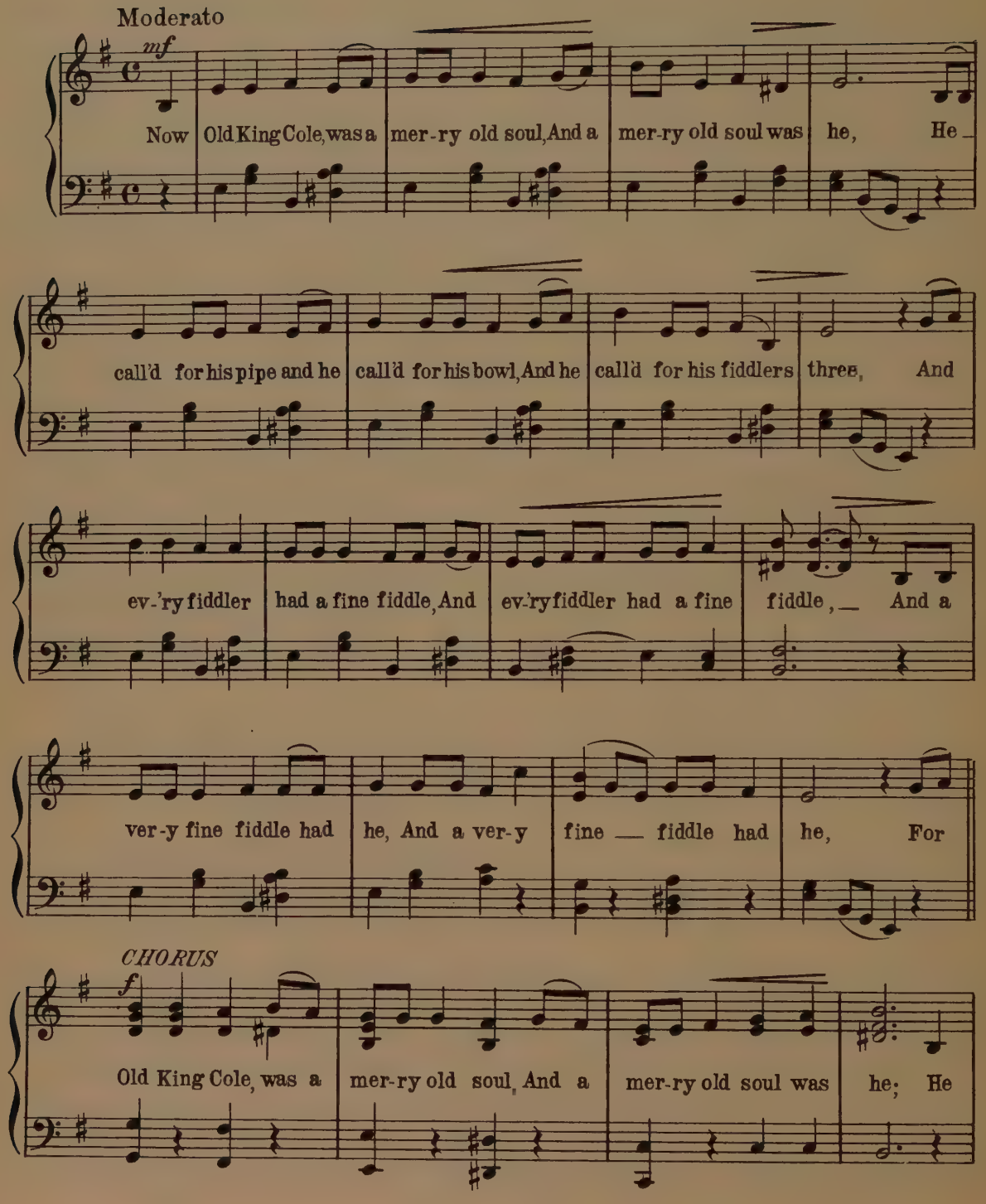

See - saw, See - saw, now we're up or down,
See - saw, See - saw, now we're off to Lon-don Town,
3
See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play,
cresc.
dim.
Fine
See - saw, See - saw, On this our half hol-i - day.
There's Pol - ly and John-ny and Kit - ty and Jane, All running to get on the
come boys, and girls and all join hands a - round, And mer-ri - ly skip with de-

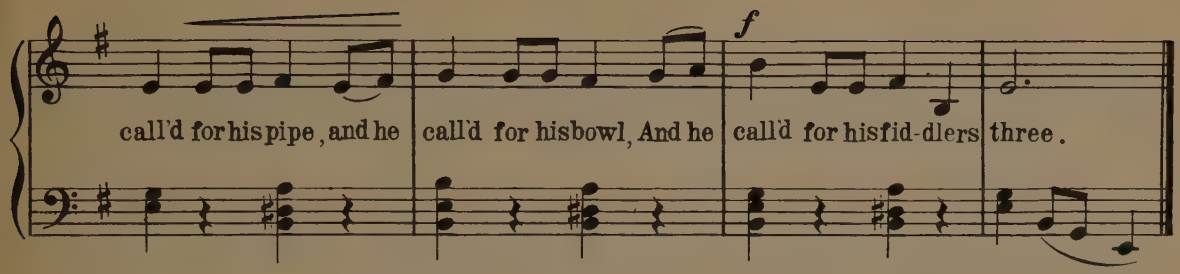

See - saw a - gain, But Rob - by and Sal - ly al - read - y are there, And
light o'er the ground Such frol - ic - some games ne'er be - fore have been seen, As
swing - ing the See - saw up high in the air. Then
we'll have to - day on the old vil - lage green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
1
2
f
ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun!
rit.
D.C. al Fine.

## Little Bo-Peep


Moderato
mf
Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,
Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails _ be - hind them.

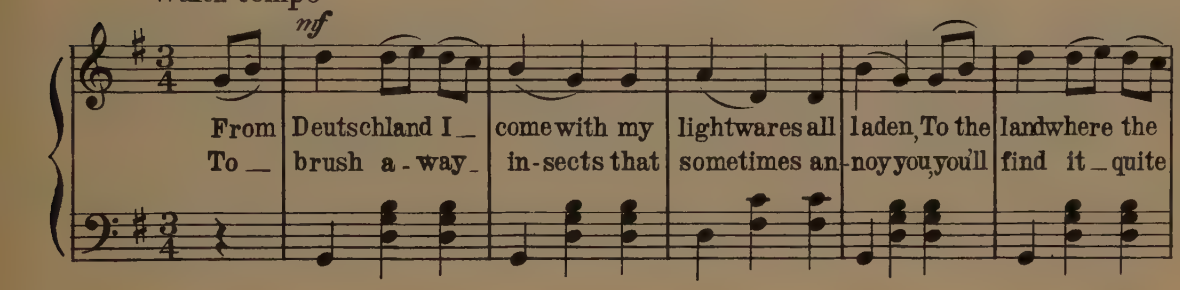
# Old King Cole

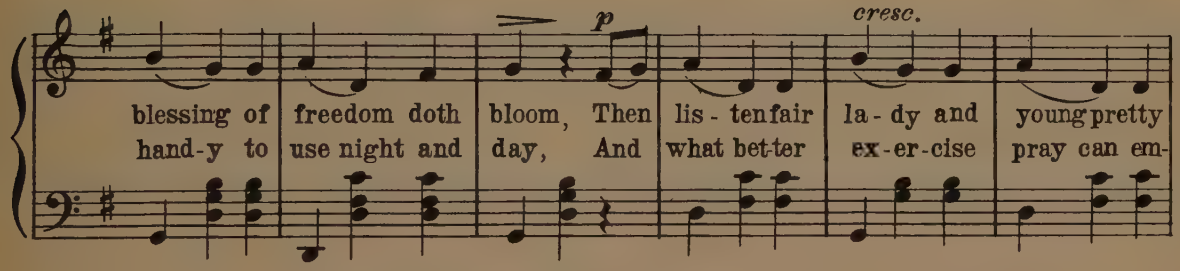

Moderato
mf
Now Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, He
call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fiddlers three, And
ev-'ry fiddler had a fine fiddle, And ev-'ry fiddler had a fine fiddle, And a
ver-y fine fiddle had he, And a ver-y fine fiddle had he, For
CHORUS
f
Old King Cole, was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he; He

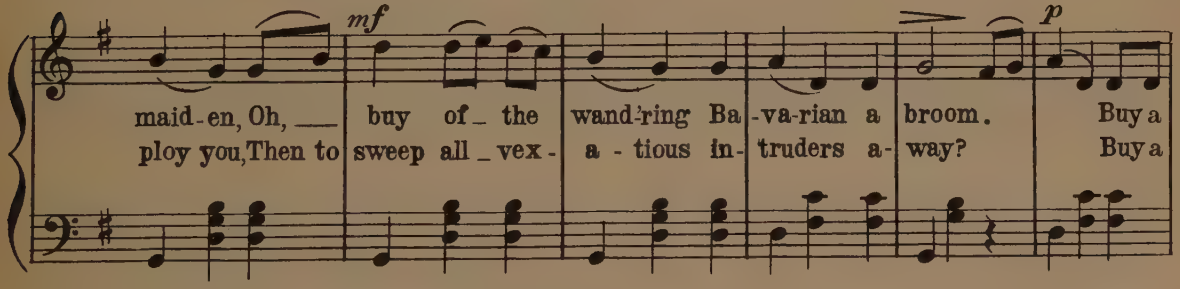


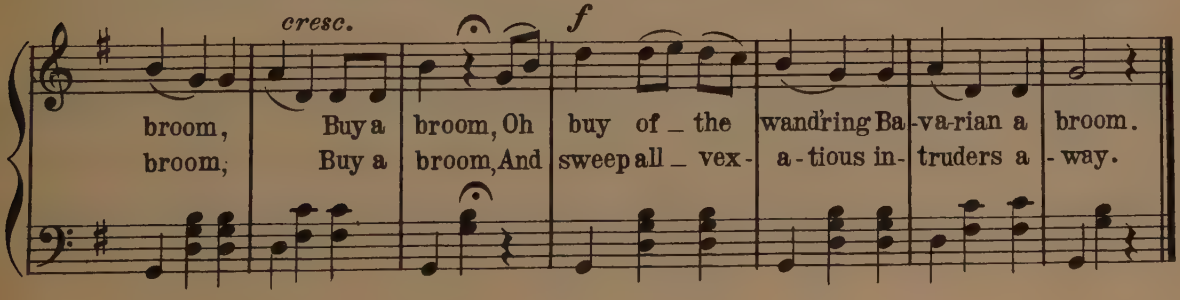

# Buy A Broom

Waltz tempo


mf
From Deutschland I_ come with my light wares all laden, To the land where the
To_ brush a-way_ in-sects that sometimes an-noy you, you'll find it_ quite

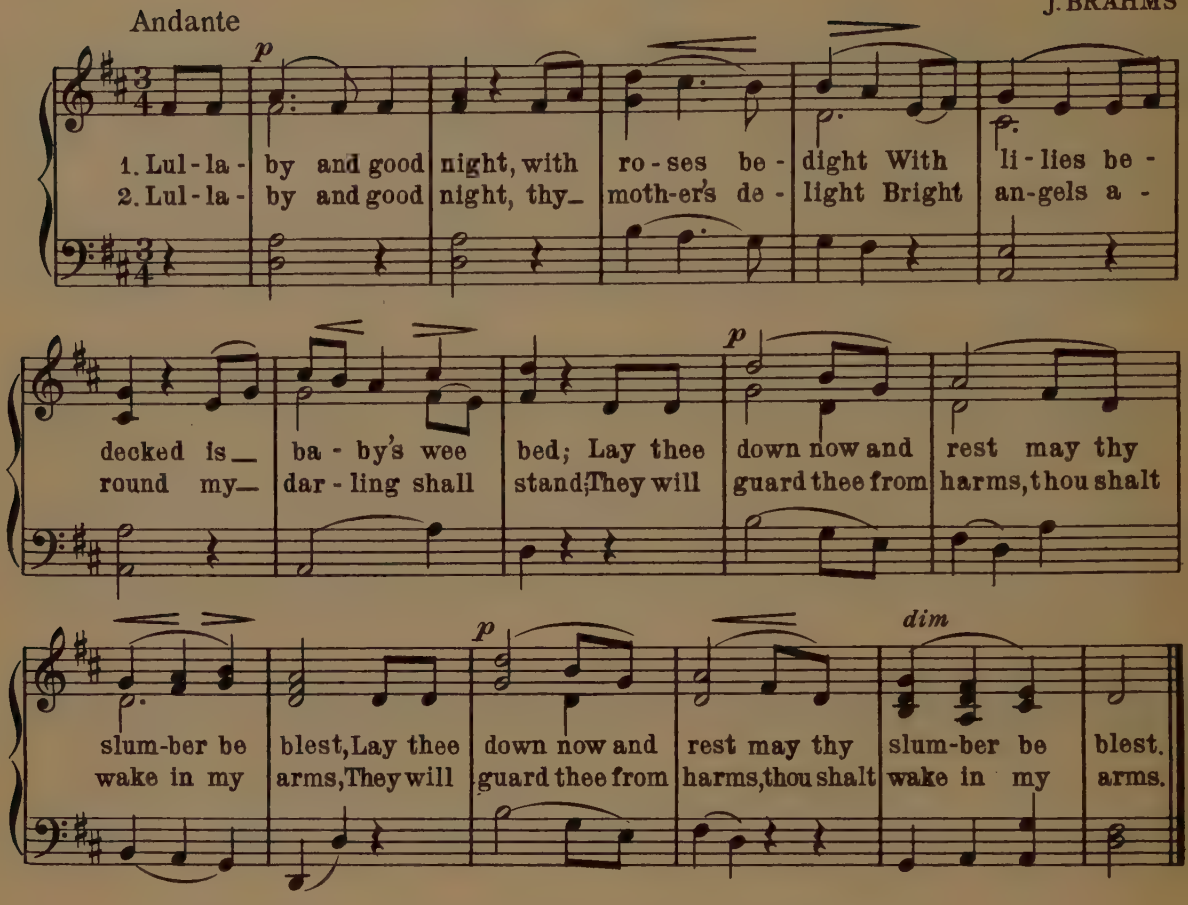

p
cresc.
blessing of freedom doth bloom, Then lis-ten fair la-dy and young pretty
hand-y to use night and day, And what bet-ter ex-er-cise pray can em-



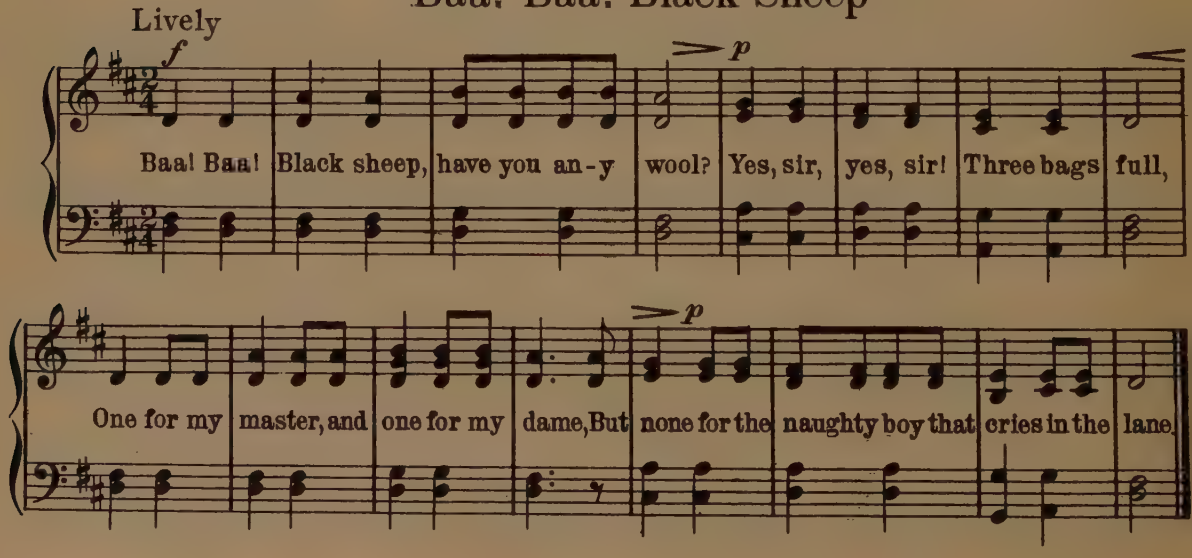



# Cradle Song

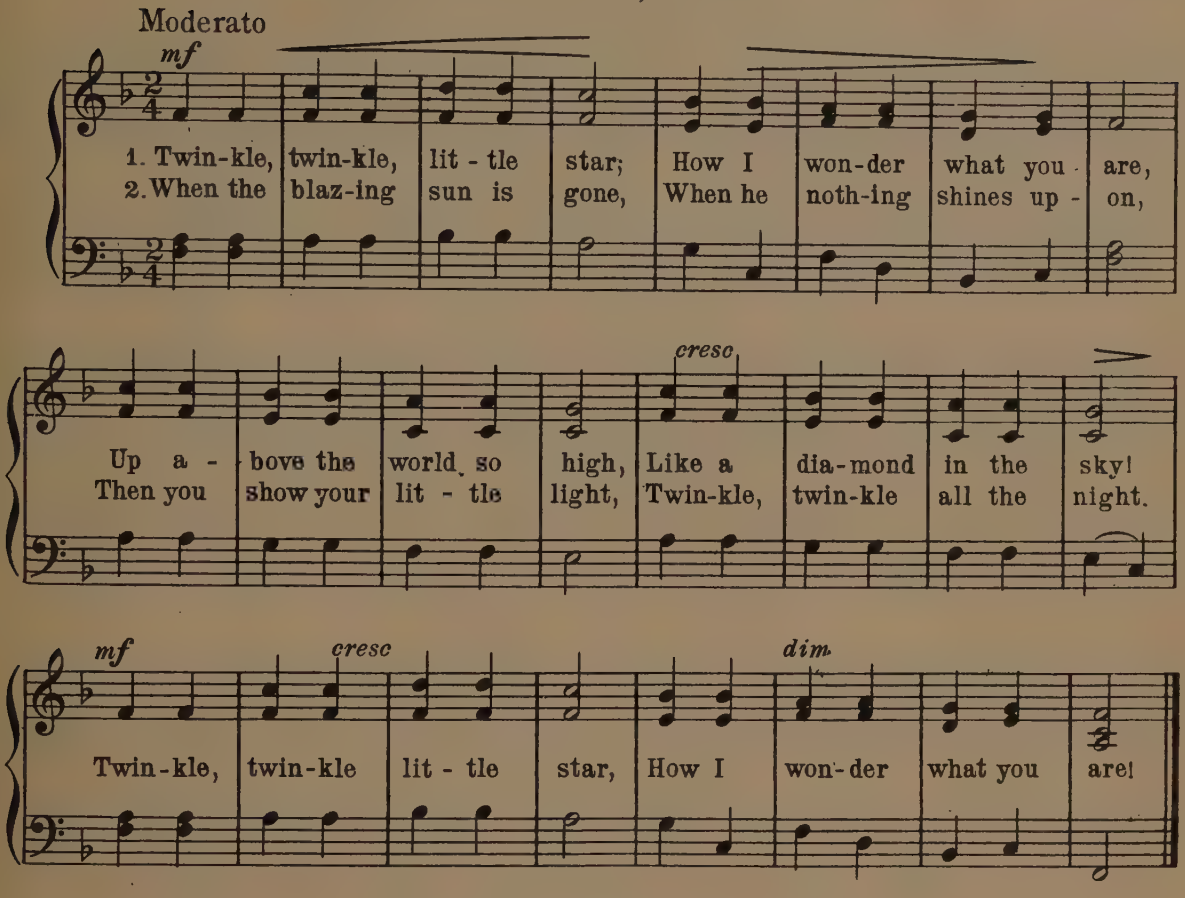
J. BRAHMS


Andante
p
1. Lul - la - by and good night, with ro - ses be - dight With li - lies be -
2. Lul - la - by and good night, thy_ moth-er's de - light Bright an-gels a -
decked is_ ba - by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and rest may thy
round my_ dar - ling shall stand; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt
slum-ber be blest, Lay thee down now and rest may thy slum-ber be blest.
wake in my arms, They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.
dim

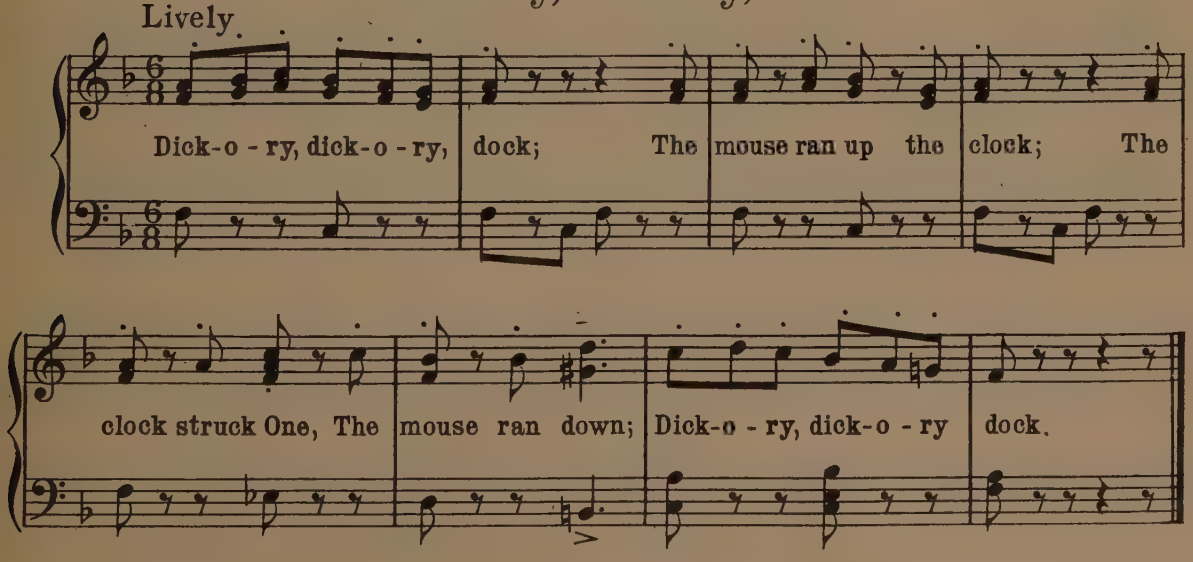
# Baa! Baa! Black Sheep


Lively
f
Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an - y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full,
p
One for my master, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

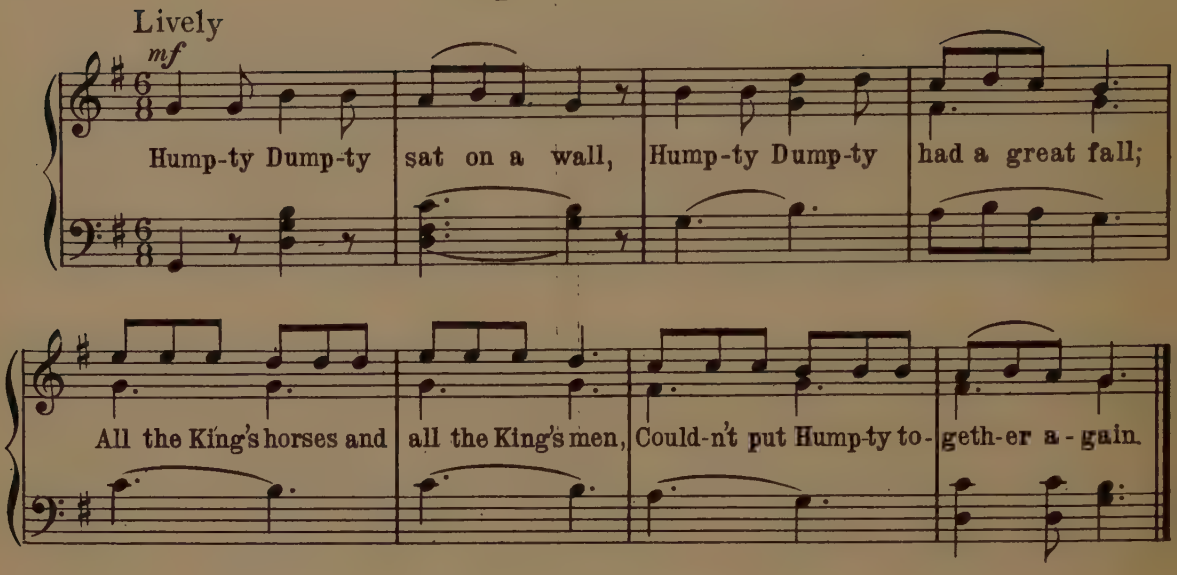
# Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star


Moderato
mf
1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star; How I won-der what you are,
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up - on,
cresc
Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky!
Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night.
mf
cresc
dim
Twin-kle, twin-kle lit - tle star, How I won-der what you are!

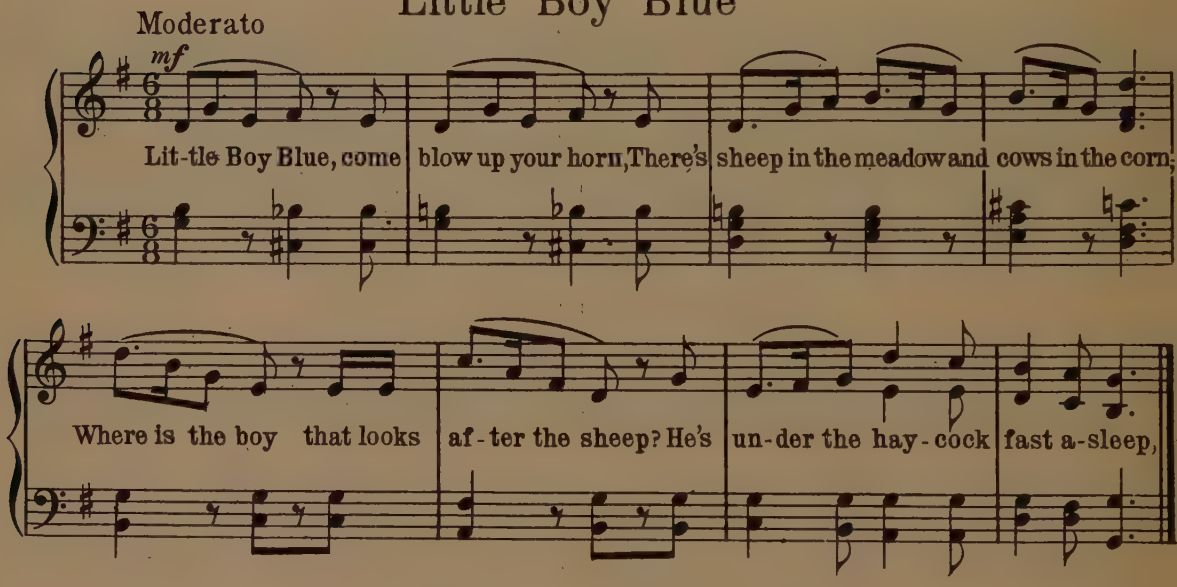
# Dickory, Dickory, Dock



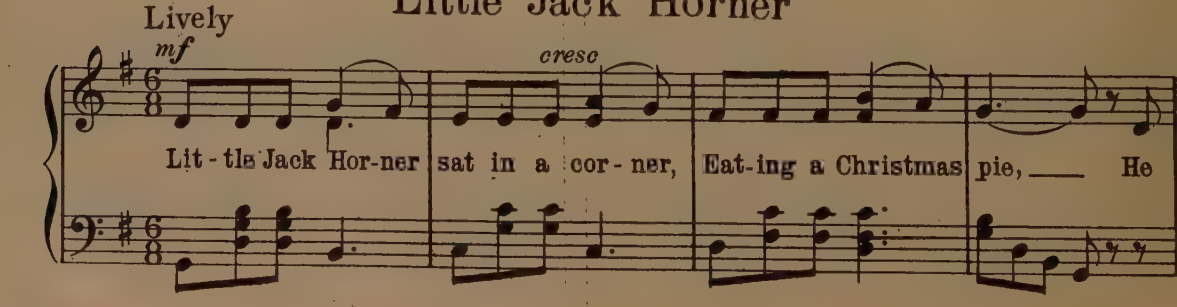
## Humpty Dumpty

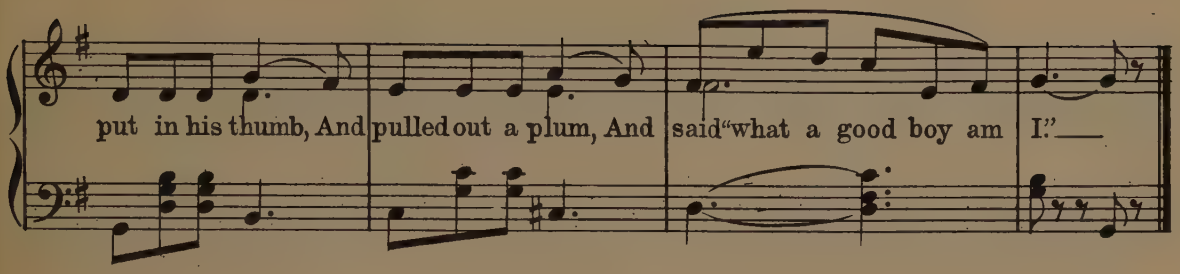

Lively
mf
Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Hump-ty Dump-ty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men, Could-n't put Hump-ty to-geth-er a-gain.

## Little Boy Blue

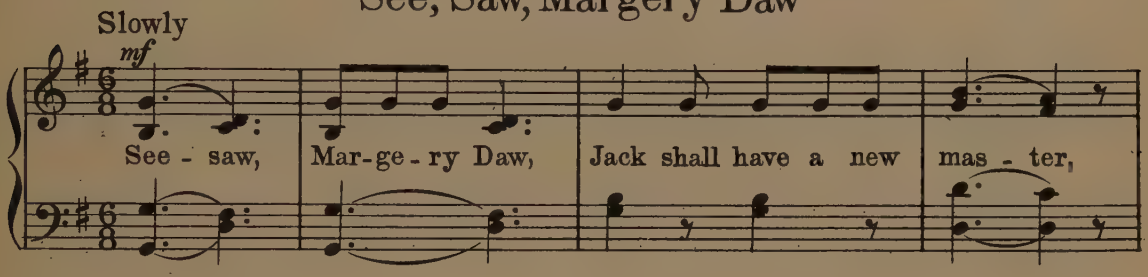

Moderato
mf
Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn;
Where is the boy that looks af-ter the sheep? He's un-der the hay-cock fast a-sleep,

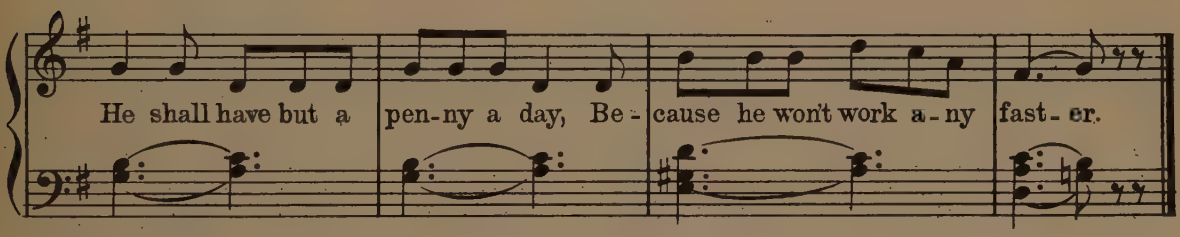
## Little Jack Horner



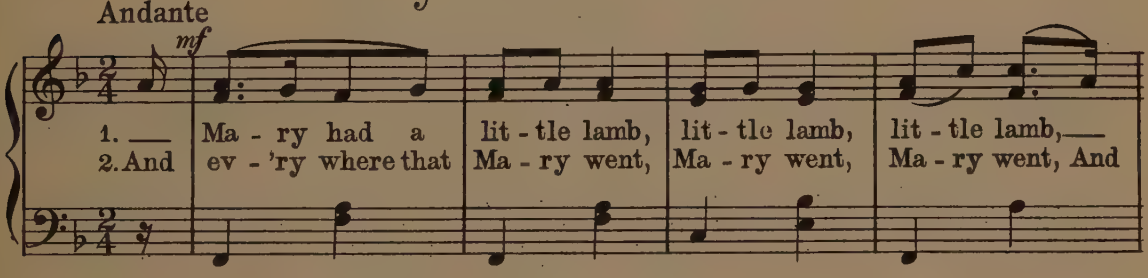


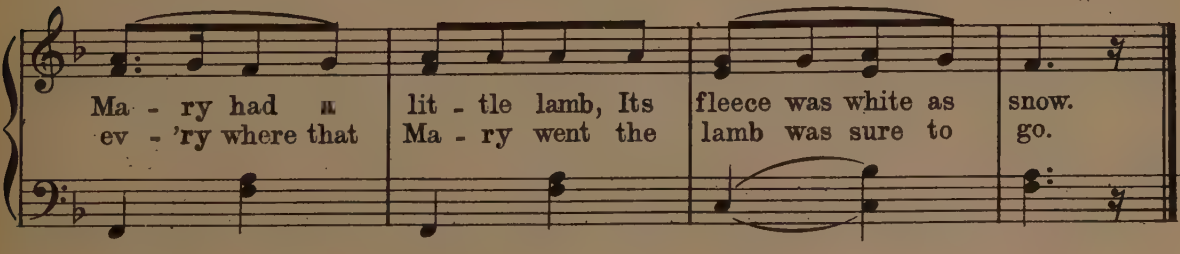

## See, Saw, Margery Daw



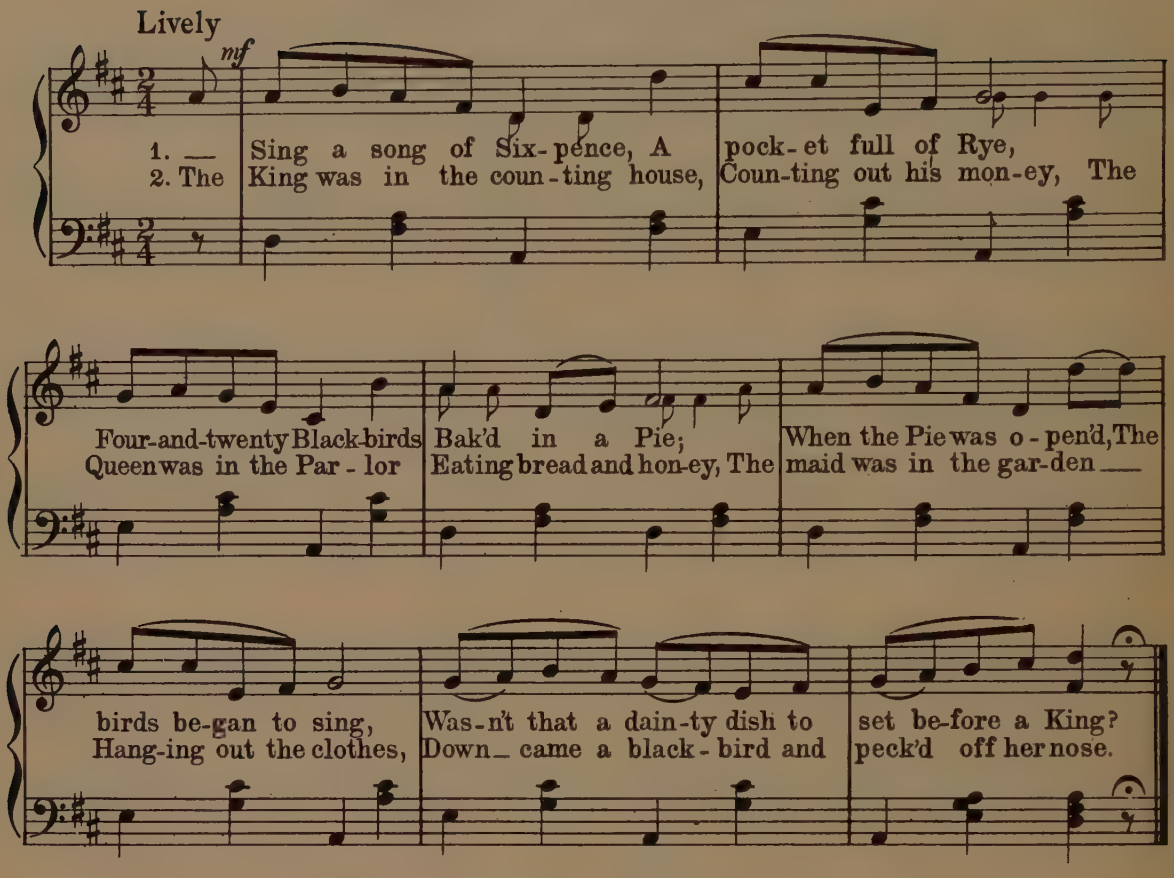




## Mary Had A Little Lamb

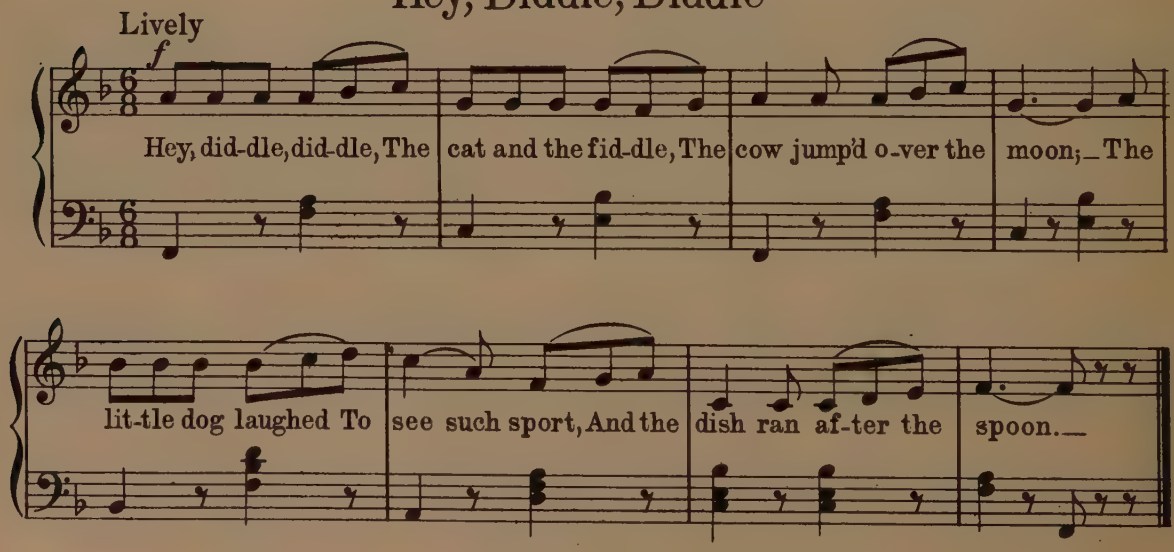


# Sing A Song of Sixpence


Lively
mf
1. — Sing a song of Six-pence, A pock-et full of Rye,
2. The King was in the coun-ting house, Coun-ting out his mon-ey, The
Four-and-twenty Black-birds Bak'd in a Pie; When the Pie was o-pen'd, The
Queen was in the Par-lor Eating bread and hon-ey, The maid was in the gar-den —
birds be-gan to sing, Was-n't that a dain-ty dish to set be-fore a King?
Hang-ing out the clothes, Down came a black-bird and peck'd off her nose.

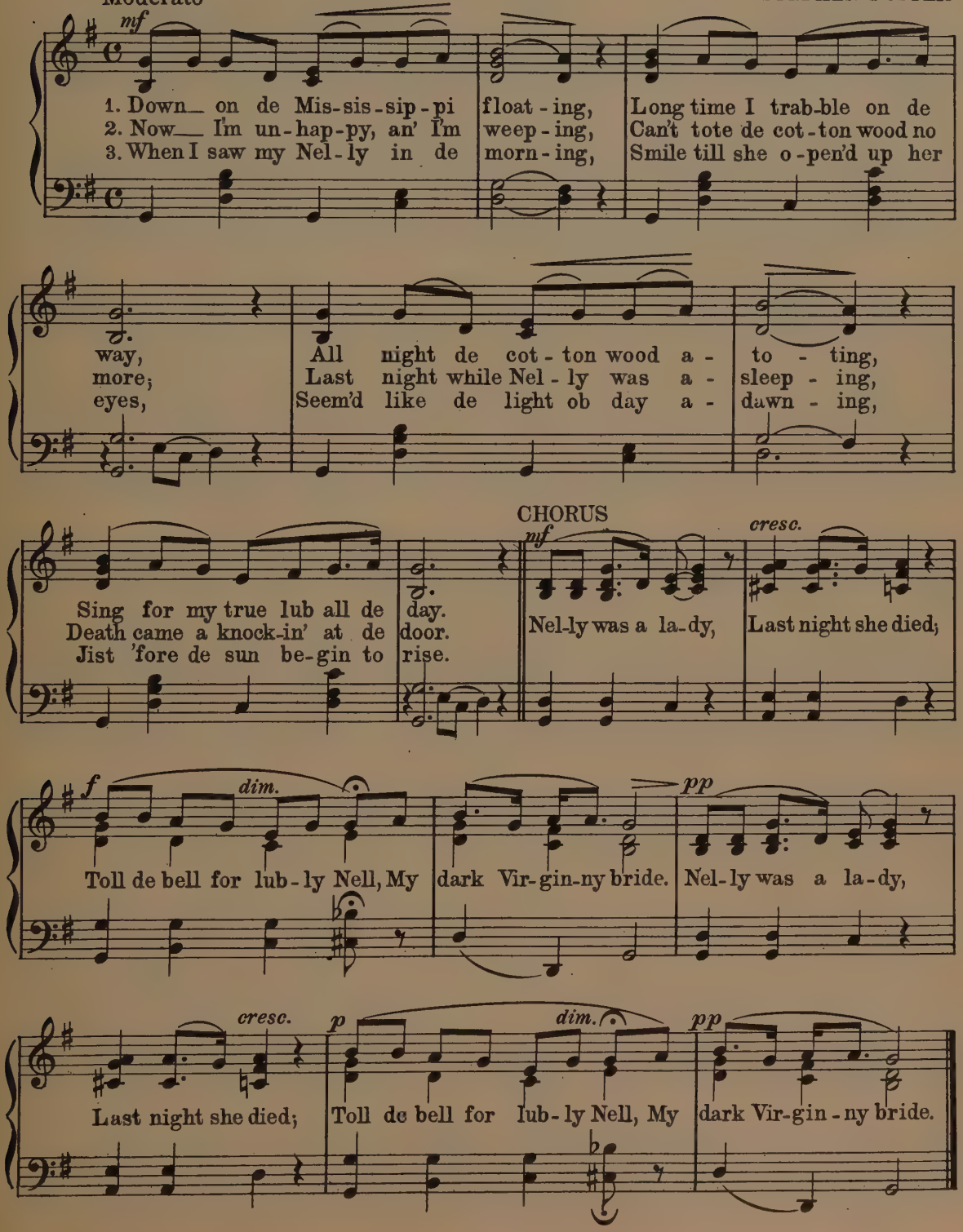
# Hey, Diddle, Diddle


Lively
f
Hey, did-dle, did-dle, The cat and the fid-dle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon; — The
lit-tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran af-ter the spoon. —

# Nelly Was A Lady

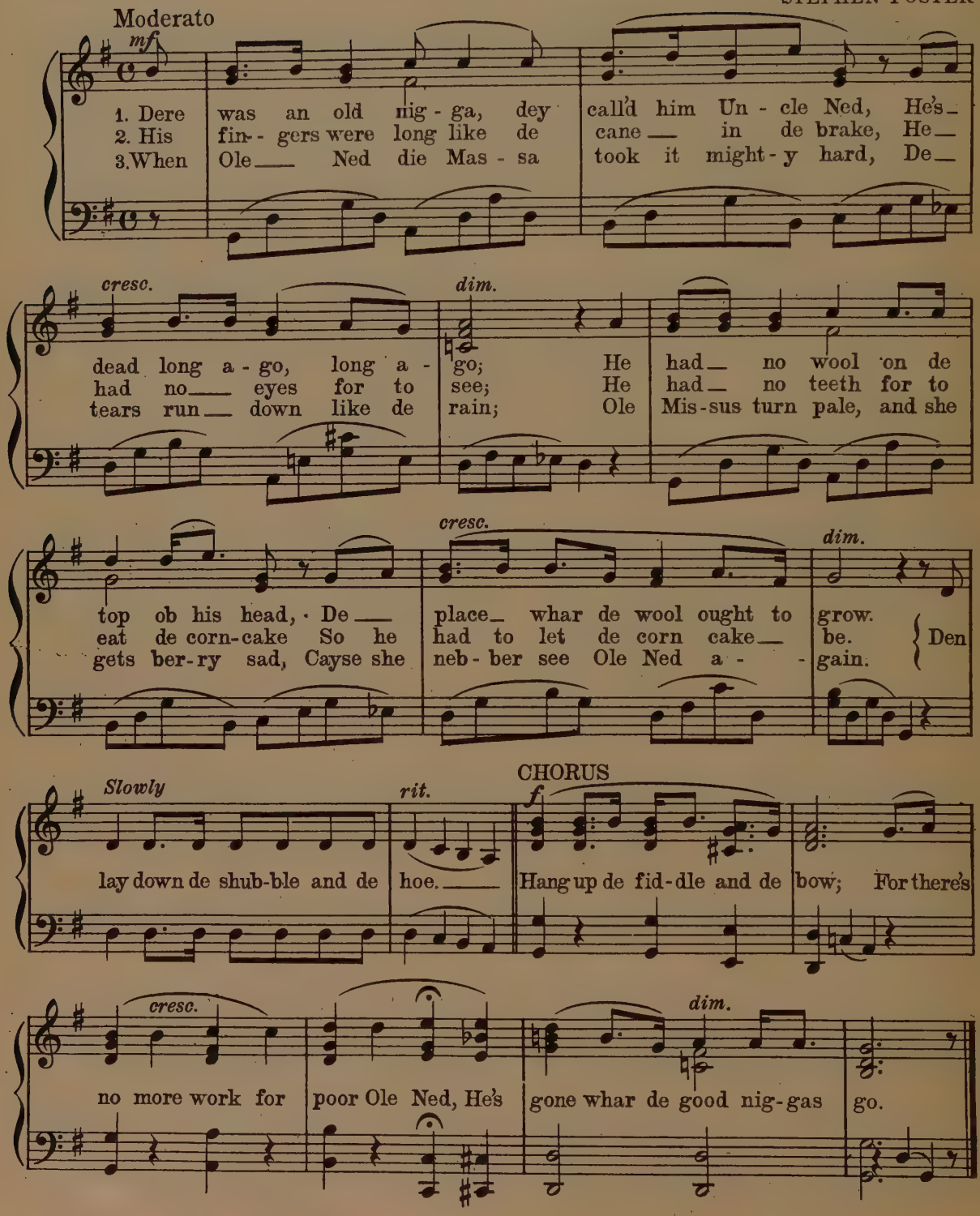
Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER


mf
1. Down on de Mis-sis-sip-pi float-ing, Long time I trab-ble on de
2. Now I'm un-hap-py, an' I'm weep-ing, Can't tote de cot-ton wood no
3. When I saw my Nel-ly in de morn-ing, Smile till she o-pen'd up her
way, All night de cot-ton wood a- to-ting,
more; Last night while Nel-ly was a- sleep-ing,
eyes, Seem'd like de light ob day a- dawn-ing,
CHORUS
mf
cresc.
Sing for my true lub all de day.
Death came a knock-in' at de door.
Jist 'fore de sun be-gin to rise.
Nel-ly was a la-dy,
Last night she died;
f
dim.
pp
Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell, My dark Vir-gin-ny bride.
Nel-ly was a la-dy,
cresc.
p
dim.
pp
Last night she died;
Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell, My dark Vir-gin-ny bride.

# Uncle Ned

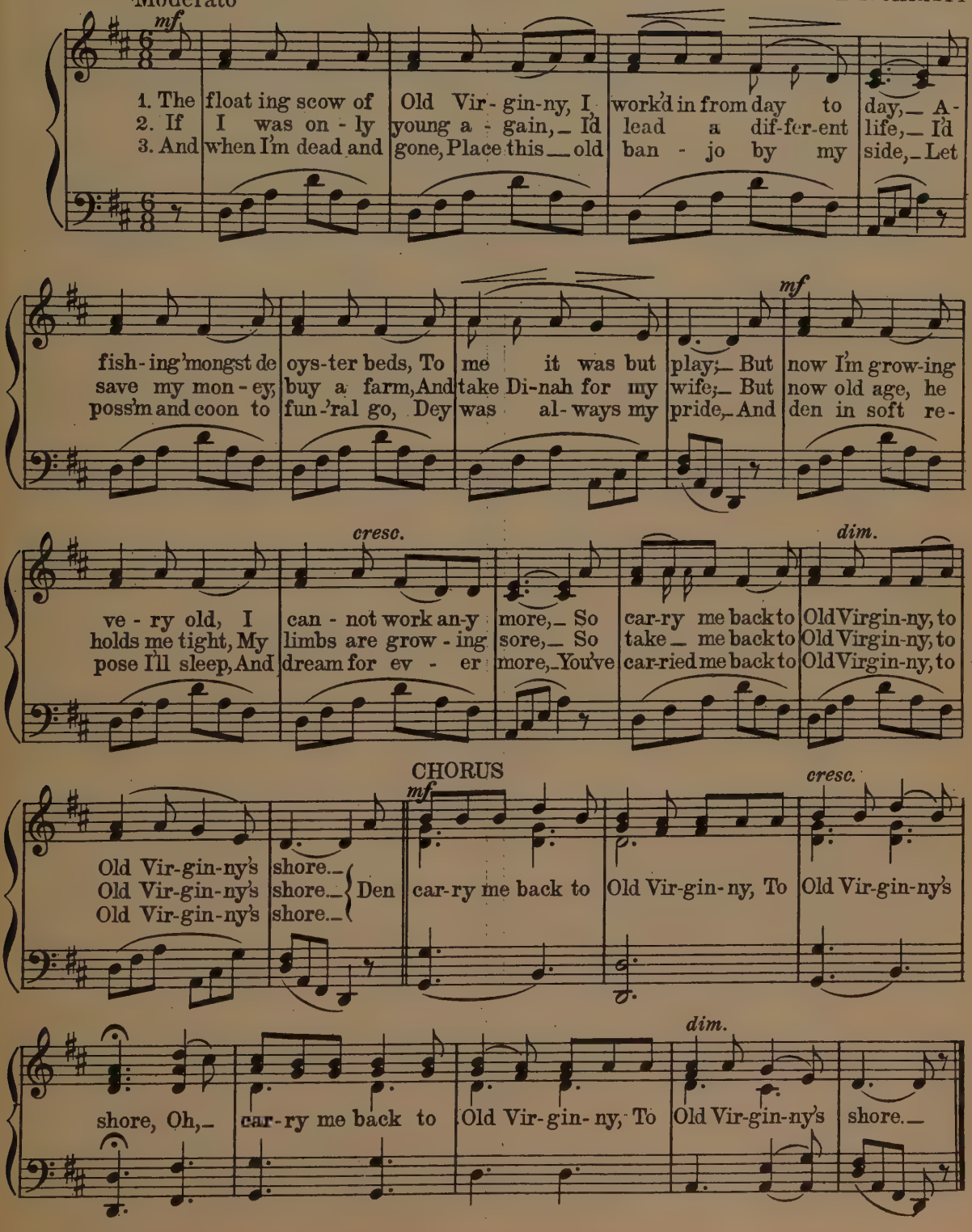
STEPHEN FOSTER


Moderato
mf
1. Dere was an old nig - ga, dey call'd him Un - cle Ned, He's
2. His fin - gers were long like de cane in de brake, He
3. When Ole Ned die Mas - sa took it might - y hard, De
cresc.
dim.
dead long a - go, long a - go; He had no wool on de
had no eyes for to see; He had no teeth for to
tears run down like de rain; Ole Mis-sus turn pale, and she
cresc.
dim.
top ob his head, De place whar de wool ought to grow.
eat de corn-cake So he had to let de corn cake be. Den
gets ber-ry sad, Cayse she neb - ber see Ole Ned a - gain.
CHORUS
Slowly
rit.
f
lay down de shub-ble and de hoe. Hang up de fid-dle and de bow; For there's
cresc.
dim.
no more work for poor Ole Ned, He's gone whar de good nig-gas go.

# Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny

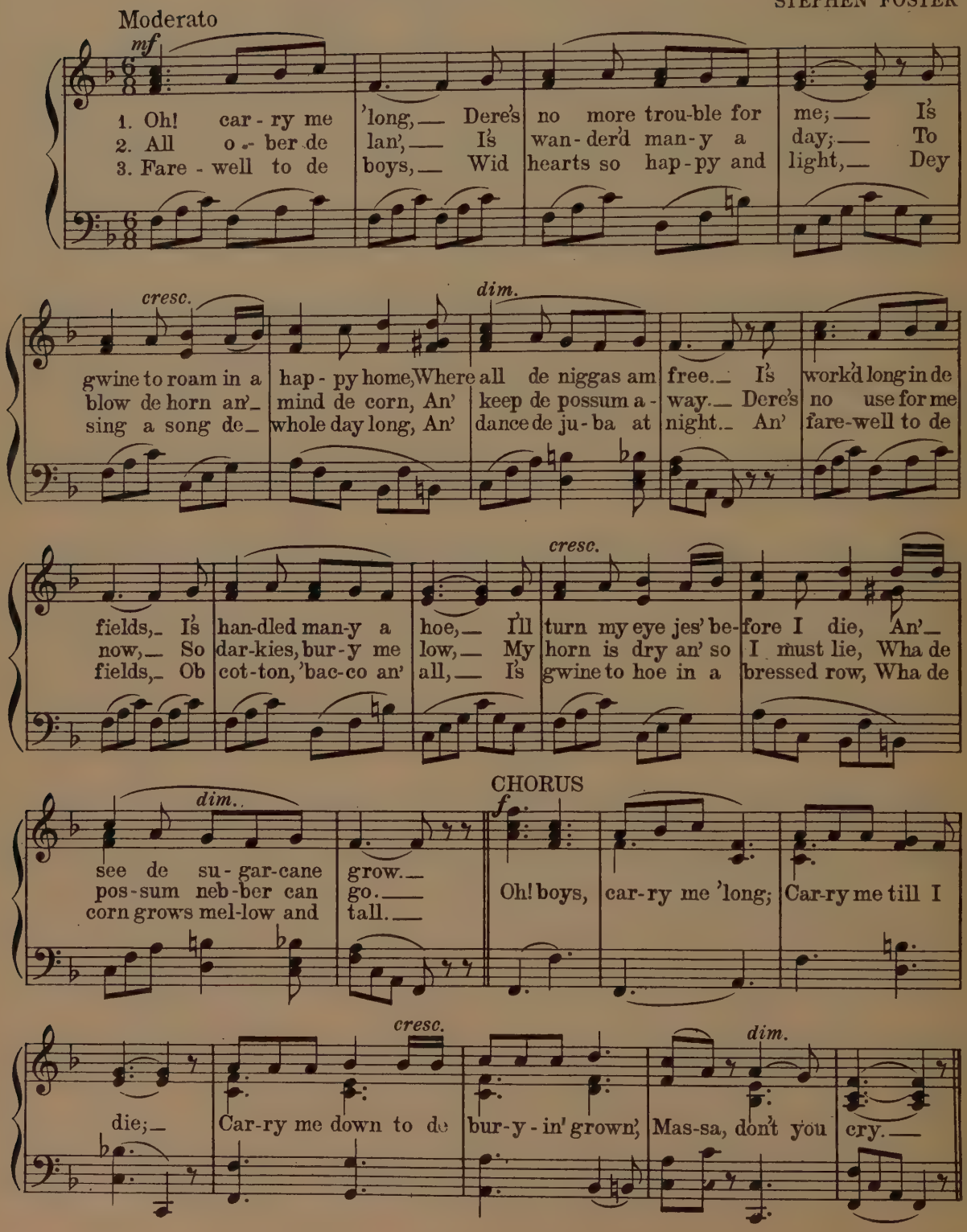
Moderato

E. P. CHRISTY


mf
1. The float ing scow of Old Vir - gin-ny, I work'd in from day to day,— A-
2. If I was on - ly young a - gain,— I'd lead a dif-fer-ent life,— I'd
3. And when I'm dead and gone, Place this — old ban - jo by my side,— Let
fish - ing 'mongst de oys-ter beds, To me it was but play;— But now I'm grow-ing
save my mon - ey, buy a farm, And take Di-nah for my wife;— But now old age, he
poss'm and coon to fun-'ral go, Dey was al-ways my pride,— And den in soft re-
mf
cresc.
dim.
ve - ry old, I can - not work an-y more,— So car-ry me back to Old Virgin-ny, to
holds me tight, My limbs are grow - ing sore,— So take — me back to Old Virgin-ny, to
pose I'll sleep, And dream for ev - er more,— You've car-ried me back to Old Virgin-ny, to
CHORUS
mf
cresc.
Old Vir-gin-ny's shore.—
Old Vir-gin-ny's shore.— Den car-ry me back to Old Vir-gin-ny, To Old Vir-gin-ny's
Old Vir-gin-ny's shore.—
dim.
shore, Oh,— car-ry me back to Old Vir-gin- ny, To Old Vir-gin-ny's shore.—

# Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long

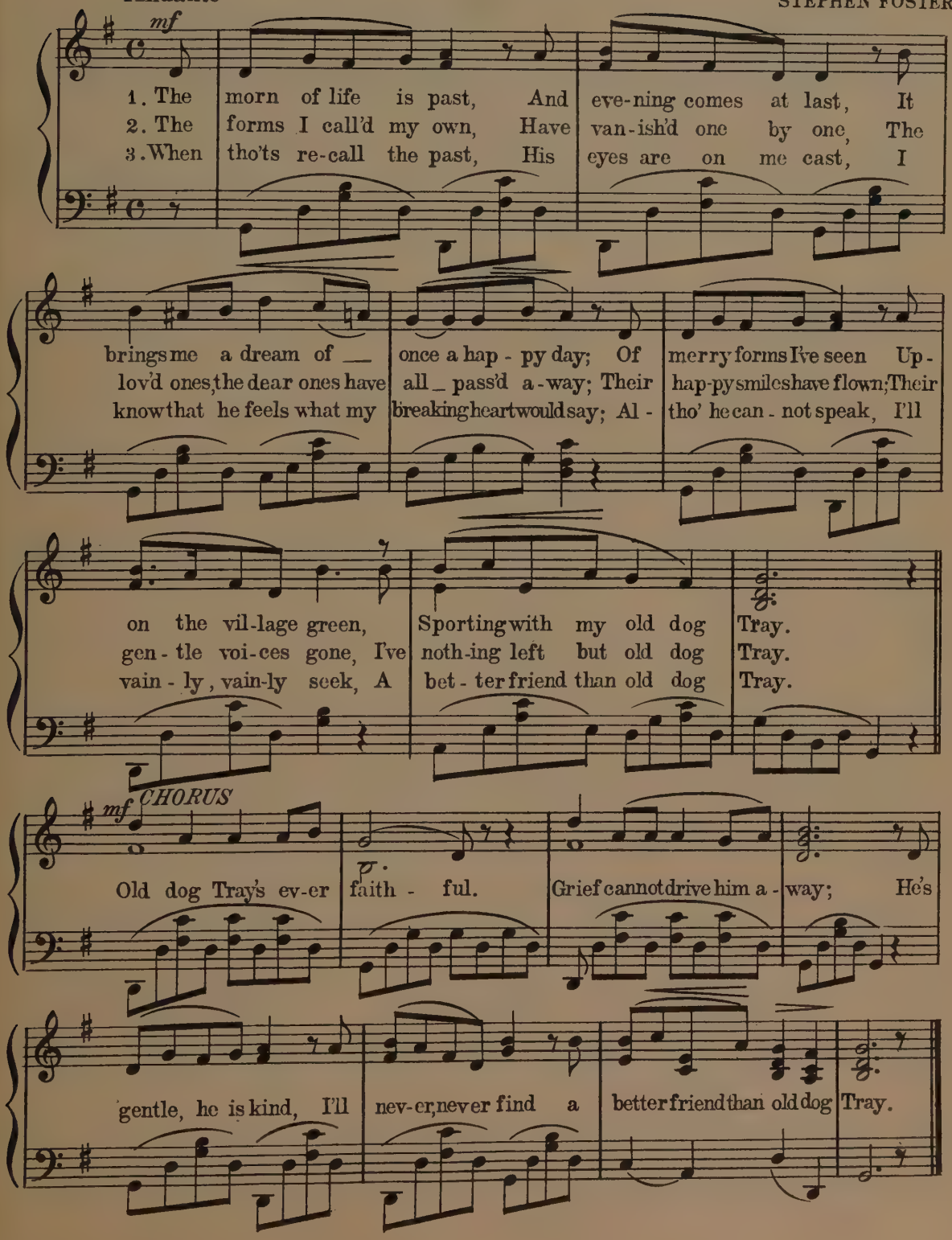
STEPHEN FOSTER


Moderato
mf
1. Oh! car - ry me 'long, Dere's no more trou-ble for me; I's
2. All o - ber de lan', I's wan - der'd man-y a day; To
3. Fare - well to de boys, Wid hearts so hap - py and light, Dey
cresc.
dim.
gwine to roam in a hap - py home, Where all de niggas am free. I's work'd long in de
blow de horn an' mind de corn, An' keep de possum a - way. Dere's no use for me
sing a song de whole day long, An' dance de ju - ba at night. An' fare-well to de
cresc.
fields, I's han-dled man-y a hoe, I'll turn my eye jes' be-fore I die, An'
now, So dar-kies, bur-y me low, My horn is dry an' so I must lie, Wha de
fields, Ob cot-ton, 'bac-co an' all, I's gwine to hoe in a bressed row, Wha de
CHORUS
dim.
f
see de su - gar-cane grow.
pos-sum neb-ber can go.
corn grows mel-low and tall.
Oh! boys, car-ry me 'long; Car-ry me till I
cresc.
dim.
die; Car-ry me down to de bur-y - in' grown, Mas-sa, don't you cry.

# Old Dog Tray

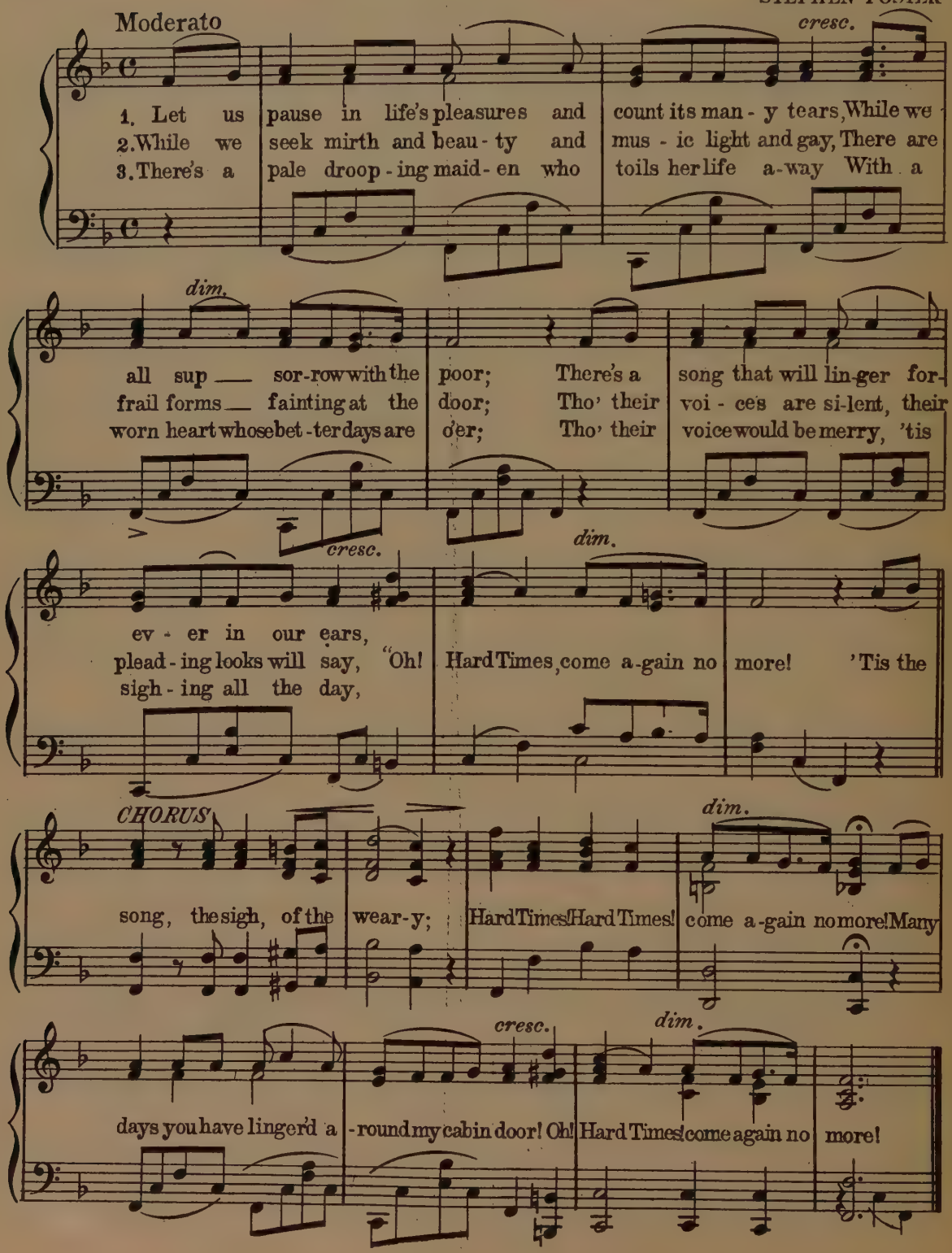
Andante

STEPHEN FOSTER


mf
1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last, It
2. The forms I call'd my own, Have van-ish'd one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I
brings me a dream of once a hap - py day; Of merry forms I've seen Up -
lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way; Their hap-py smiles have flown; Their
know that he feels what my breaking heart would say; Al - tho' he can - not speak, I'll
on the vil-lage green, Sporting with my old dog Tray.
gen - tle voi-ces gone, I've noth-ing left but old dog Tray.
vain - ly, vain-ly seek, A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.
mf CHORUS
Old dog Tray's ev-er faith - ful. Grief cannot drive him a - way; He's
gentle, he is kind, I'll nev-er, never find a better friend than old dog Tray.

# Hard Times, Come Again No More

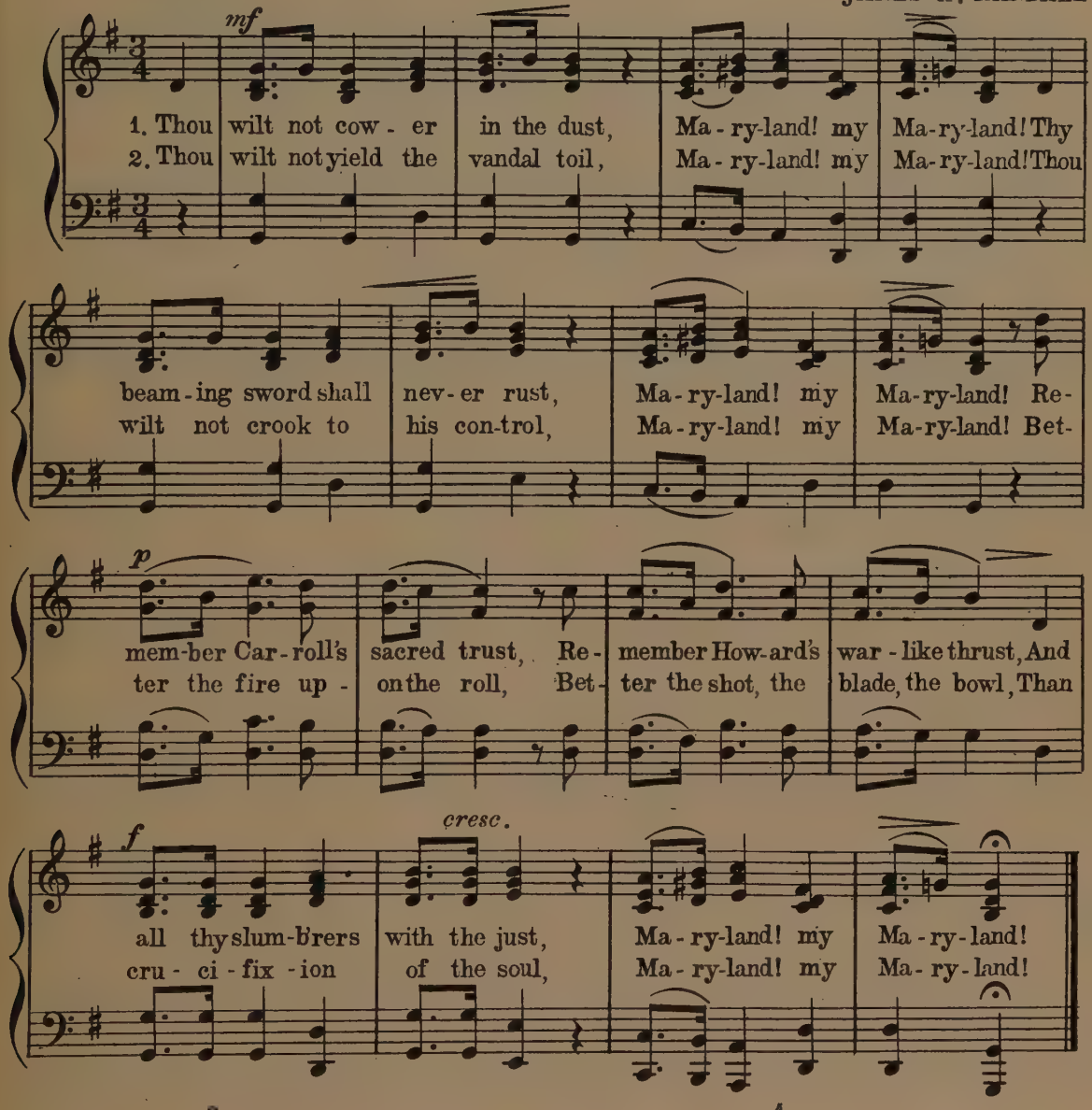
STEPHEN FOSTER


Moderato
cresc.
1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its man - y tears, While we
2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mus - ic light and gay, There are
3. There's a pale droop - ing maid - en who toils her life a-way With a
dim.
all sup — sor-row with the poor; There's a song that will lin-ger for-
frail forms — fainting at the door; Tho' their voi - ces are si-lent, their
worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er; Tho' their voice would be merry, 'tis
cresc.
dim.
ev - er in our ears,
plead - ing looks will say, "Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more! 'Tis the
sigh - ing all the day,
CHORUS
dim.
song, the sigh, of the wear-y; Hard Times! Hard Times! come a-gain no more! Many
cresc.
dim.
days you have linger'd a - round my cabin door! Oh! Hard Times! come again no more!

# Maryland! My Maryland!

Moderato

JAMES R. RANDALL


mf
1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thy
2. Thou wilt not yield the vandal toil, Ma - ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thou
beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Re-
wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma - ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Bet-
p
mem - ber Car - roll's sacred trust, Re - member How-ard's war - like thrust, And
ter the fire up - on the roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than
f
cresc.
all thy slum-b'rers with the just, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!
cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land!

3

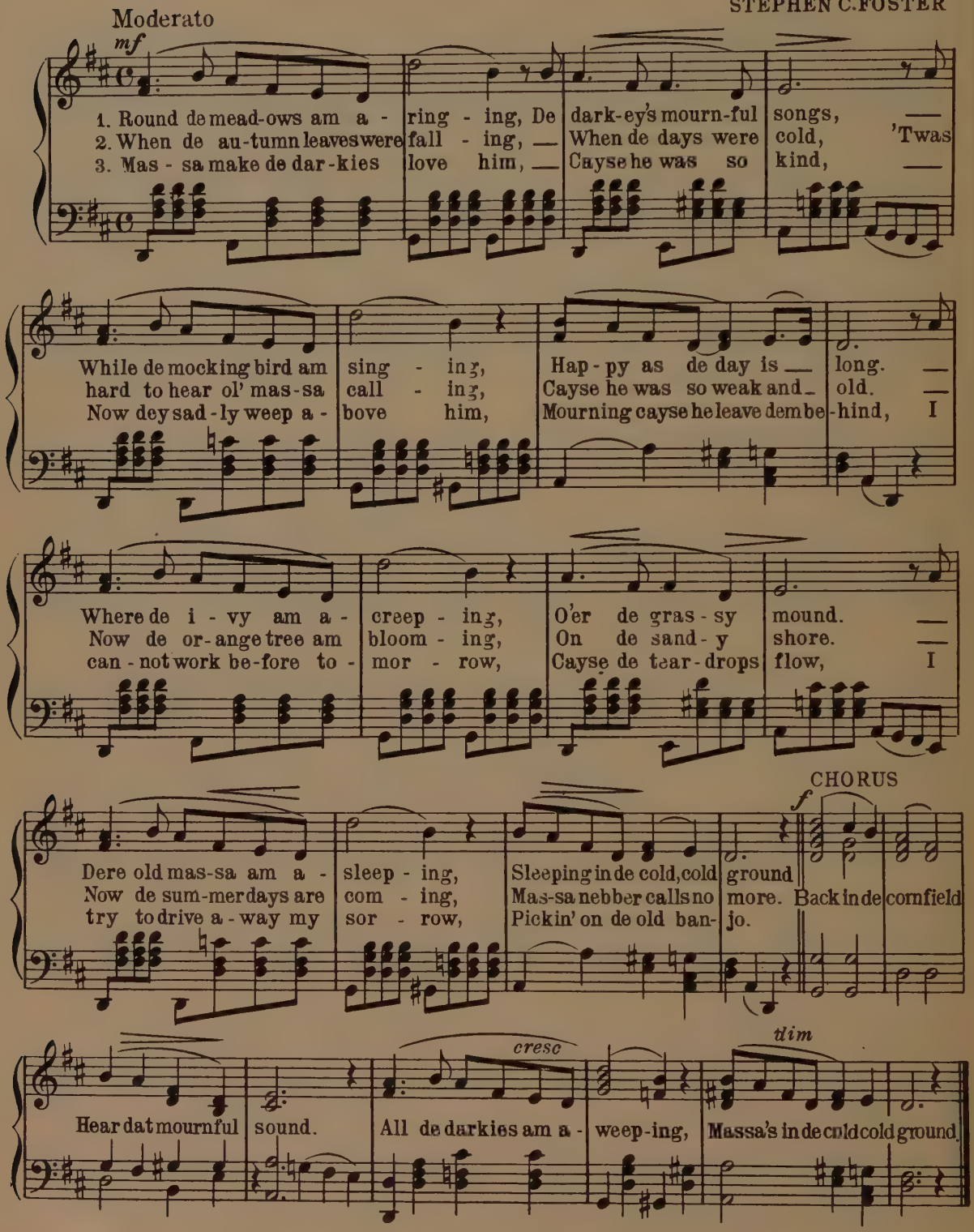
I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

4

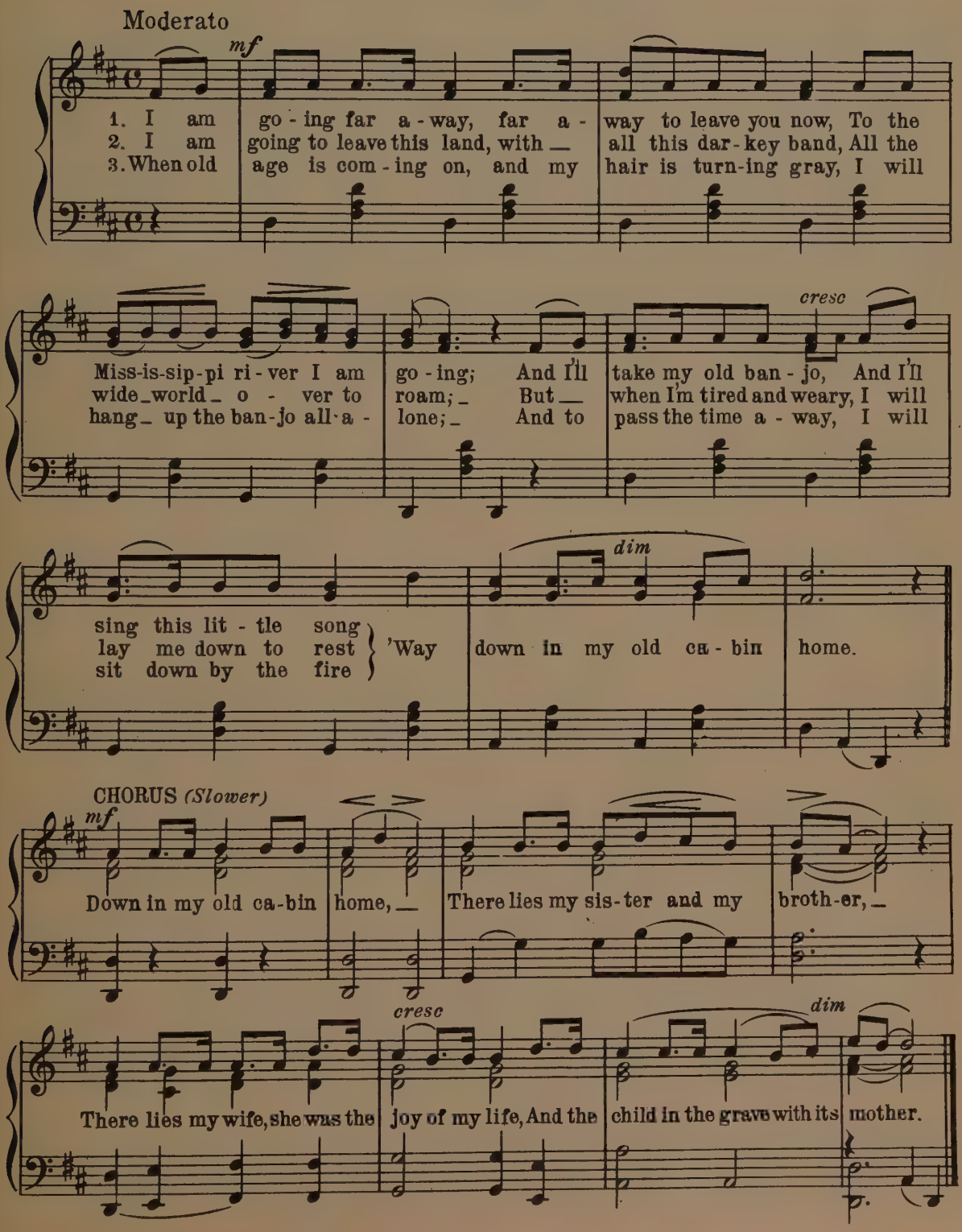
I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! my Maryland!

# Massa's In De Cold Ground

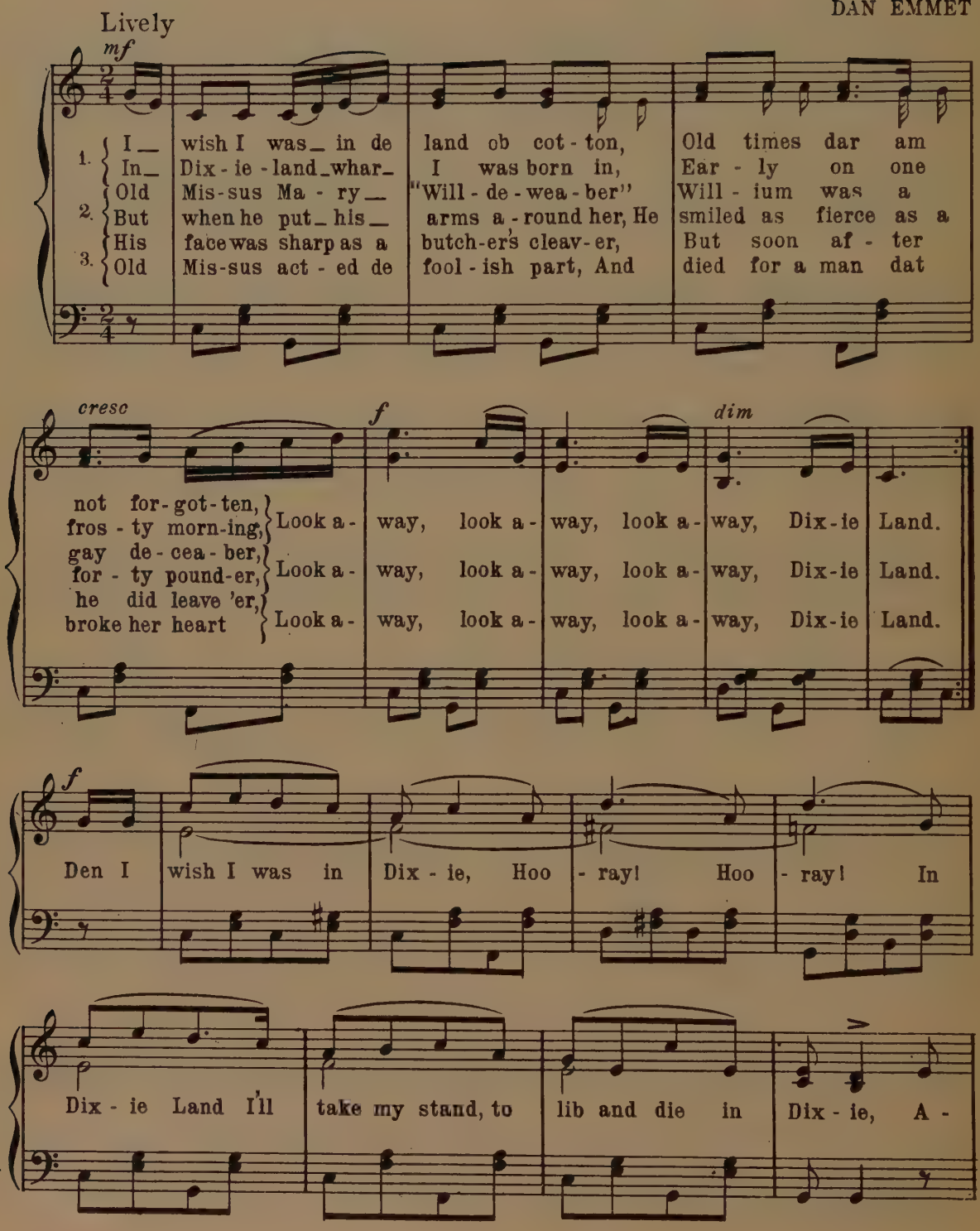
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

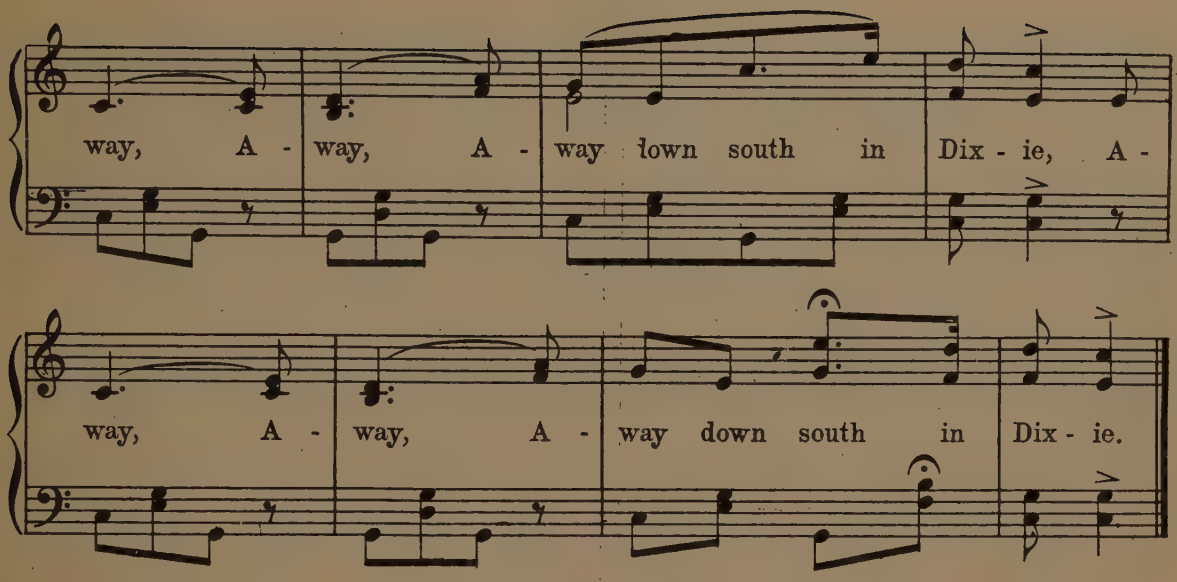

Moderato
mf
1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing, De dark-ey's mourn-ful songs, —
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de dar-kies love him, — Cayse he was so kind, —
While de mocking bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day is — long. —
hard to hear ol' mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and — old. —
Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind, I
Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de gras - sy mound. —
Now de or-ange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore. —
can - not work be-fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drops flow, I
CHORUS
f
Dere old mas-sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground
Now de sum-mer days are com - ing, Mas-sa nebber calls no more. Back in de cornfield
try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pickin' on de old ban- jo.
cresc
dim
Hear dat mournful sound. All de darkies am a - weep-ing, Massa's in de cold cold ground.

# The Old Cabin Home


Moderato
mf
1. I am go - ing far a - way, far a - way to leave you now, To the
2. I am going to leave this land, with all this dar - key band, All the
3. When old age is com - ing on, and my hair is turn-ing gray, I will
Miss-is-sip-pi ri - ver I am go - ing; And I'll take my old ban - jo, And I'll
wide_world_ o - ver to roam; But when I'm tired and weary, I will
hang_ up the ban-jo all-a - lone; And to pass the time a - way, I will
cresc
sing this lit - tle song
lay me down to rest
sit down by the fire
'Way down in my old ca - bin home.
dim
CHORUS (Slower)
mf
Down in my old ca-bin home, There lies my sis-ter and my broth-er,
There lies my wife, she was the joy of my life, And the child in the grave with its mother.
cresc
dim

# Dixie Land

DAN EMMET

Lively
mf
1. I_ wish I was_ in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am
In_ Dix-ie-land_whar_ I was born in, Ear-ly on one
2. Old Mis-sus Ma-ry_ "Will-de-wea-ber" Will-ium was a
But when he put_ his_ arms a-round her, He smiled as fierce as a
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's cleav-er, But soon af-ter
Old Mis-sus act-ed de fool-ish part, And died for a man dat
cresc
f
dim
not for-got-ten, fros-ty morn-ing, gay de-cea-ber, for-ty pound-er, he did leave 'er, broke her heart
Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.
Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.
Look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie Land.
f
Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In
Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dix-ie, A-



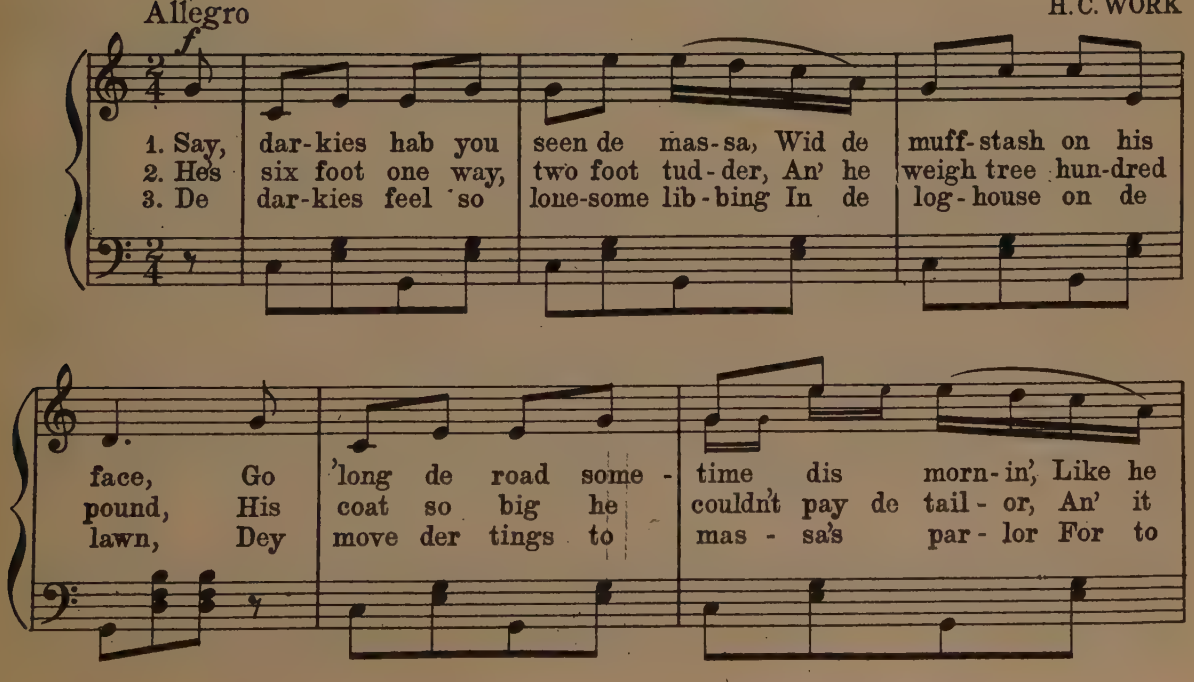

4. Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.

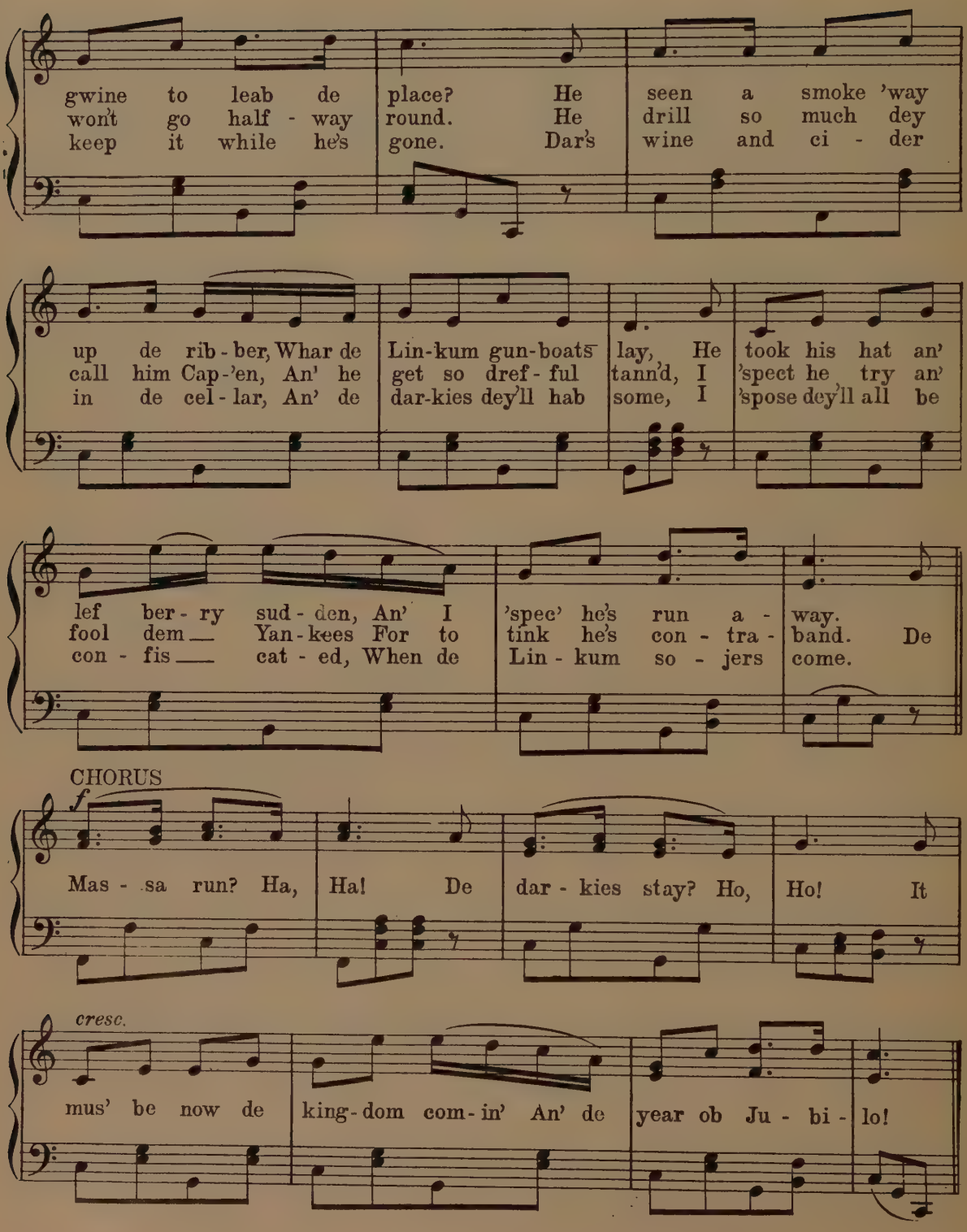
5. Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away etc.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land, I'm bound to trabble,
Look away etc.

## Kingdom Coming

Allegro

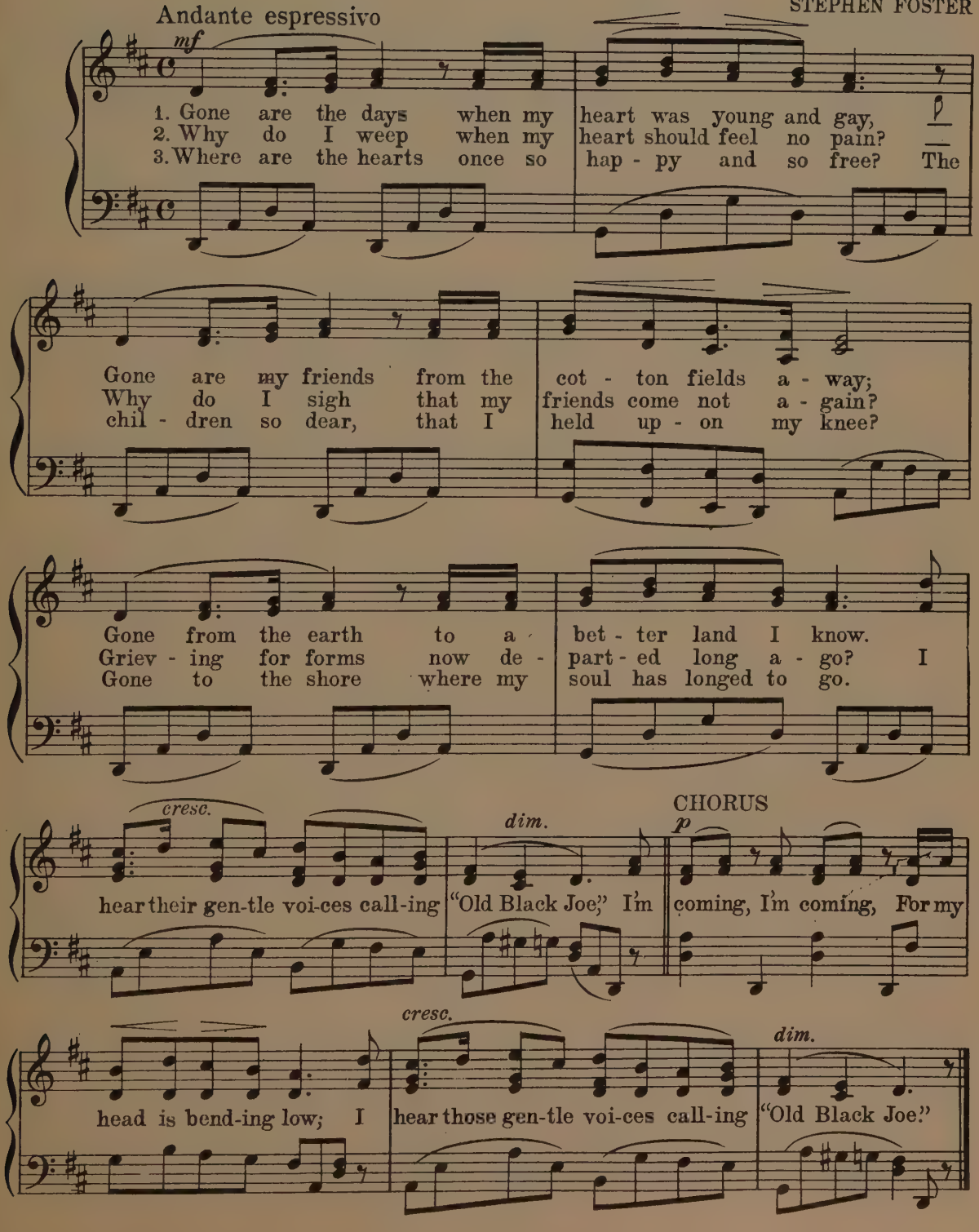
H. C. WORK


f
1. Say, dar-kies hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muff-stash on his
2. Hes six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred
3. De dar-kies feel so lone-some lib-bing In de log-house on de
face, Go 'long de road some - time dis morn-in', Like he
pound, His coat so big he couldn't pay de tail - or, An' it
lawn, Dey move der tings to mas - sa's par - lor For to


gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke 'way
won't go half - way round. He drill so much dey
keep it while he's gone. Dar's wine and ci - der
up de rib - ber, Whar de Lin-kum gun-boats lay, He took his hat an'
call him Cap-'en, An' he get so dref - ful tann'd, I 'spect he try an'
in de cel - lar, An' de dar-kies dey'll hab some, I 'spose dey'll all be
lef ber - ry sud - den, An' I 'spec' he's run a - way.
fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con - tra - band. De
con - fis cat - ed, When de Lin - kum so - jers come.
CHORUS
f
Mas - sa run? Ha, Ha! De dar - kies stay? Ho, Ho! It
cresc.
mus' be now de king-dom com-in' An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

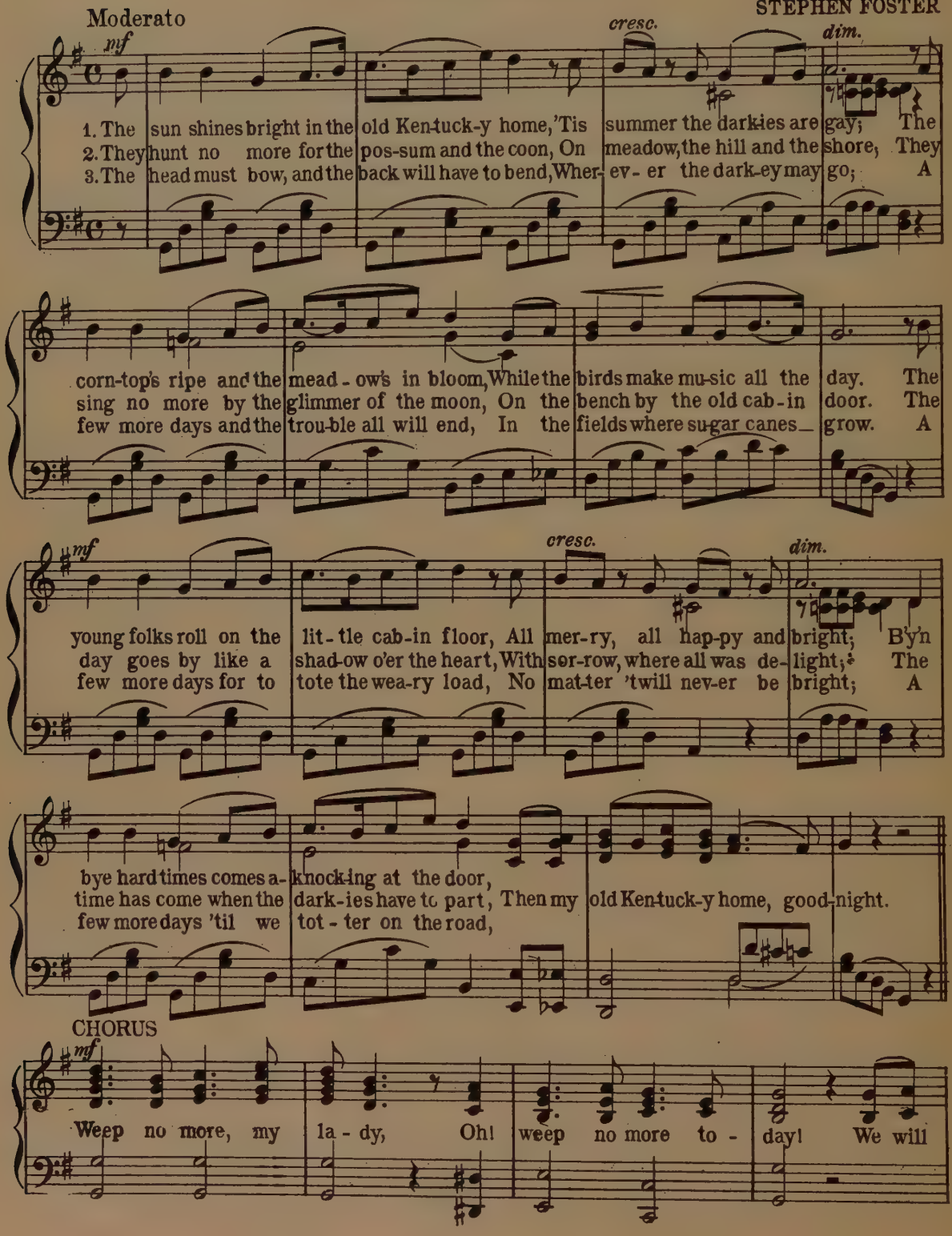
# Old Black Joe

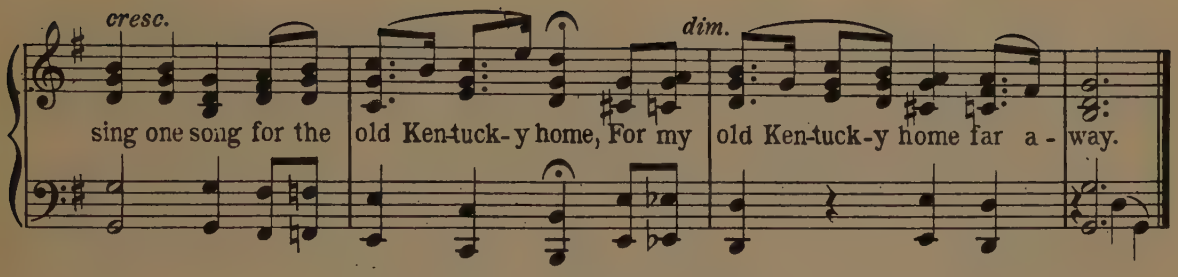
STEPHEN FOSTER


Andante espressivo
mf
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free?
The
Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?
chil - dren so dear, that I held up - on my knee?
Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know.
Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go?
I
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
cresc.
dim.
CHORUS
p
hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe;" I'm coming, I'm coming, For my
cresc.
dim.
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe."

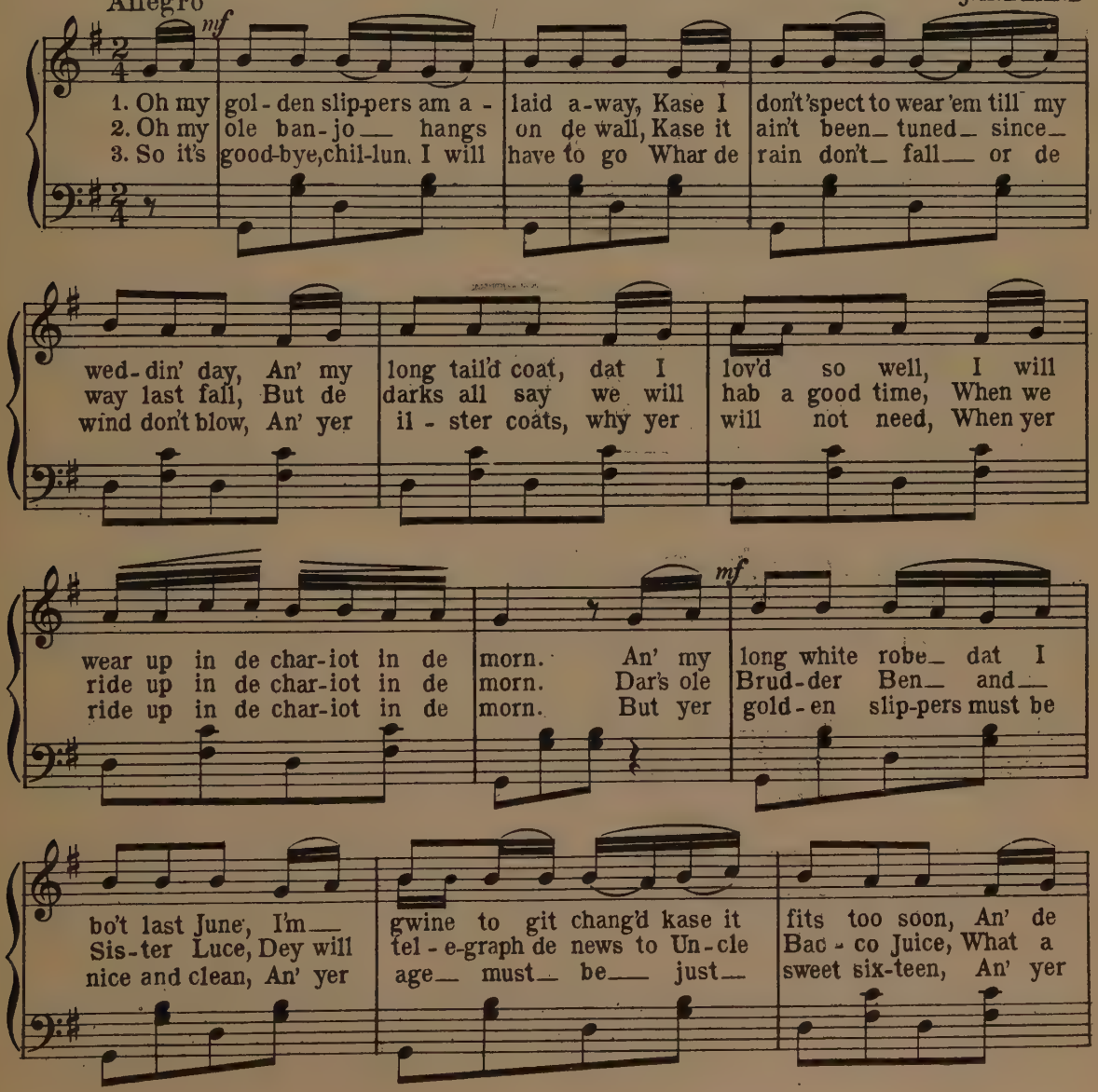
# My Old Kentucky Home

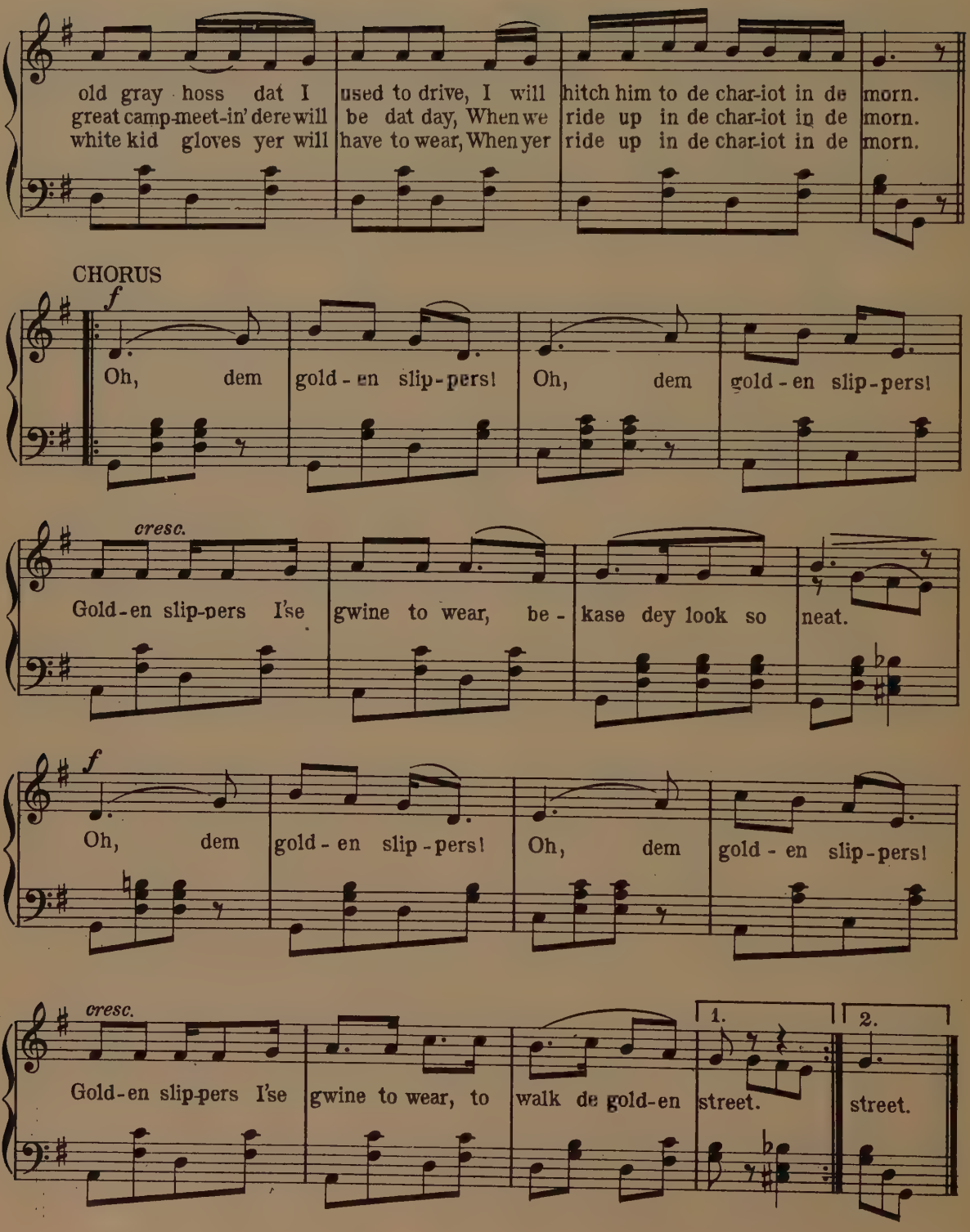
STEPHEN FOSTER


Moderato
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis summer the dark-ies are gay; The
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On meadow, the hill and the shore, They
3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher- ev- er the dark-ey may go; A
corn-top's ripe and the mead - ow's in bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The
few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the fields where su-gar canes grow. A
mf
cresc.
dim.
young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; B'y'n
day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light; The
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter 'twill nev-er be bright; A
bye hard times comes a- knock-ing at the door,
time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.
few more days 'til we tot - ter on the road,
CHORUS
mf
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will




# Oh! Dem Golden Slippers

J. A. BLAND

Allegro
mf
1. Oh my gol - den slip-pers am a - laid a-way, Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my
2. Oh my ole ban-jo hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since
3. So it's good-bye, chil-lun, I will have to go Whar de rain don't fall or de
wed-din' day, An' my long tail'd coat, dat I lov'd so well, I will
way last fall, But de darks all say we will hab a good time, When we
wind don't blow, An' yer il - ster coats, why yer will not need, When yer
wear up in de char-iot in de morn. An' my long white robe dat I
ride up in de char-iot in de morn. Dar's ole Brud-der Ben and
ride up in de char-iot in de morn. But yer gold-en slip-pers must be
mf
bo't last June, I'm gwine to git chang'd kase it fits too soon, An' de
Sis-ter Luce, Dey will tel - e-graph de news to Un-cle Bac - co Juice, What a
nice and clean, An' yer age must be just sweet six-teen, An' yer


old gray hoss dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de char-iot in de morn.
great camp-meet-in' dere will be dat day, When we ride up in de char-iot in de morn.
white kid gloves yer will have to wear, When yer ride up in de char-iot in de morn.
CHORUS
f
Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers!
cresc.
Gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, be-kase dey look so neat.
f
Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers!
cresc.
Gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, to walk de gold-en
1.
street.
2.
street.

# Nelly Bly

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER

*mf*

1. Nel - ly Bly! Nel - ly Bly! bring de broom a - long, We'll
2. Nel - ly Bly! hab a voice, like de tur - tle dove, I
3. Nel - ly Bly! shuts her eye when she goes to sleep, —

*cresc.* *dim.*

sweep de kitch - en clean, my dear, And hab a lit - tle song.
hears it in the mead - ow and I hears it in the grove;
When she wak - ens up a - gain, Her eye balls 'gin to peep. De

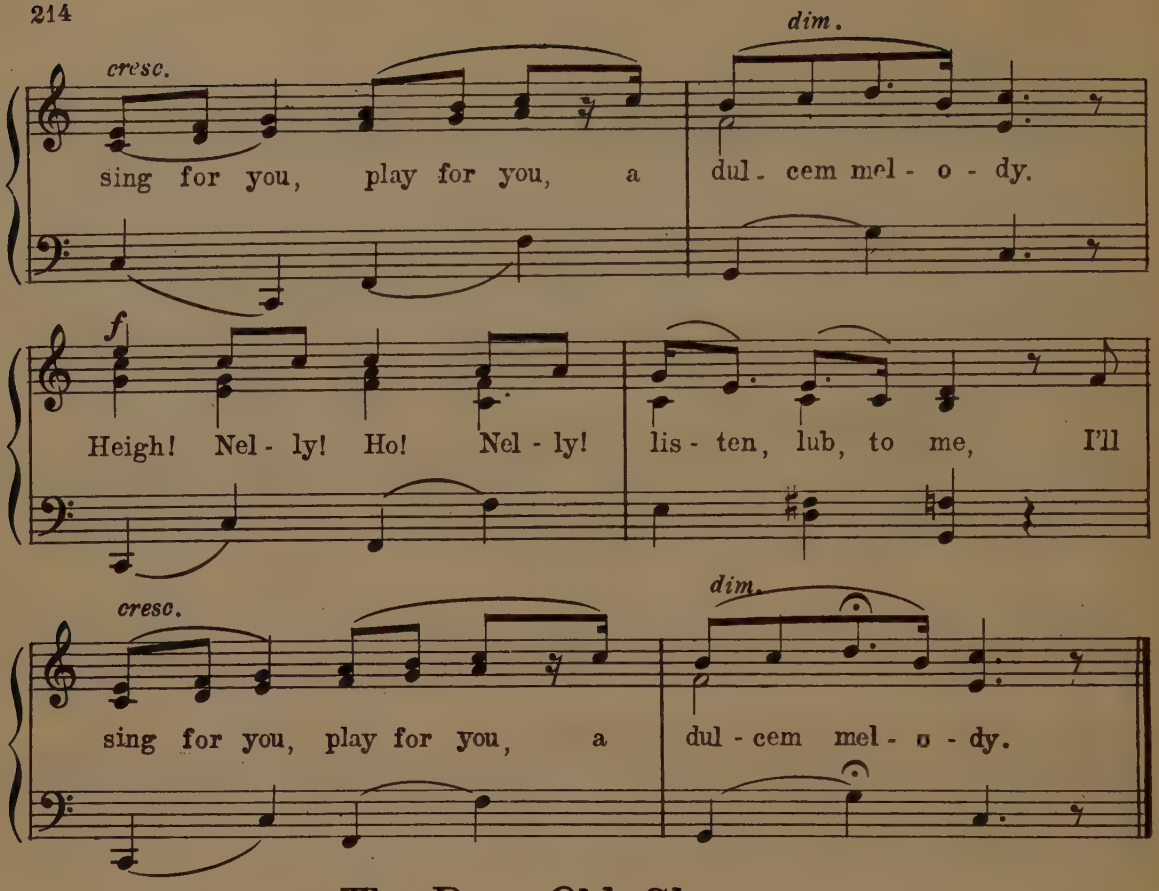
Poke de wood, my la - dy lub, And make de fi - ah burn, And
Nel - ly Bly — hab a heart, Warm as a cup of tea, And
way she walks she lifts her foot, And den she brings it down, And

*cresc.* *dim.*

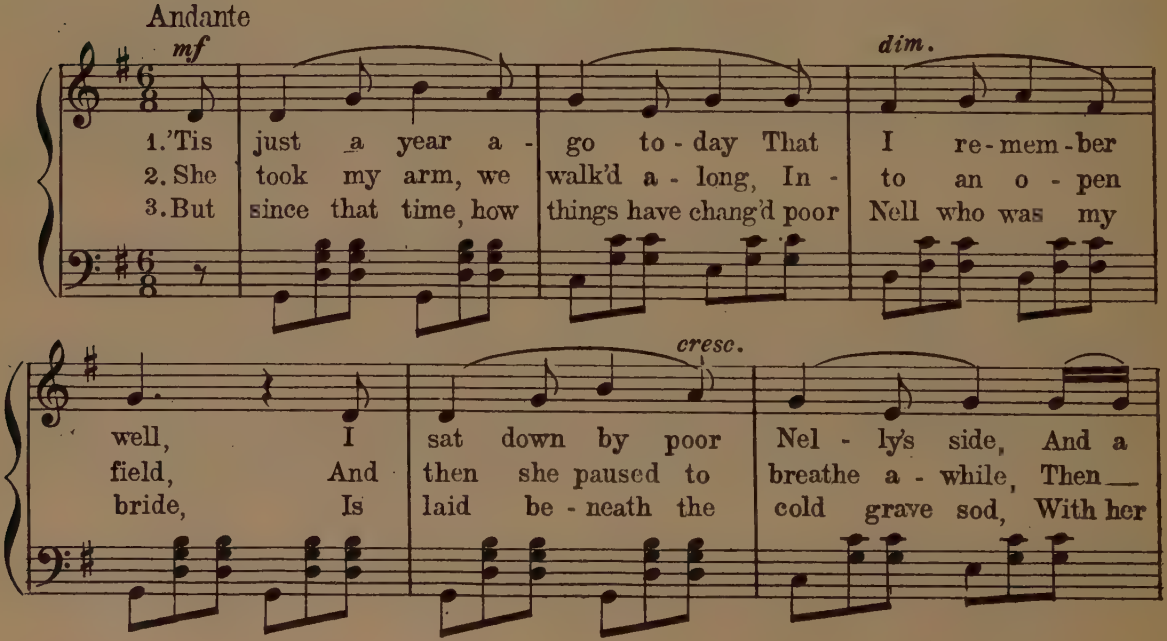
while I take de ban - jo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
big - ger dan de sweet po - ta - toe Down in Ten - nes - see.
when it lights, dere's mu - sic dah, In that part ob de town.

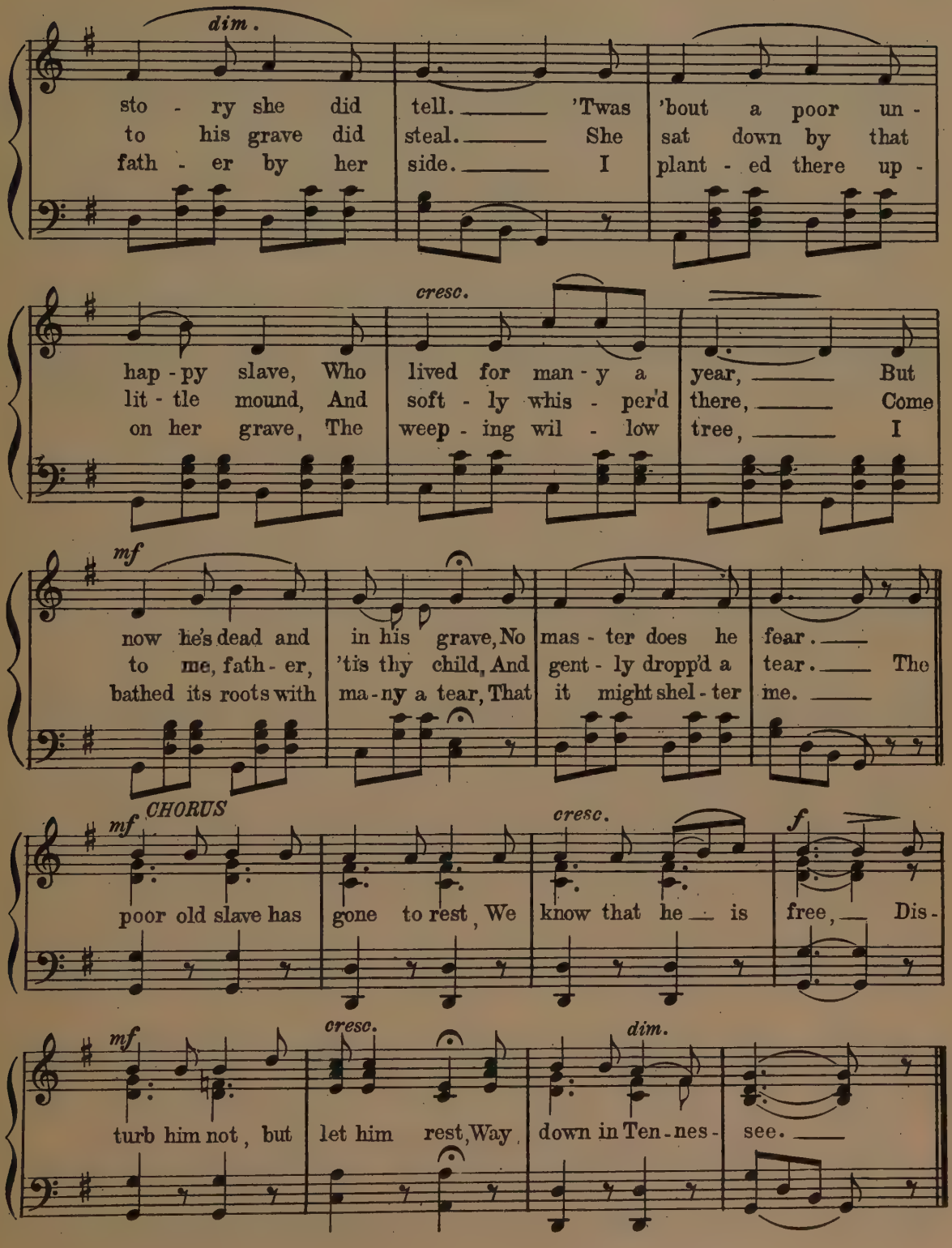
*CHORUS* *f* *dim.*

Heigh! Nel - ly! Ho! Nel - ly! lis - ten lub, to me, I'll


cresc.
dim.
sing for you, play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.
f
Heigh! Nel - ly! Ho! Nel - ly! lis - ten, lub, to me, I'll
cresc.
dim.
sing for you, play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.

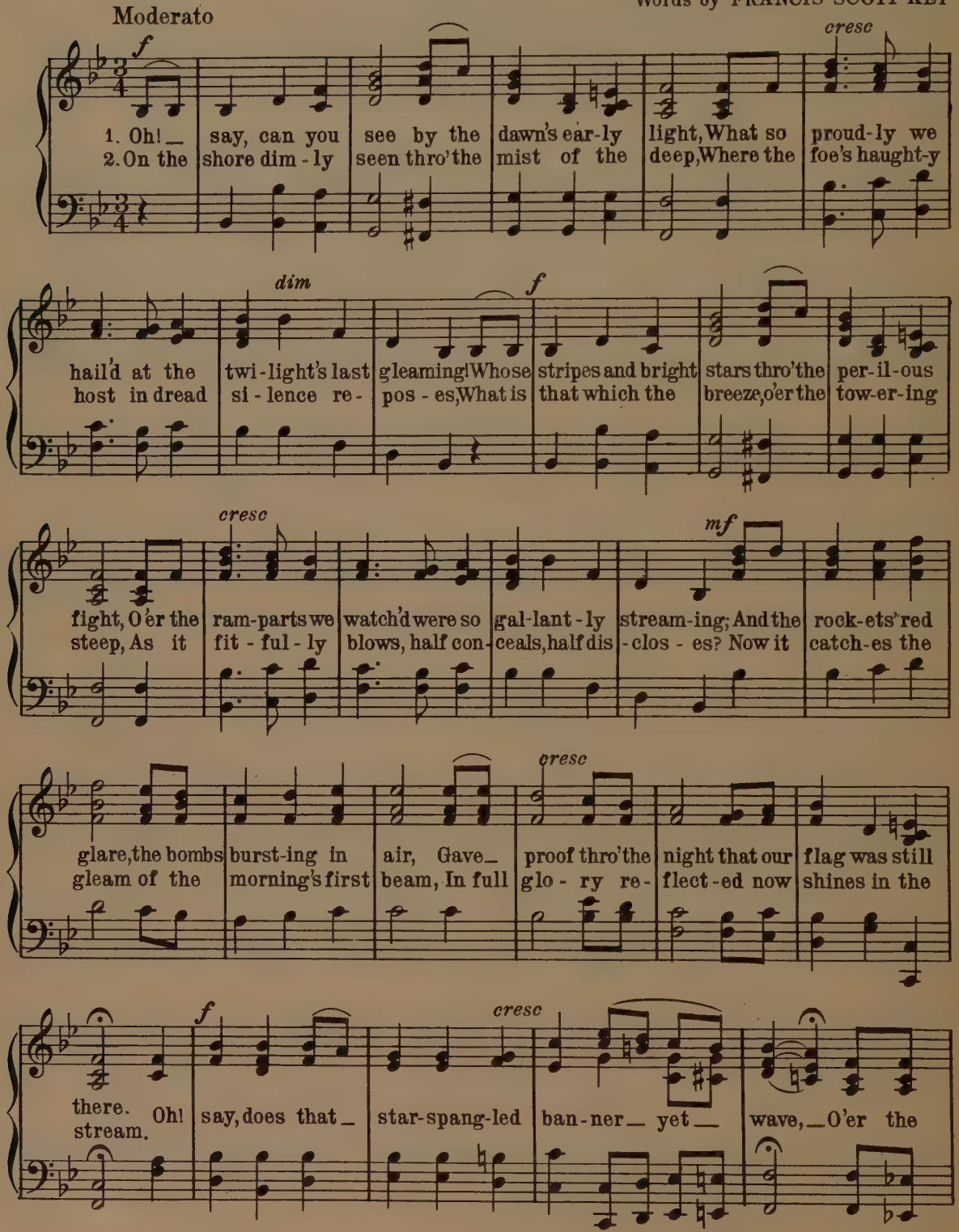
## The Poor Old Slave

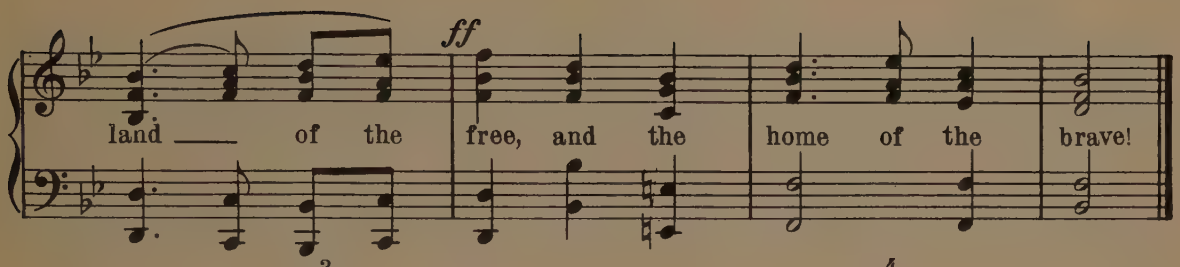

Andante
mf
dim.
1.'Tis just a year a - go to - day That I re - mem - ber
2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long, In - to an o - pen
3. But since that time, how things have chang'd poor Nell who was my
cresc.
well, I sat down by poor Nel - ly's side, And a
field, And then she paused to breathe a - while, Then
bride, Is laid be - neath the cold grave sod, With her


dim.
sto - ry she did tell. 'Twas 'bout a poor un -
to his grave did steal. She sat down by that
fath - er by her side. I plant - ed there up -
cresc.
hap - py slave, Who lived for man - y a year, But
lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis - per'd there, Come
on her grave, The weep - ing wil - low tree, I
mf
now he's dead and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear.
to me, fath - er, 'tis thy child, And gent - ly dropp'd a tear. The
bathed its roots with ma - ny a tear, That it might shel - ter me.
mf CHORUS
cresc.
f
poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free, Dis -
mf
cresc.
dim.
turb him not, but let him rest, Way down in Ten - nes - see.

# The Star Spangled Banner

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY


Moderato
f
cresc
1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haught-y
dim
f
hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming! Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the per-il-ous
host in dread si-lence re- pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing
cresc
mf
fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing; And the rock-ets' red
steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the
cresc
glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines in the
f
cresc
there. Oh! say, does that star-spang-led ban-ner yet wave, O'er the
stream.



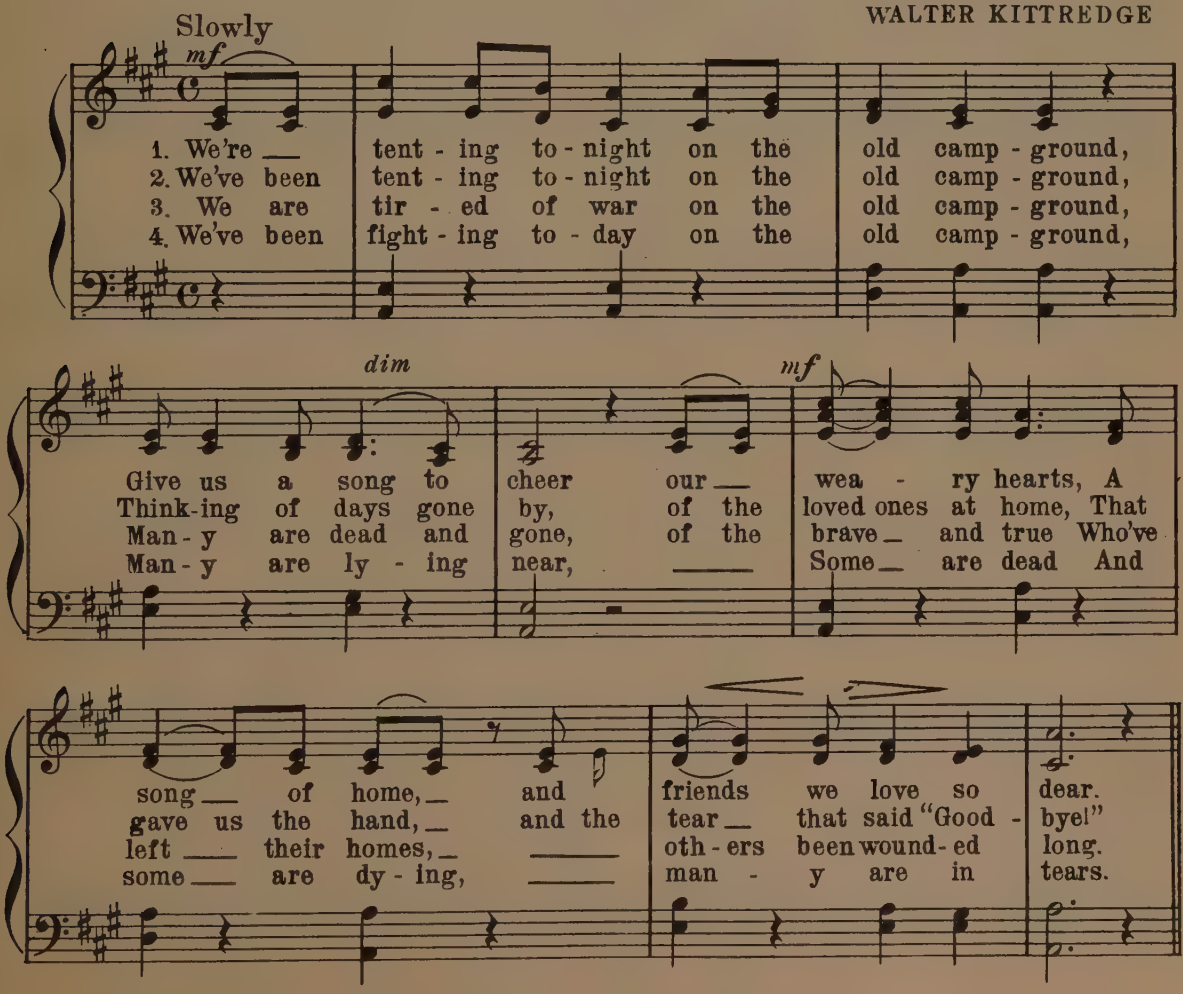

3.

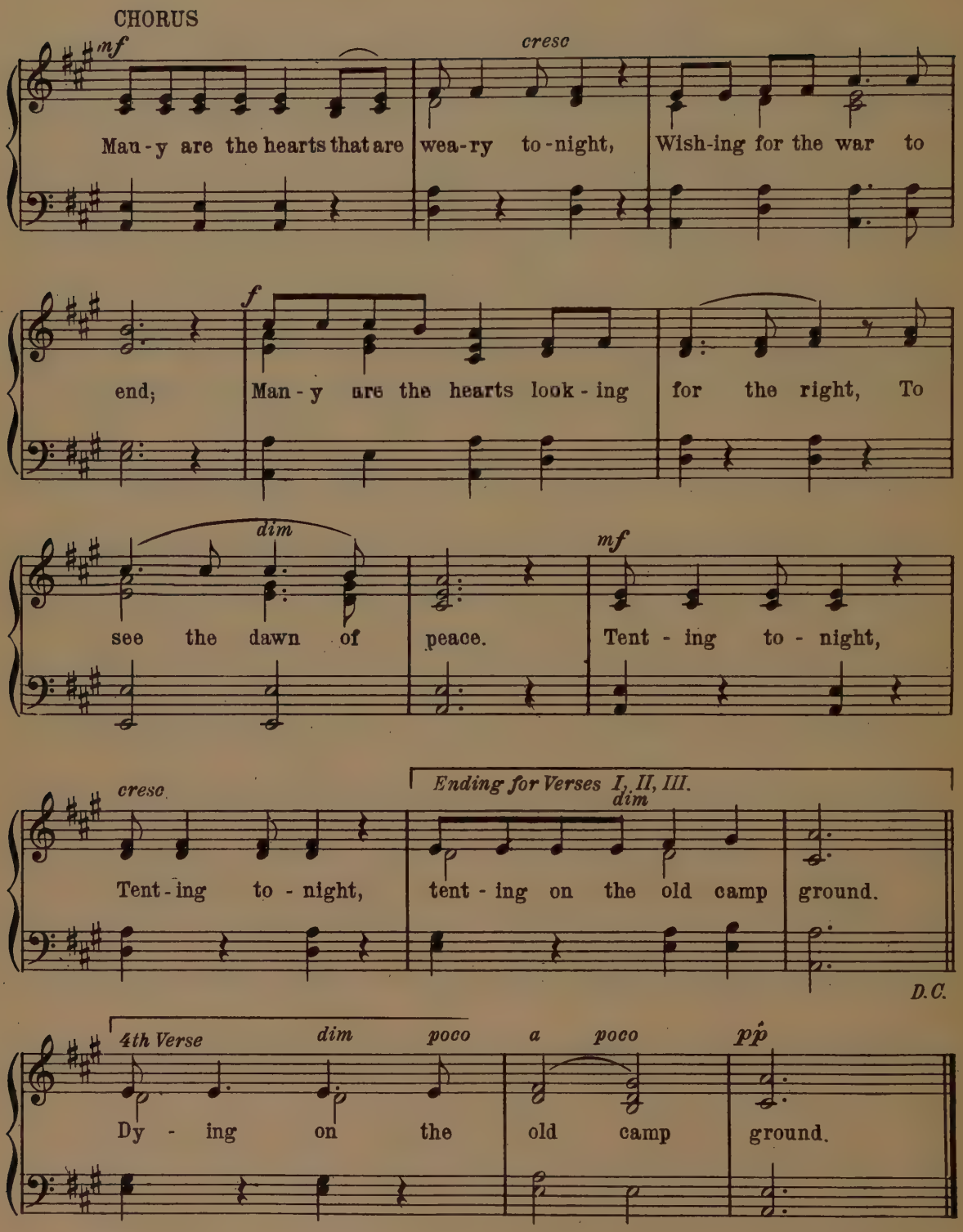
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more!
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

4.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"

## We're Tenting To-night

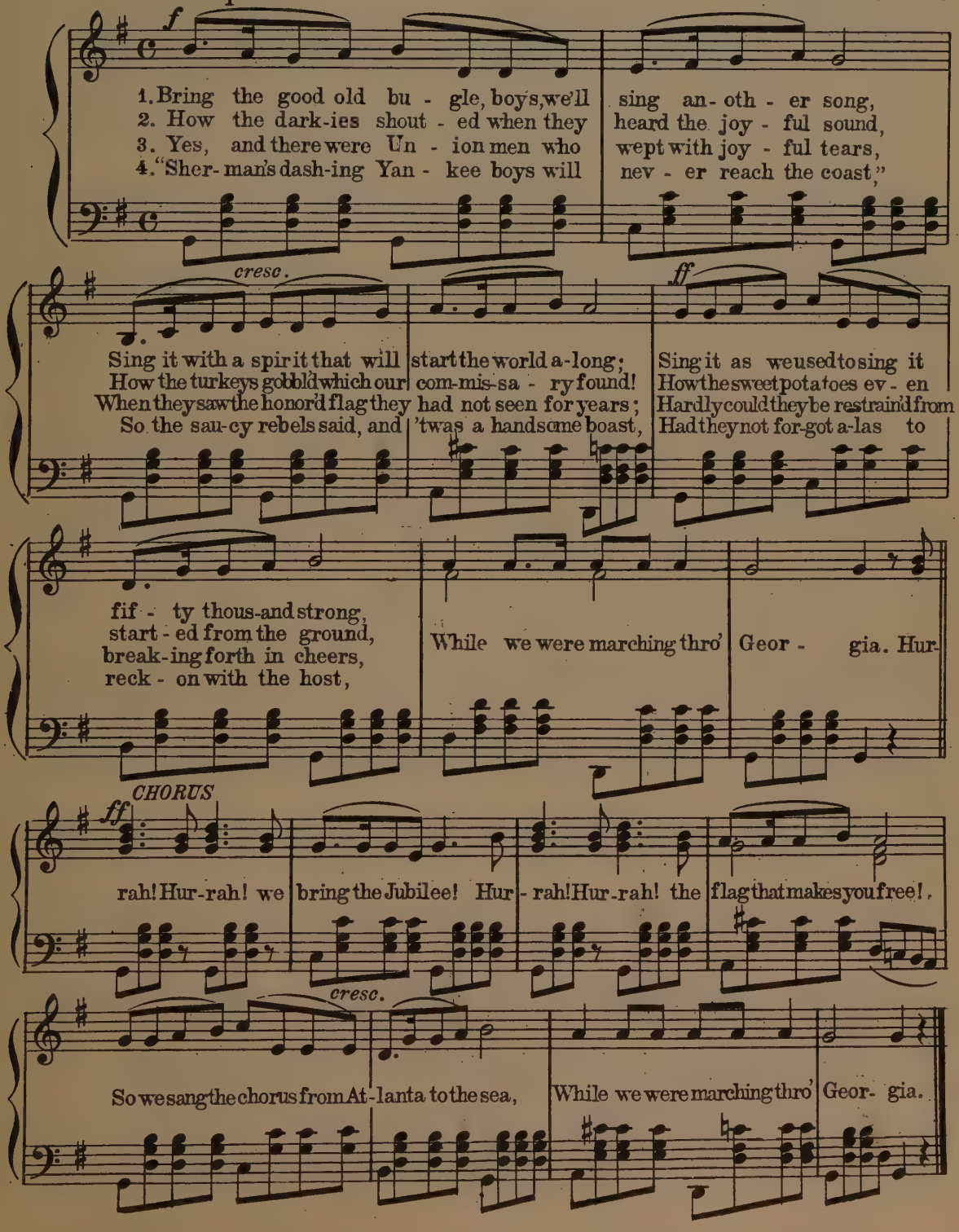
WALTER KITTREDGE

Slowly
mf
1. We're ___ tent - ing to - night on the old camp - ground,
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp - ground,
3. We are tir - ed of war on the old camp - ground,
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp - ground,
dim
mf
Give us a song to cheer our ___ wea - ry hearts, A
Think-ing of days gone by, of the loved ones at home, That
Man - y are dead and gone, of the brave ___ and true Who've
Man - y are ly - ing near, ___ Some ___ are dead And
song ___ of home, ___ and friends we love so dear.
gave us the hand, ___ and the tear ___ that said "Good - bye!"
left ___ their homes, ___ oth - ers been wound - ed long.
some ___ are dy - ing, man - y are in tears.


CHORUS
mf
cresc
Man-y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to
f
end; Man-y are the hearts look-ing for the right, To
dim
mf
see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
cresc
Ending for Verses I, II, III.
dim
Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
D.C.
4th Verse
dim
poco a poco
pp
Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

# Marching Through Georgia

With Spirit

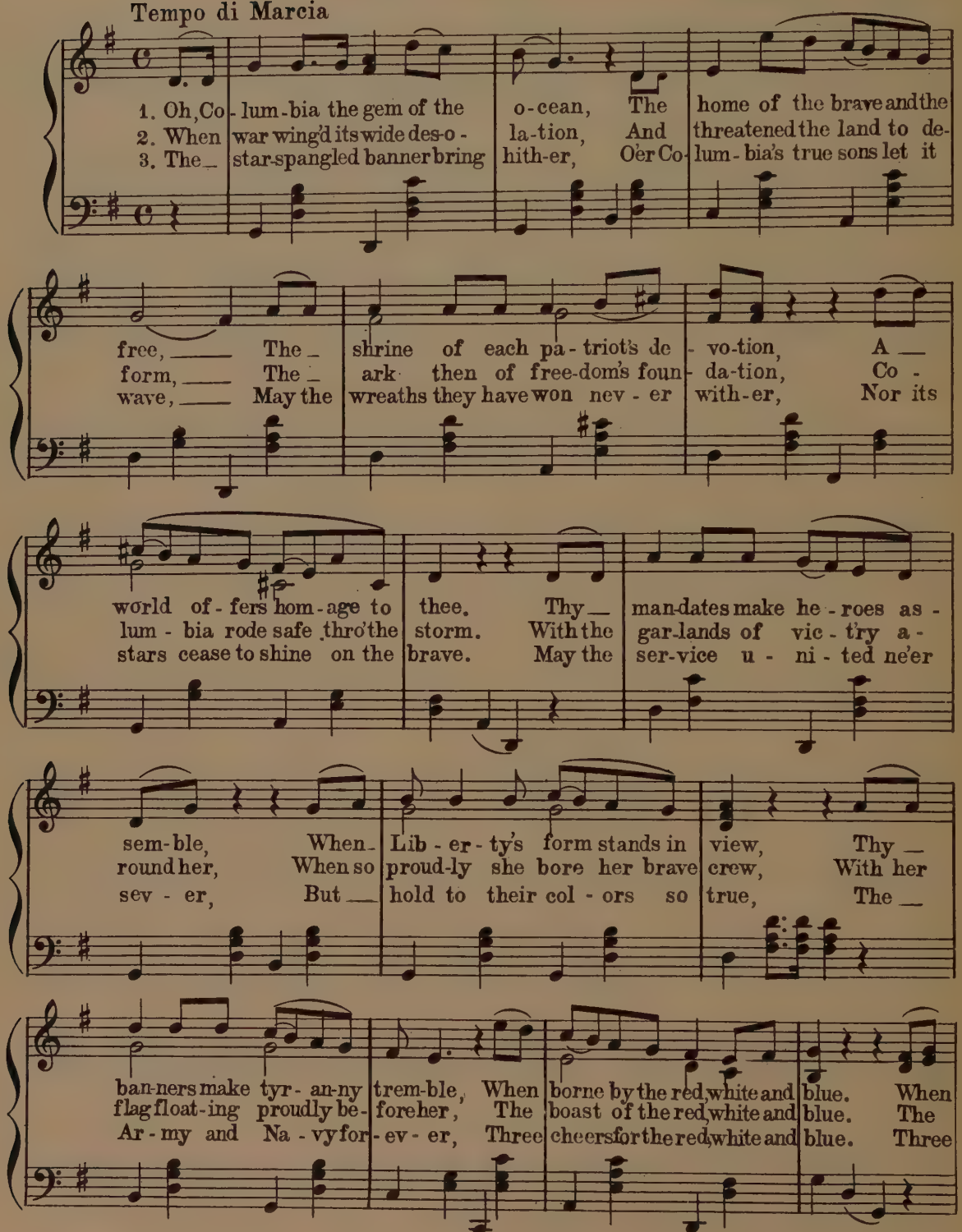
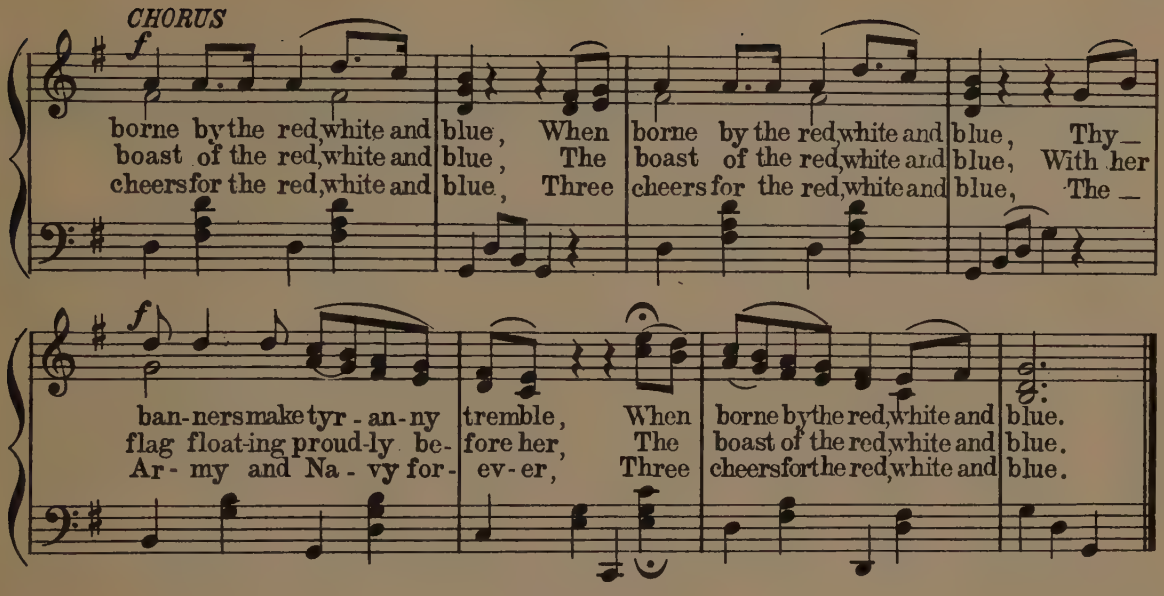
HENRY C. WORK


f
1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song,
2. How the dark-ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound,
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
4. "Sher - man's dash-ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast,"
cresc.
ff
Sing it with a spir it that will start the world a-long;
How the turkeys gobbld which our com-mis-sa - ry found!
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years;
So the sau-cy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Sing it as we used to sing it
How the sweet potatoes ev - en
Hardly could they be restrain'd from
Had they not for-got a-las to
fif - ty thous-and strong,
start - ed from the ground,
break-ing forth in cheers,
reck - on with the host,
While we were marching thro' Geor - gia. Hur-
CHORUS
ff
rah! Hur-rah! we bring the Jubilee! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! the flag that makes you free!
cresc.
So we sang the chorus from At-lanta to the sea,
While we were marching thro' Geor- gia.

# The Red, White And Blue

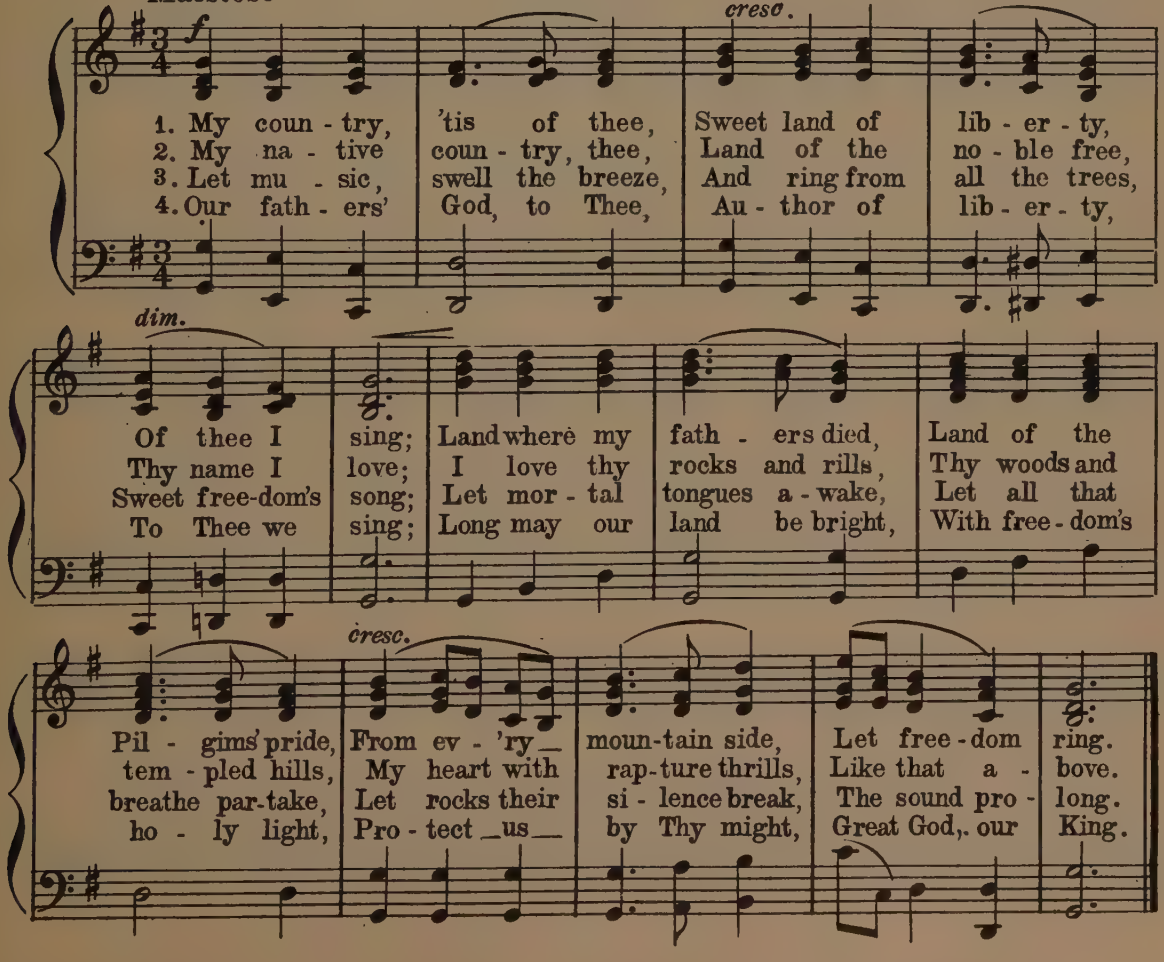
THOMAS A. BECKET

Tempo di Marcia


1. Oh, Co- lum-bia the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o- la-tion, And threatened the land to de-
3. The star-spangled banner bring hith-er, O'er Co- lum-bia's true sons let it
free, The shrine of each pa- triot's de- vo-tion, A
form, The ark then of free-dom's foun- da-tion, Co -
wave, May the wreaths they have won nev - er with-er, Nor its
world of- fers hom-age to thee. Thy man-dates make he - roes as -
lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm. With the gar-lands of vic - try a -
stars cease to shine on the brave. May the ser-vice u - ni - ted ne'er
sem-ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy
round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her
sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true, The
ban-ners make tyr- an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue. When
flag float-ing proudly be- fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue. The
Ar - my and Na - vy for- ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three

CHORUS
f
borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy—
boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The—
ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag float-ing proud-ly be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

## America

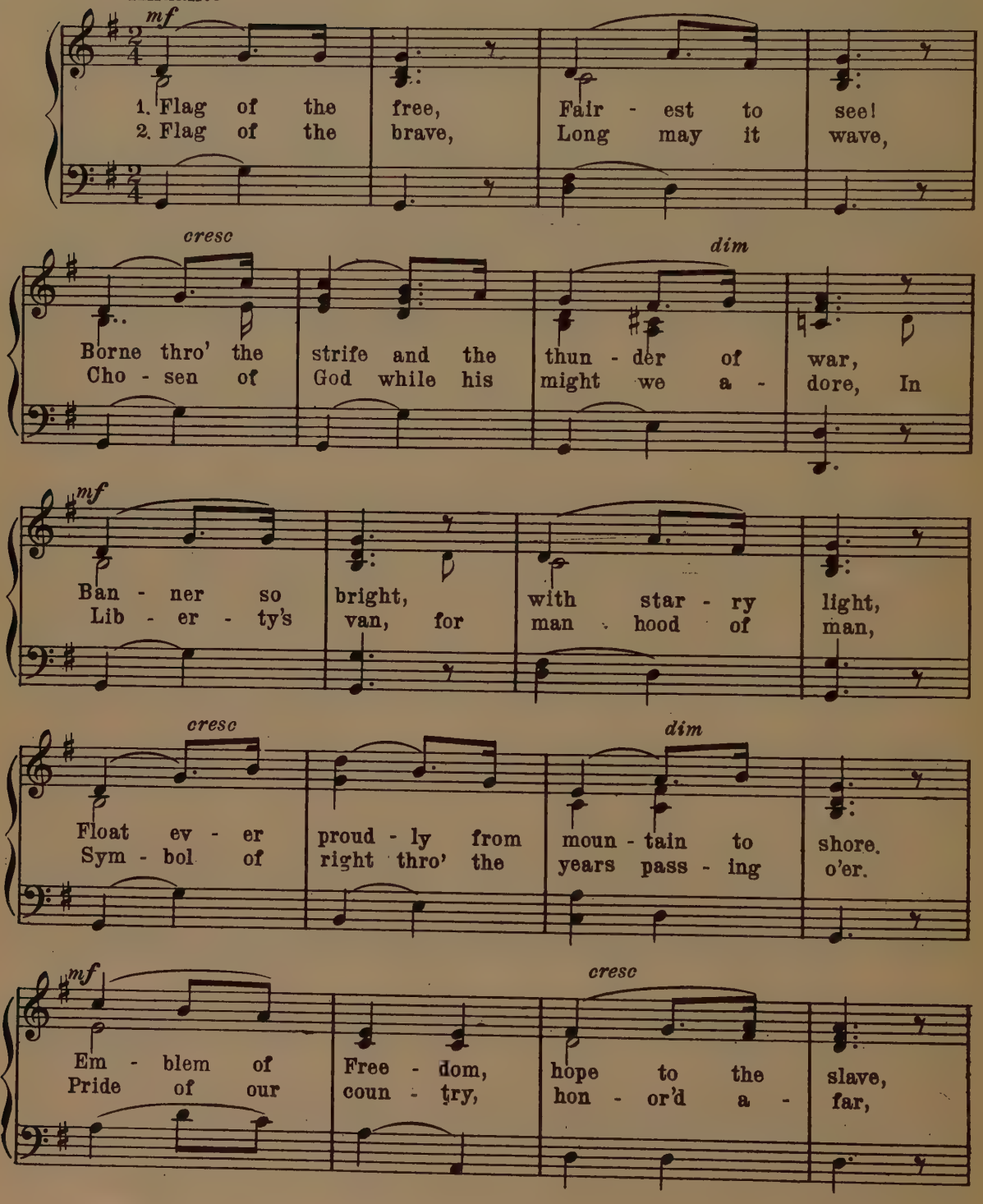
Maestoso

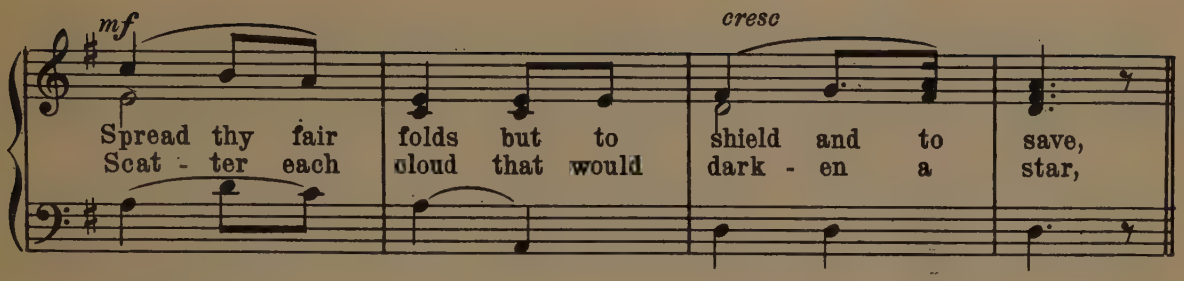
SAMUEL F. SMITH

f
cresc.
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free,
3. Let mu-sic, swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fath-ers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,
dim.
Of thee I sing; Land where my fath-ers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's
cresc.
Pil-grims' pride, From ev-'ry— moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a-bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light, Pro-tect us— by Thy might, Great God, our King.

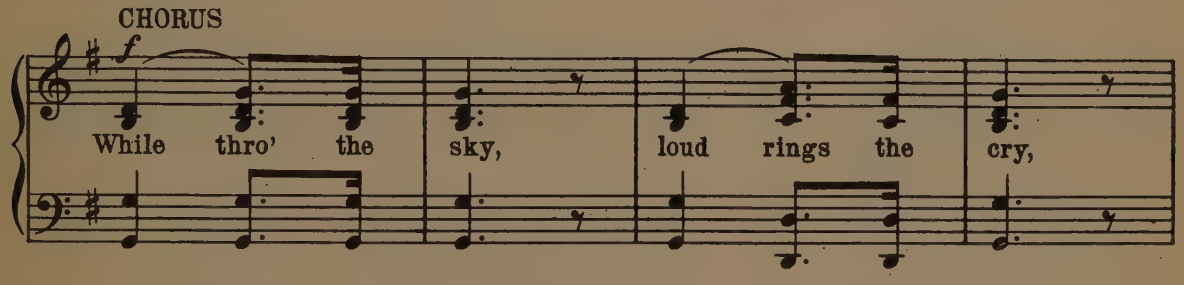
# Flag Of The Free

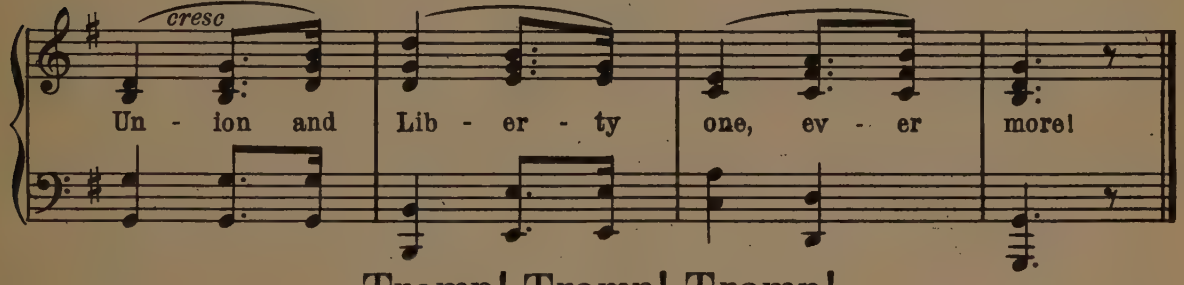
Andante

R. WAGNER


mf
1. Flag of the free, Fair - est to see!
2. Flag of the brave, Long may it wave,
cresc
dim
Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war,
Cho - sen of God while his might we a - dore, In
mf
Ban - ner so bright, with star - ry light,
Lib - er - ty's van, for man - hood of man,
cresc
dim
Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore.
Sym - bol of right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.
mf
cresc
Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave,
Pride of our coun - try, hon - or'd a - far,



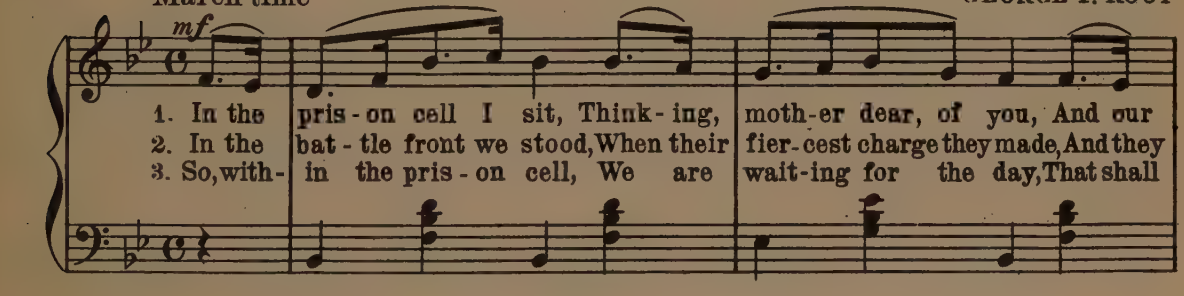



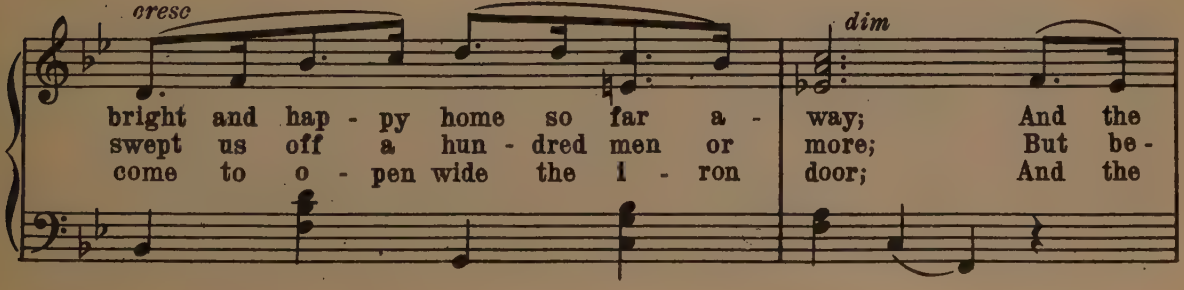



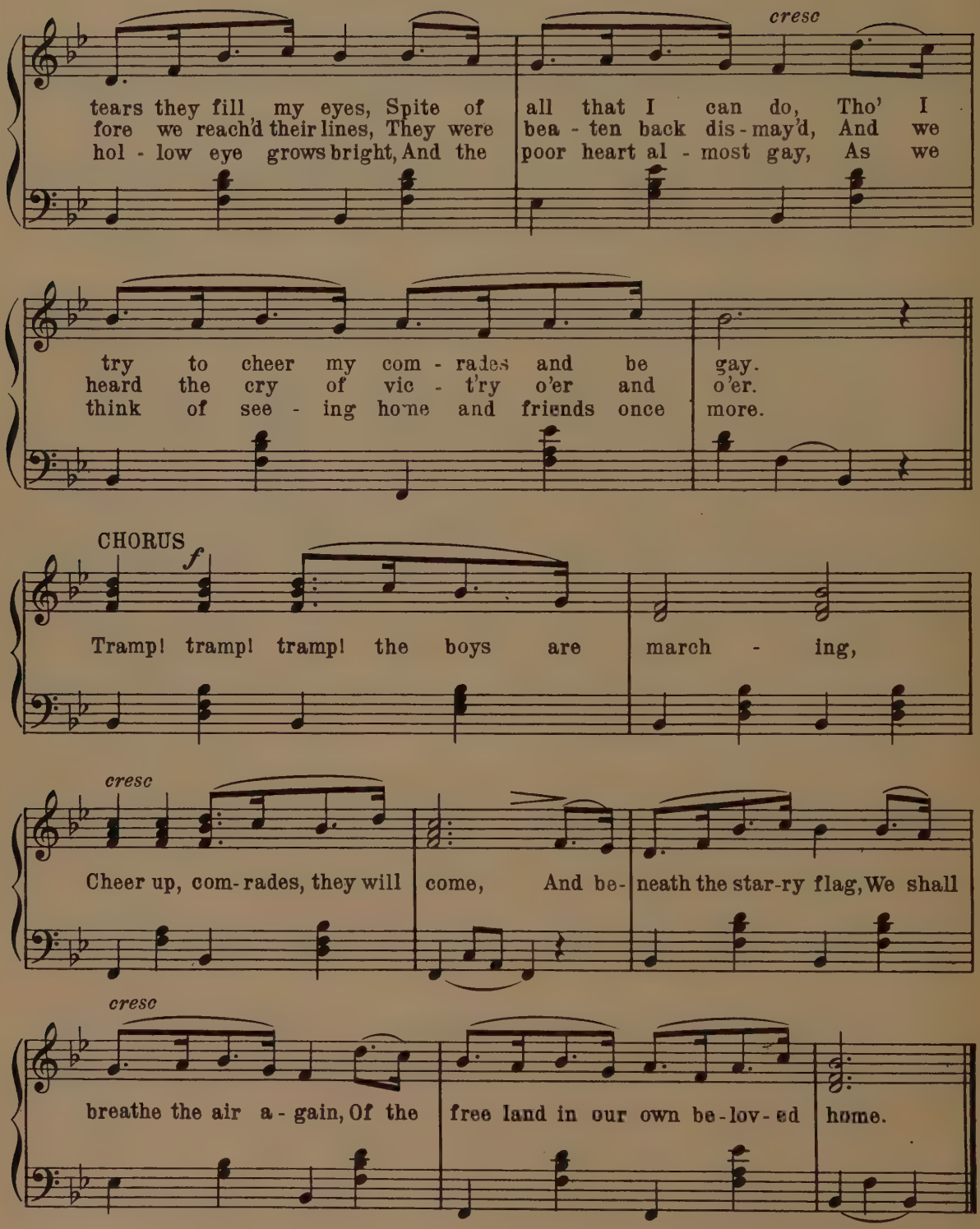

## Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

March time

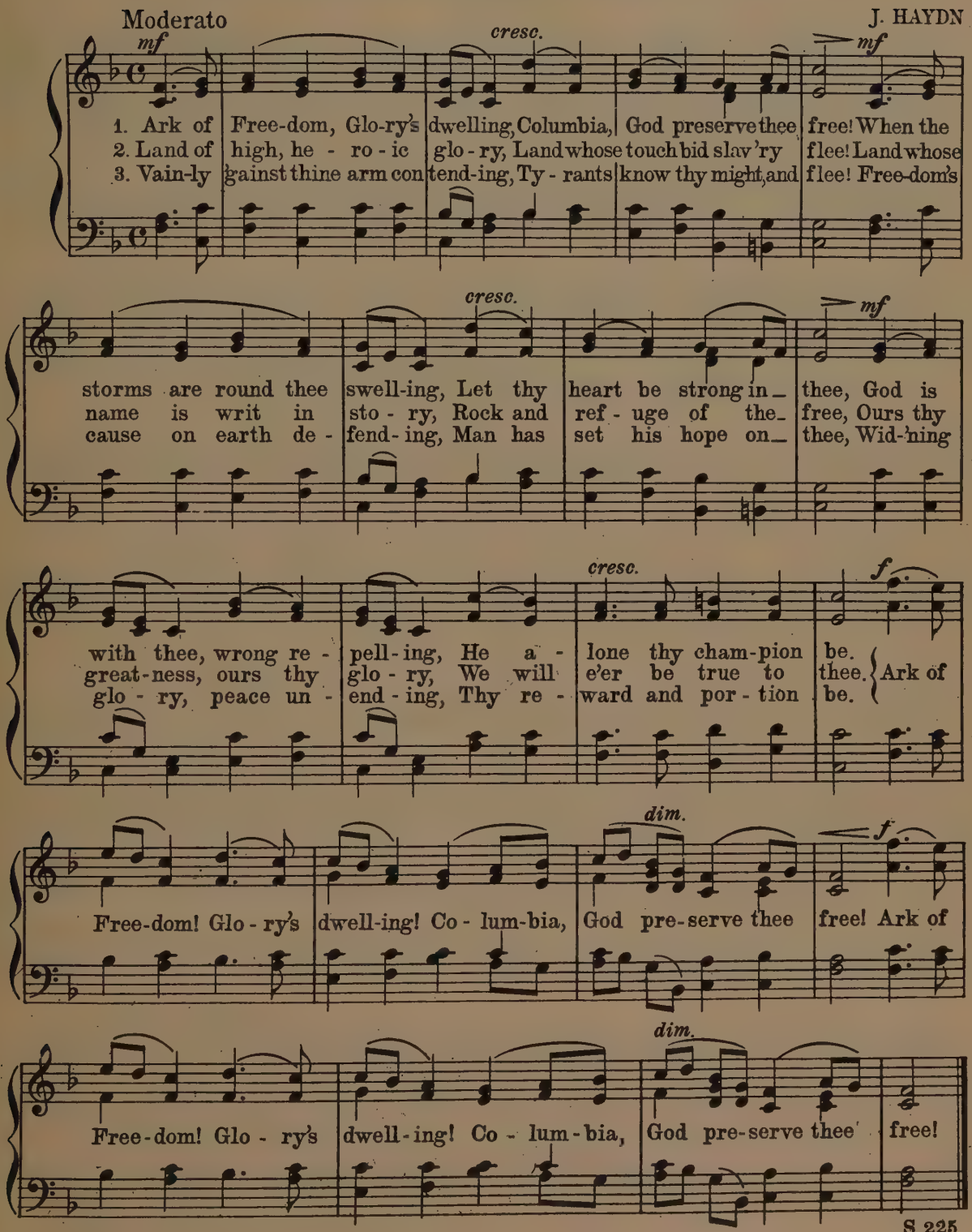
GEORGE F. ROOT


mf
1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood, When their fier - cest charge they made, And they
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day, That shall


cresc
dim
bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be -
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the


cresc
tears they fill my eyes, Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I
fore we reach'd their lines, They were bea - ten back dis - may'd, And we
hol - low eye grows bright, And the poor heart al - most gay, As we
try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
think of see - ing home and friends once more.
CHORUS
f
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing,
cresc
Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be - neath the star-ry flag, We shall
cresc
breathe the air a - gain, Of the free land in our own be - lov - ed home.

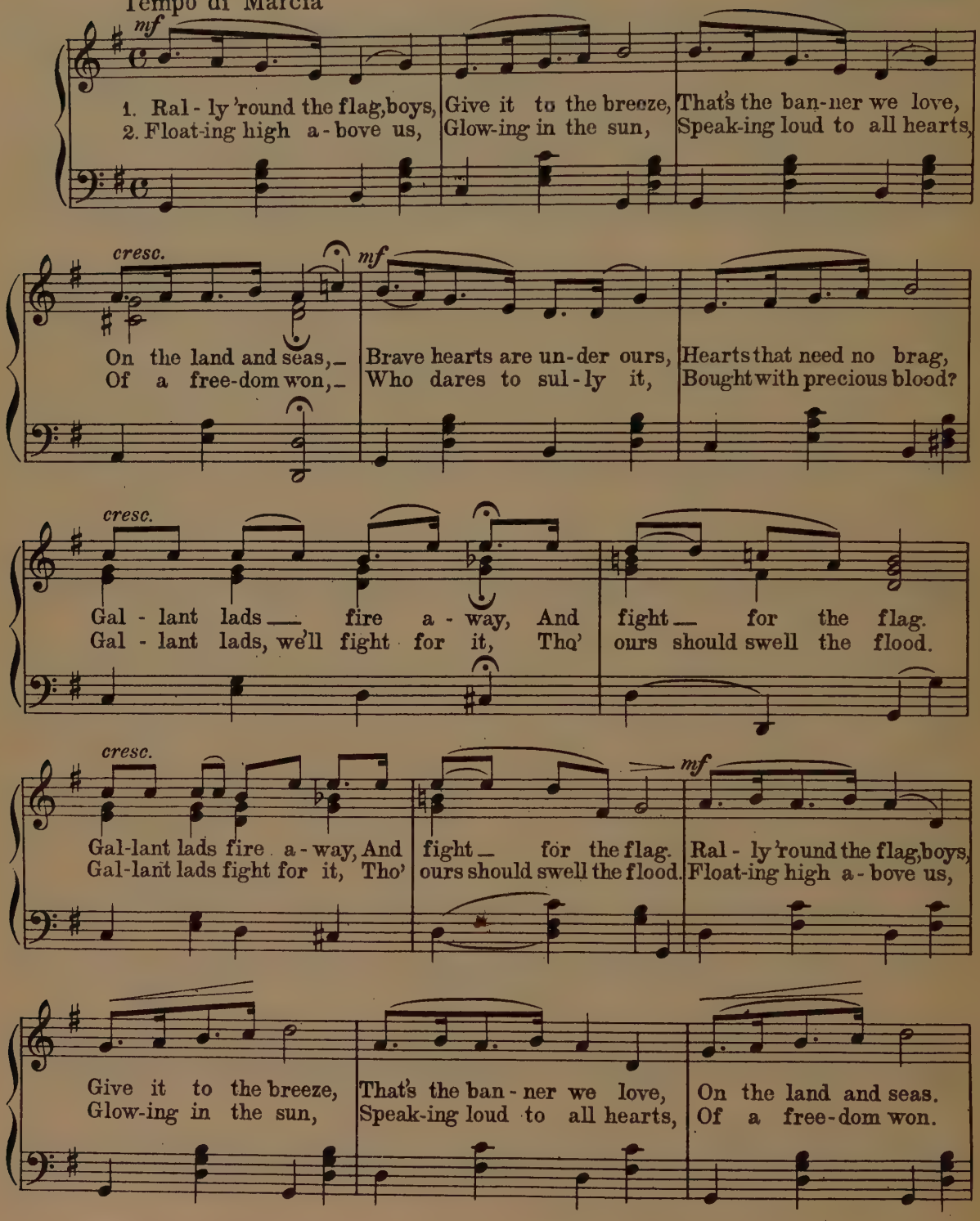
# Columbia, God Preserve Thee Free!

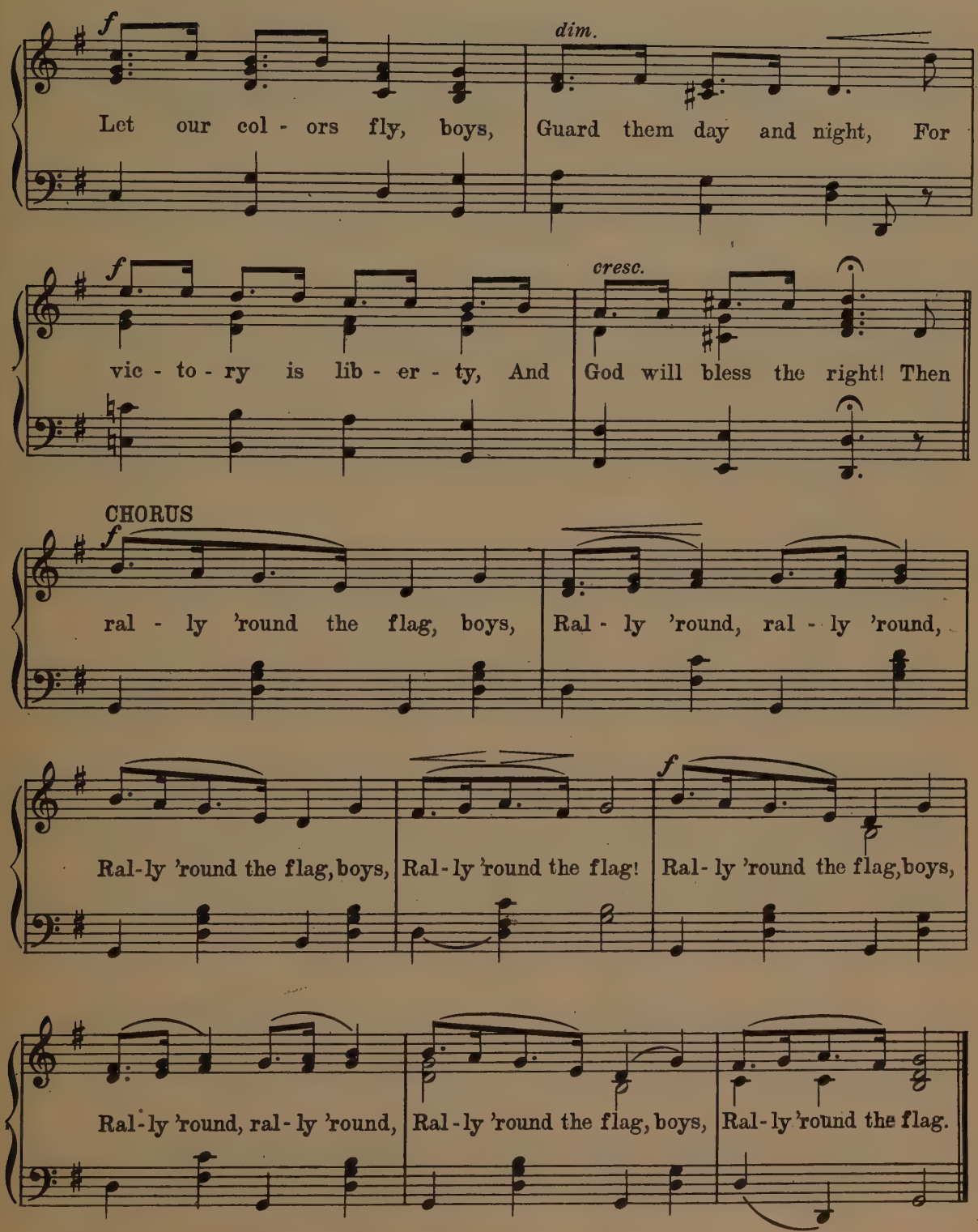

Moderato
J. HAYDN
mf
cresc.
mf
1. Ark of Free-dom, Glo-ry's dwelling, Columbia, God preserve thee free! When the
2. Land of high, he - ro - ic glo - ry, Land whose touch bid slav'ry flee! Land whose
3. Vain-ly gainst thine arm con tend-ing, Ty - rants know thy might, and flee! Free-dom's
cresc.
mf
storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in_ thee, God is
name is writ in sto - ry, Rock and ref - uge of the_ free, Ours thy
cause on earth de - fend - ing, Man has set his hope on_ thee, Wid-'ning
cresc.
f
with thee, wrong re - pell - ing, He a - lone thy cham-pion be.
great-ness, ours thy glo - ry, We will e'er be true to thee. Ark of
glo - ry, peace un - end - ing, Thy re - ward and por - tion be.
dim.
f
Free-dom! Glo - ry's dwell-ing! Co - lum-bia, God pre-serve thee free! Ark of
dim.
Free-dom! Glo - ry's dwell - ing! Co - lum - bia, God pre-serve thee free!

# Rally 'Round the Flag

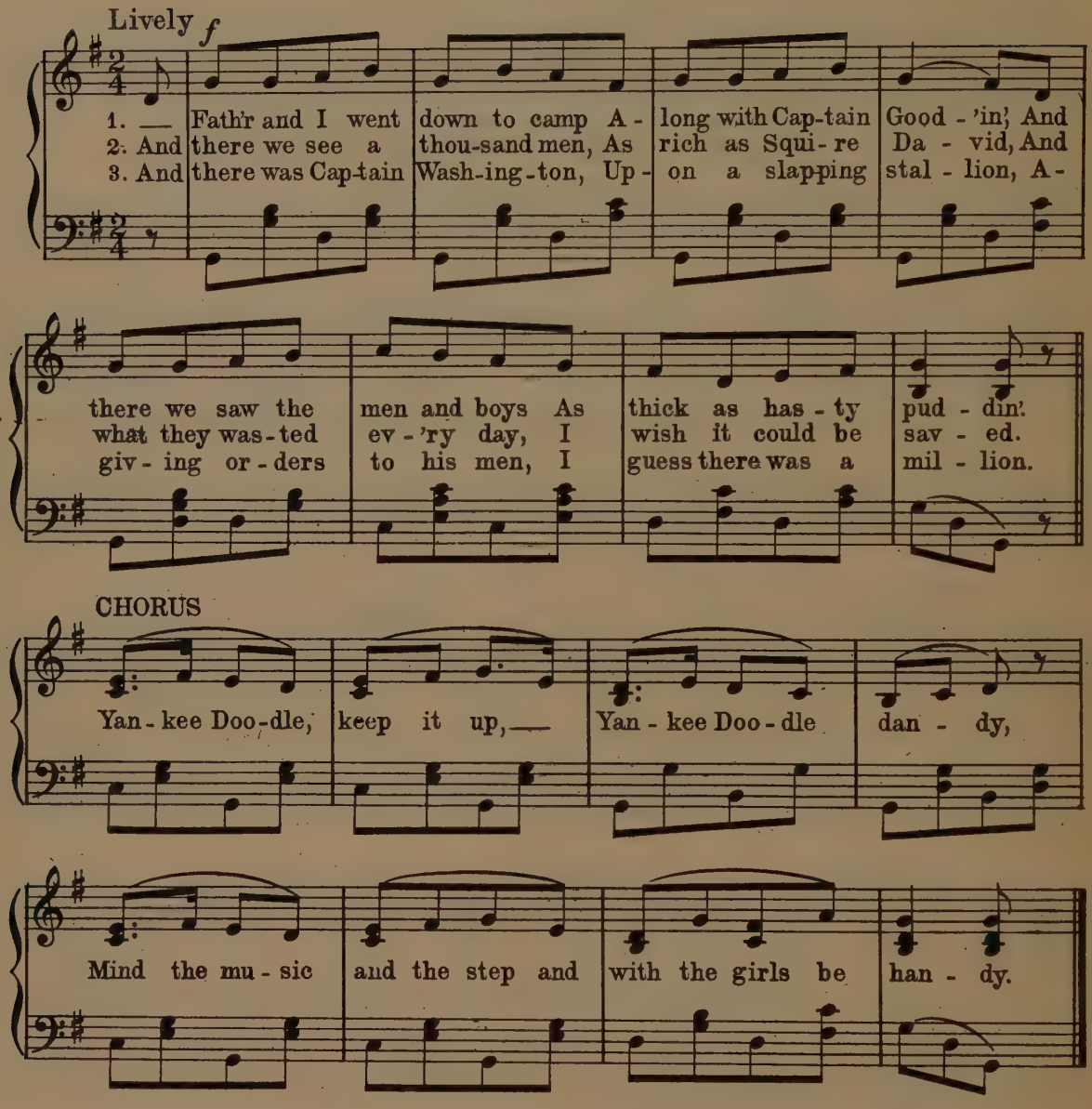
W. B. BRADBURY

Tempo di Marcia


mf
1. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze, That's the ban-ner we love,
2. Float-ing high a - bove us, Glow-ing in the sun, Speak-ing loud to all hearts,
cresc.
mf
On the land and seas, Brave hearts are un-der ours, Hearts that need no brag,
Of a free-dom won, Who dares to sul - ly it, Bought with precious blood?
cresc.
Gal - lant lads fire a - way, And fight for the flag.
Gal - lant lads, we'll fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood.
cresc.
mf
Gal-lant lads fire a - way, And fight for the flag. Ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,
Gal-lant lads fight for it, Tho' ours should swell the flood. Float-ing high a - bove us,
Give it to the breeze, That's the ban - ner we love, On the land and seas.
Glow-ing in the sun, Speak-ing loud to all hearts, Of a free-dom won.


f
dim.
Let our col - ors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For
f
cresc.
vic - to - ry is lib - er - ty, And God will bless the right! Then
CHORUS
f
ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly 'round, ral - ly 'round,
Ral-ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral-ly 'round the flag! Ral- ly 'round the flag, boys,
f
Ral-ly 'round, ral- ly 'round, Ral-ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral-ly 'round the flag.

# Yankee Doodle


Lively
f
1. — Fath'r and I went down to camp A- long with Cap-tain Good - 'in', And
2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squi- re Da - vid, And
3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton, Up- on a slapping stal - lion, A-
there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
what they was-ted ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
giv - ing or - ders to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion.
CHORUS
Yan - kee Doo-dle, keep it up, — Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,
Mind the mu - sic and the step and with the girls be han - dy.

4.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They look'd so very fine, ah!
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemina.

5.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

6.

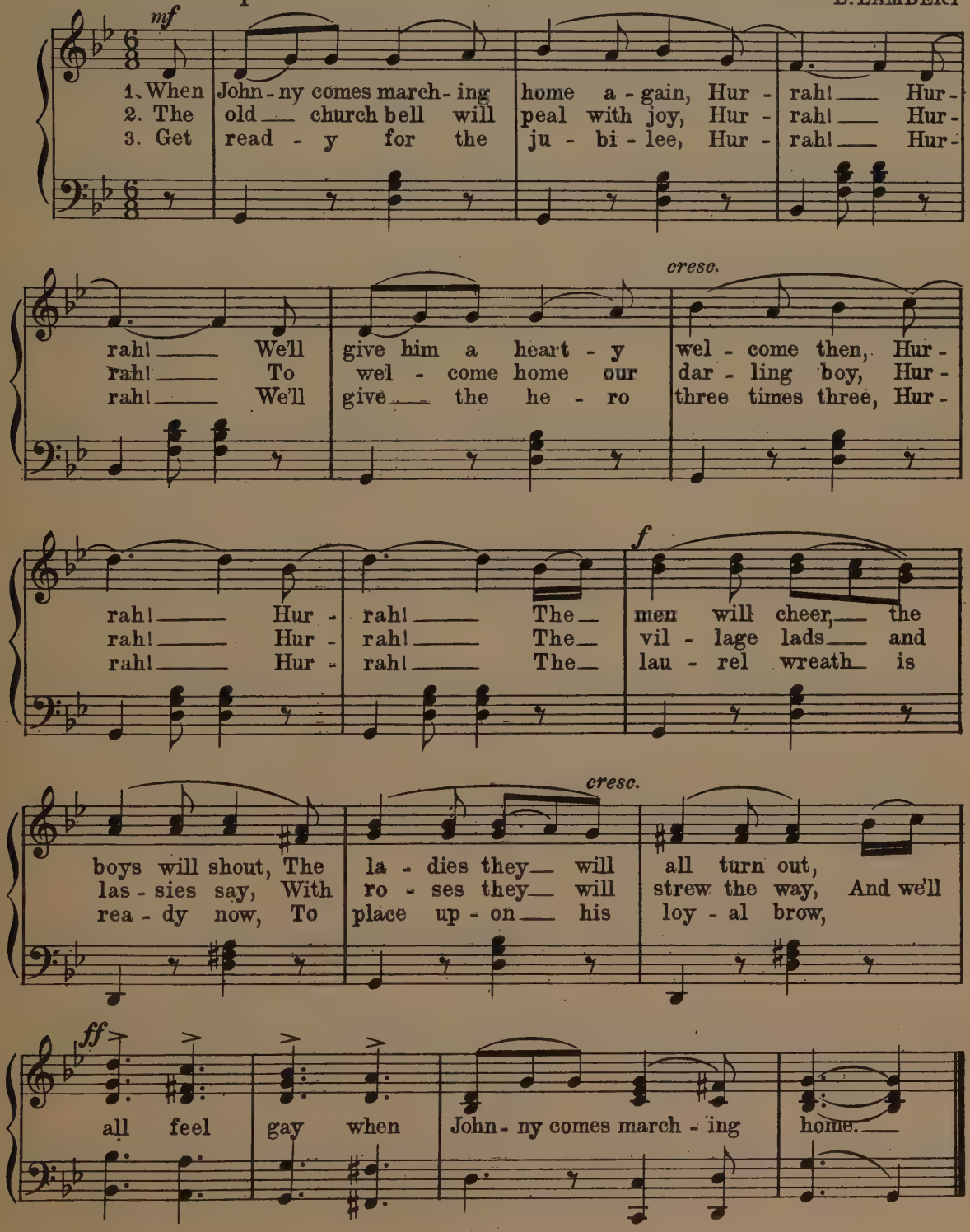
And ev'ry time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7.

And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knock'd up on't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

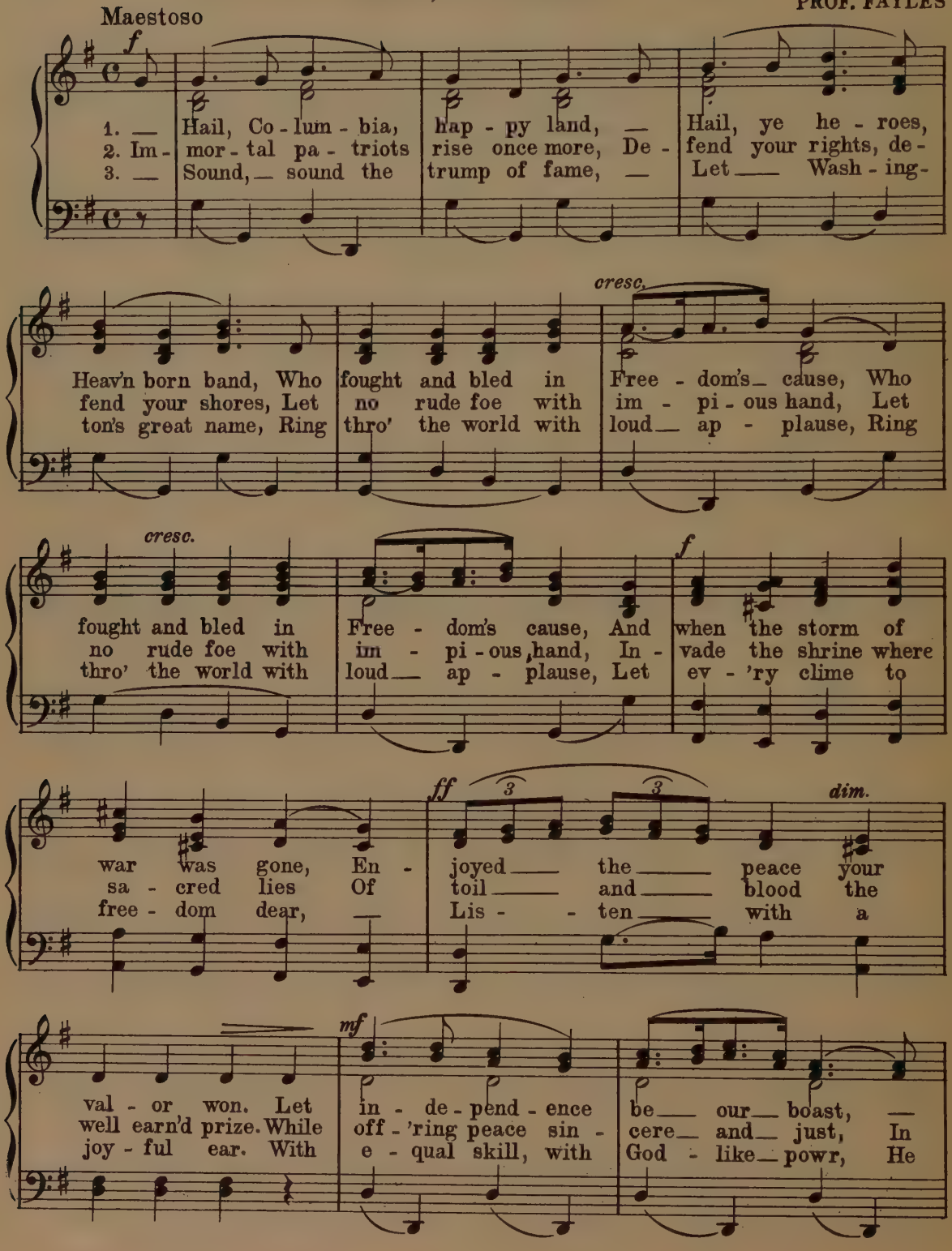
# When Johnny Comes Marching Home

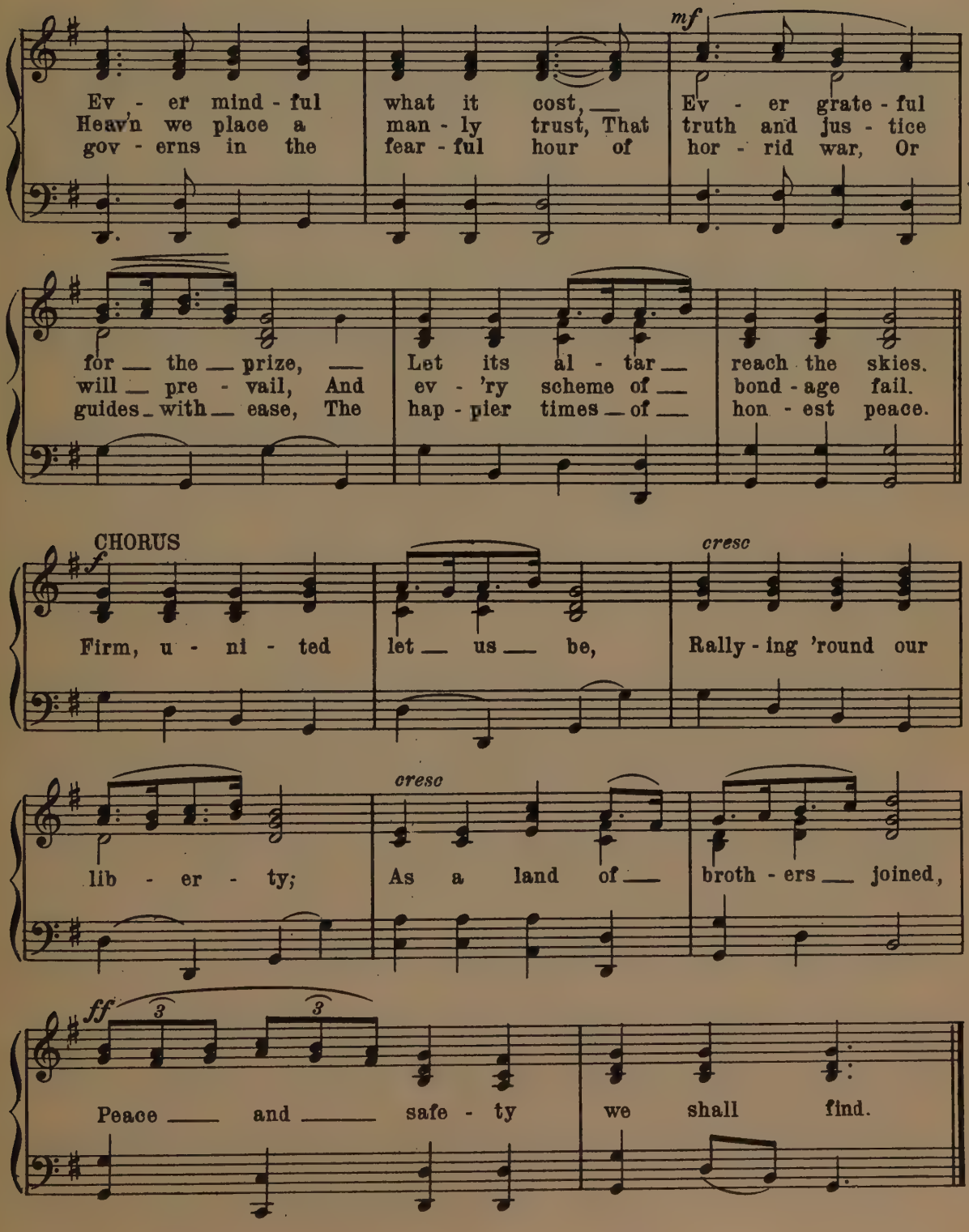
March tempo

L. LAMBERT

mf
1. When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah!
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah! Hurrah!
3. Get ready for the jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah!
cresc.
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah! Hurrah!
f
The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
The village lads and lassies say, With
The laurel wreath is ready now, To
cresc.
ladies they will all turn out,
roses they will strew the way, And we'll
place upon his loyal brow,
ff
all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

# Hail, Columbia

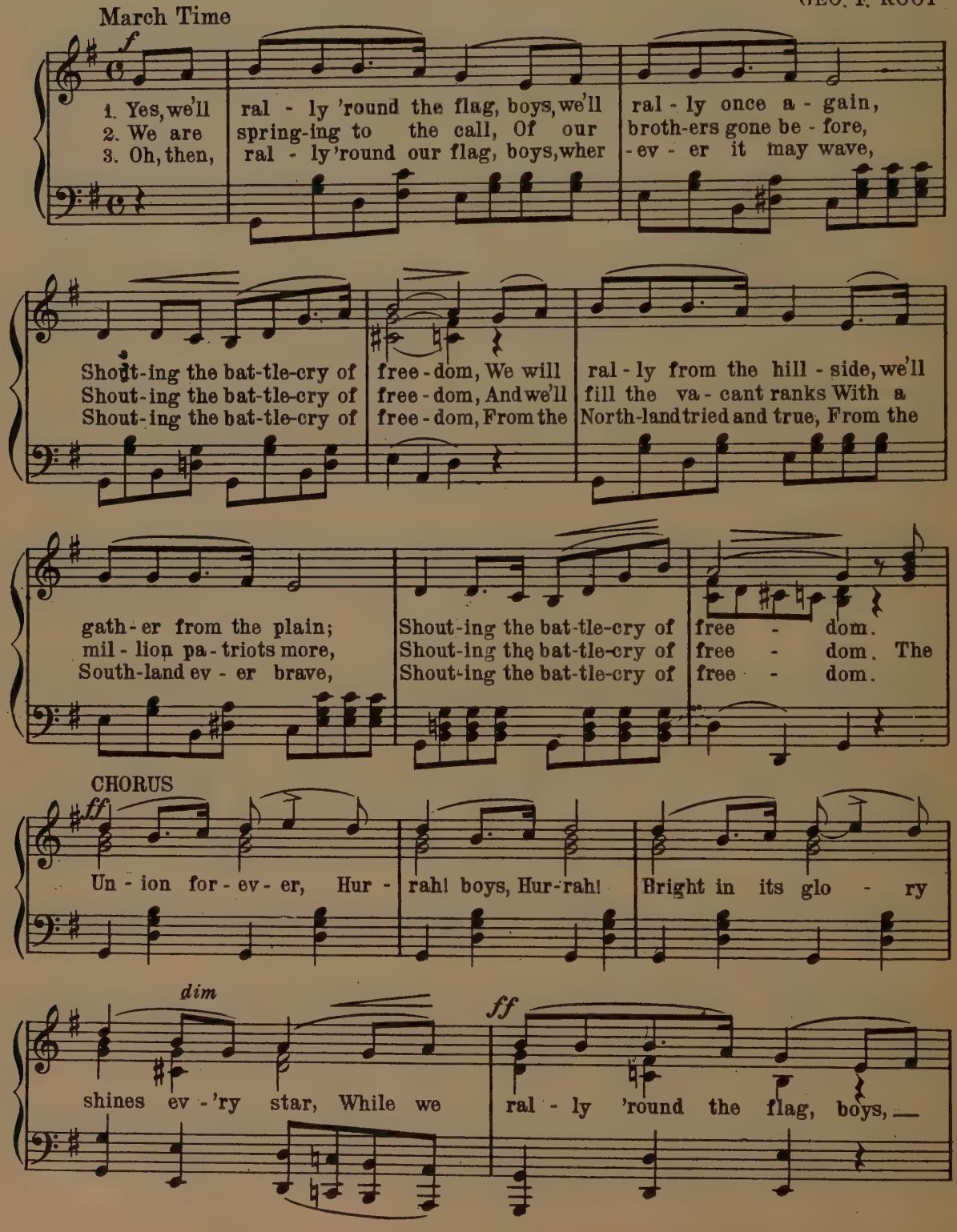
PROF. FAYLES

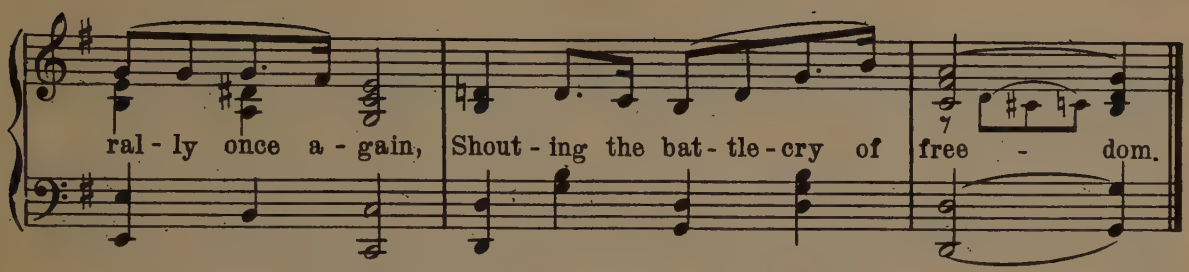

Maestoso
f
1. — Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land, — Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots rise once more, De - fend your rights, de -
3. — Sound, — sound the trump of fame, — Let — Wash - ing -
Heav'n born band, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's — cause, Who
fend your shores, Let no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, Let
ton's great name, Ring thro' the world with loud — ap - plause, Ring
cresc.
fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, In - vade the shrine where
thro' the world with loud — ap - plause, Let ev - 'ry clime to
cresc.
f
war was gone, En - joyed — the — peace your
sa - cred lies Of toil — and — blood the
free - dom dear, — Lis - - ten — with a
ff
3
3
dim.
val - or won. Let in - de - pend - ence be — our — boast, —
well earn'd prize. While off - 'ring peace sin - cere — and — just, In
joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill, with God - like — powr, He
mf


mf
Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, Ev - er grate - ful
Heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice
gov - erns in the fear - ful hour of hor - rid war, Or
for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
guides with ease, The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
CHORUS
f
cresc
Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Rally - ing 'round our
cresc
lib - er - ty; As a land of broth - ers joined,
ff
3
3
Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

# The Battle-Cry of Freedom

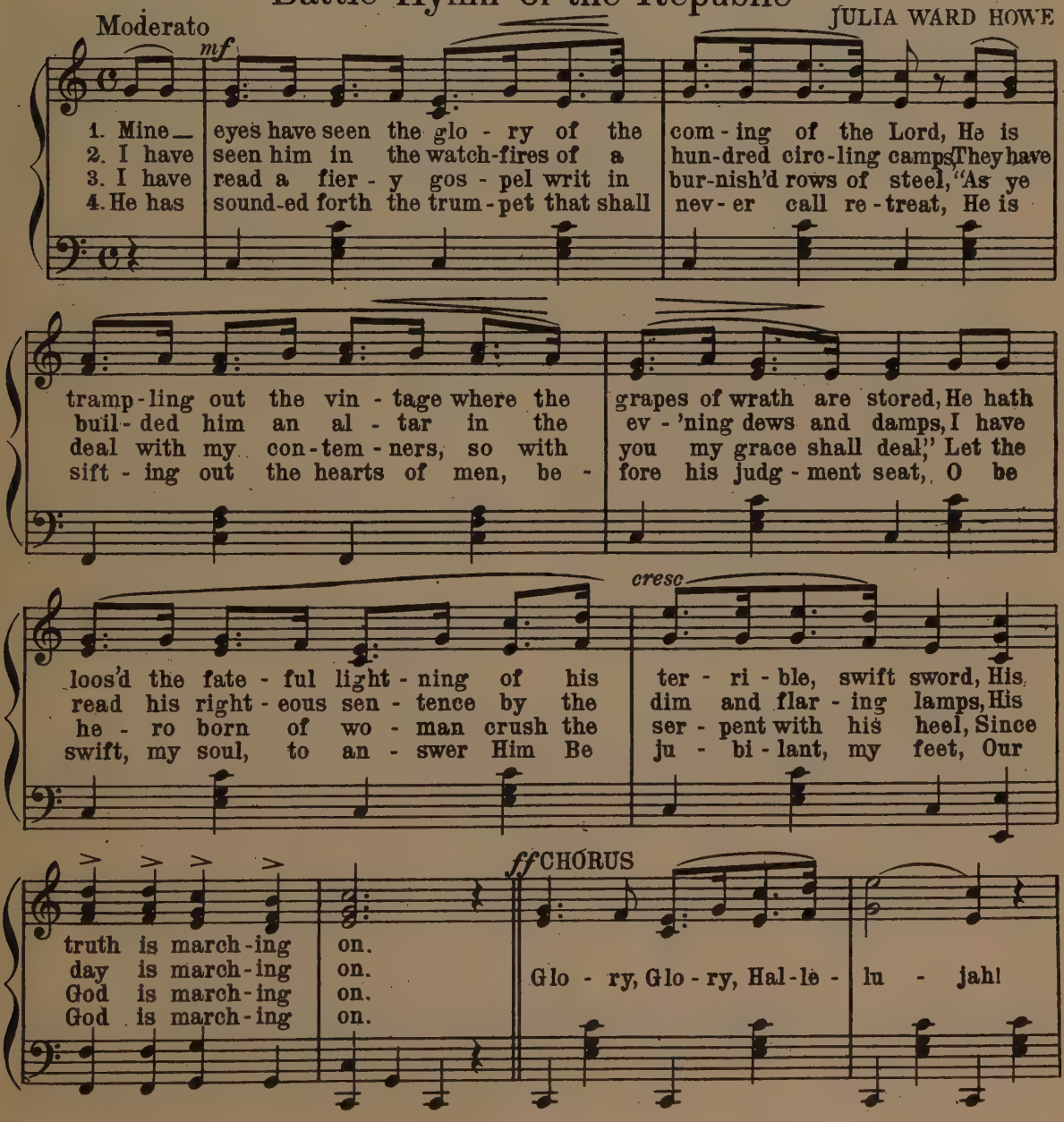
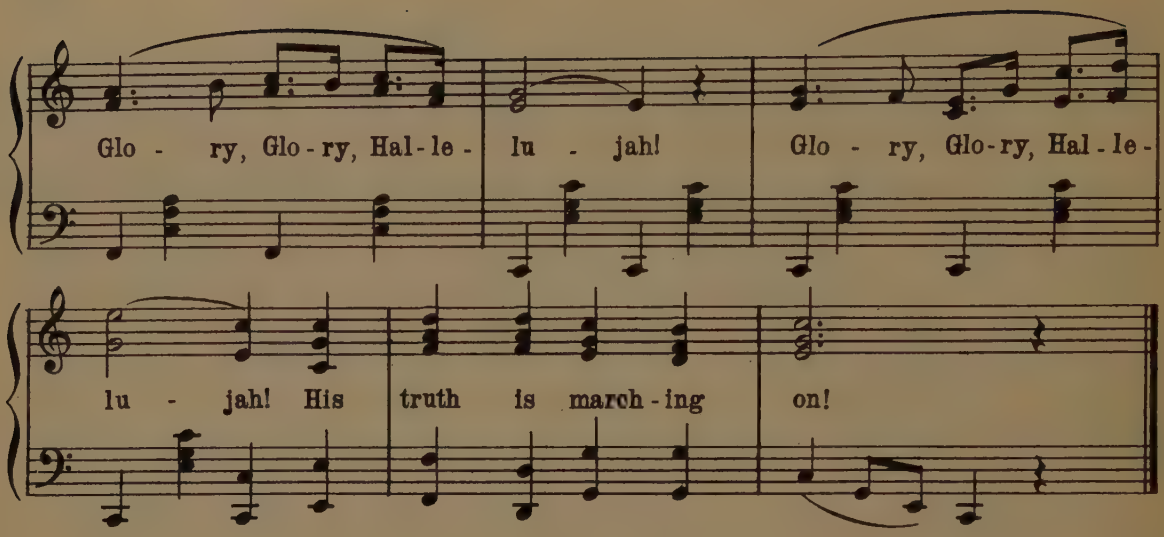
GEO. F. ROOT


March Time
f
1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring-ing to the call, Of our broth-ers gone be - fore,
3. Oh, then, ral - ly 'round our flag, boys, wher - ev - er it may wave,
Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom, We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom, And we'll fill the va - cant ranks With a
Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom, From the North-land tried and true, From the
gath - er from the plain; Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom.
mil - lion pa - triots more, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom. The
South-land ev - er brave, Shout-ing the bat-tle-cry of free - dom.
CHORUS
ff
Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hur-rah! Bright in its glo - ry
dim
shines ev - 'ry star, While we
ff
ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,

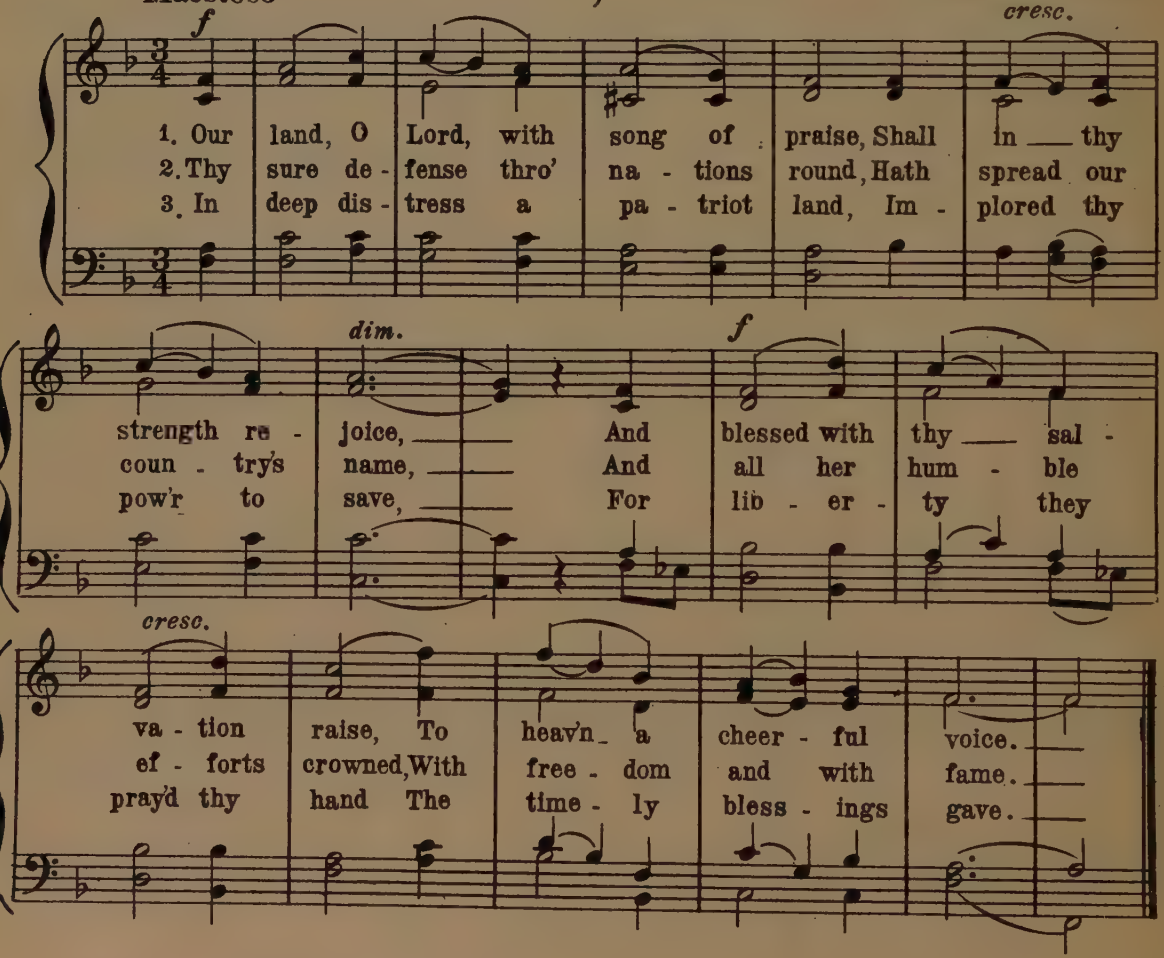


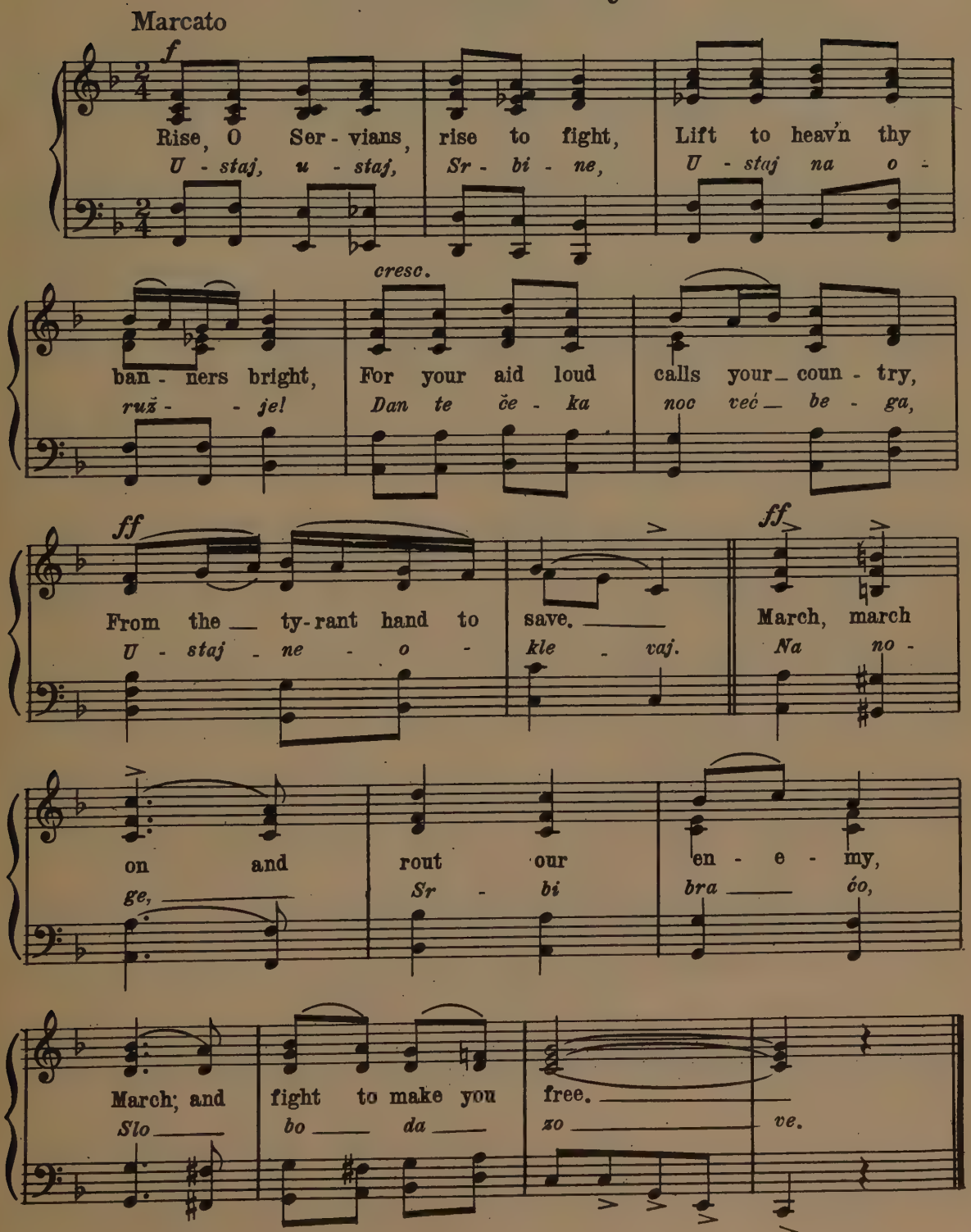

# Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

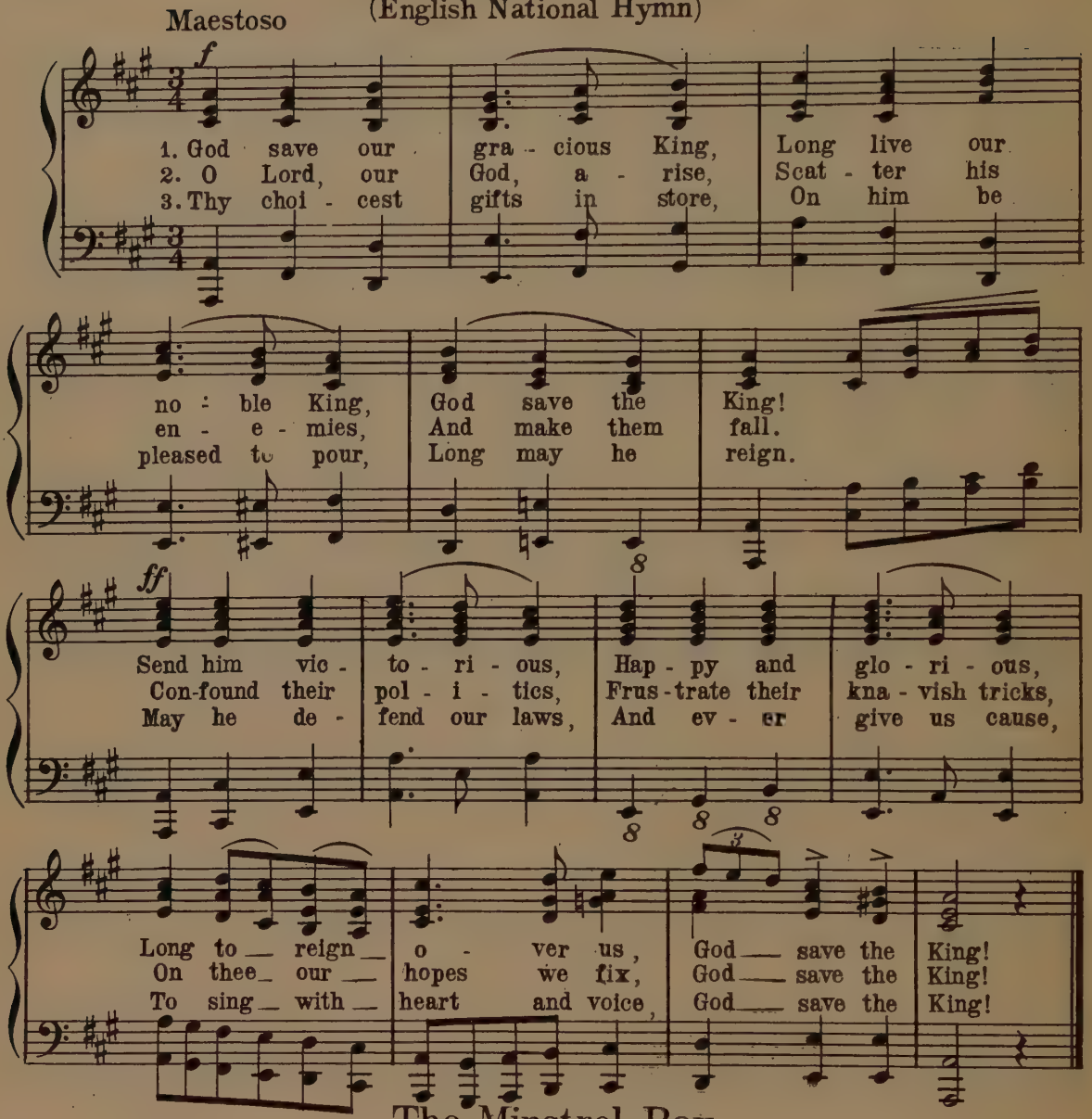

Moderato
mf
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is
2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circ-ling camps They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in bur-nish'd rows of steel, "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat, He is
tramp-ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath
buil - ded him an al - tar in the ev - 'ning dews and damps, I have
deal with my con-tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal," Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men, be - fore his judg - ment seat, O be
cresc
loos'd the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble, swift sword, His
read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His
he - ro born of wo - man crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him Be ju - bi - lant, my feet, Our
truth is march - ing on.
day is march - ing on.
God is march - ing on.
God is march - ing on.
ff CHORUS
Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!

## Our Land, O Lord

MICHAEL HAYDN

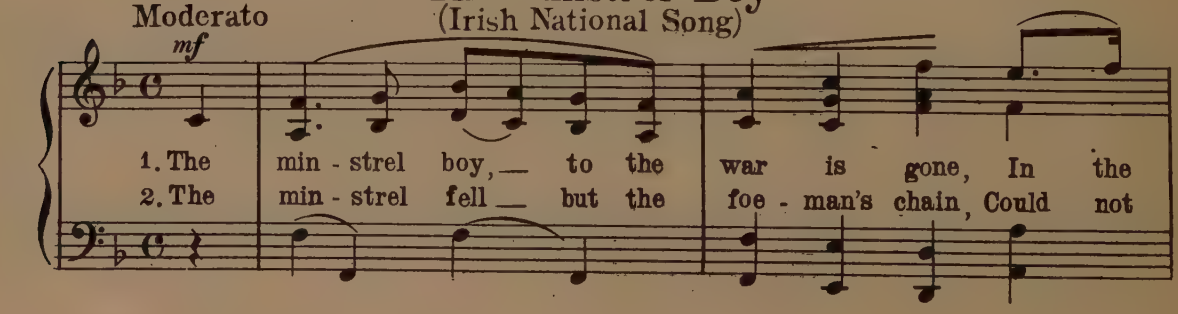
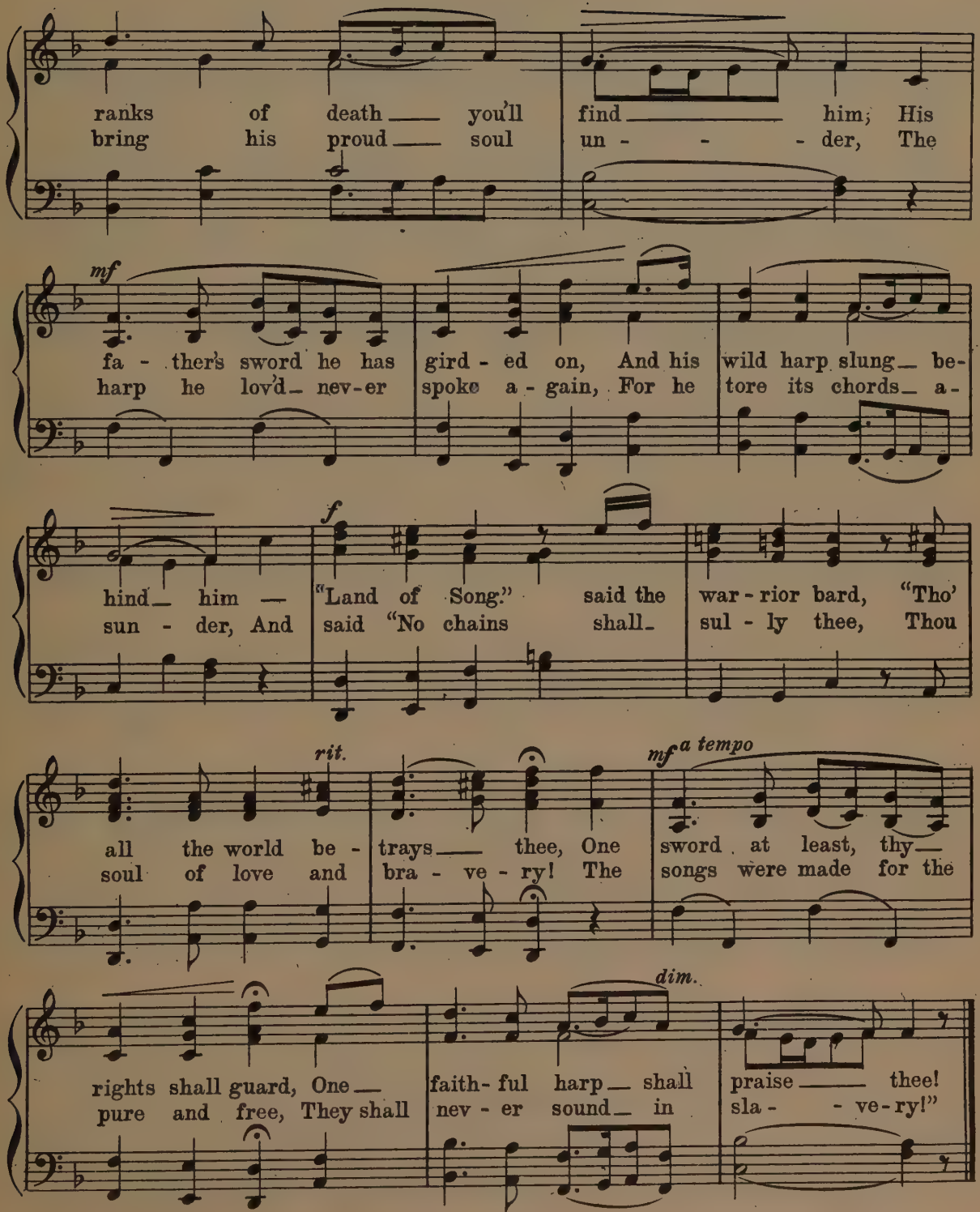

Maestoso
f
cresc.
1. Our land, O Lord, with song of praise, Shall in thy
2. Thy sure de - fense thro' na - tions round, Hath spread our
3. In deep dis - tress a pa - triot land, Im - plored thy
dim.
f
strength re - joice, And blessed with thy sal -
coun - try's name, And all her hum - ble
pow'r to save, For lib - er - ty they
cresc.
va - tion raise, To heav'n a cheer - ful voice.
ef - forts crowned, With free - dom and with fame.
pray'd thy hand The time - ly bless - ings gave.

# Servian National Hymn

Marcato
f
Rise, O Ser - vians, rise to fight, Lift to heav'n thy
U - staj, u - staj, Sr - bi - ne, U - staj na o -
cresc.
ban - ners bright, For your aid loud calls your_ coun - try,
ruž - - je! Dan te če - ka noc već_ be - ga,
ff
From the_ ty-rant hand to save.
U - staj - ne - o - kle - vaj.
ff
March, march
Na no -
on and rout our en - e - my,
ge, Sr - bi bra_ ćo,
March; and fight to make you free.
Slo_ bo_ da_ zo_ ve.

# God Save The King
(English National Hymn)


Maestoso
f
1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our
2. O Lord, our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his
3. Thy choi - cest gifts in store, On him be
no - ble King, God save the King!
en - e - mies, And make them fall.
pleased to pour, Long may he reign.
ff
Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
Con-found their pol - i - tics, Frus-trate their kna - vish tricks,
May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause,
Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King!
On thee our hopes we fix, God save the King!
To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!

# The Minstrel Boy
(Irish National Song)



ranks of death you'll find him; His
bring his proud soul un - der, The
mf
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be-
harp he lov'd nev-er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a-
f
hind him — "Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho'
sun - der, And said "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou
rit.
all the world be - trays thee, One
soul of love and bra - ve - ry! The
mf a tempo
sword at least, thy
songs were made for the
dim.
rights shall guard, One faith- ful harp shall praise thee!
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in sla - ve-ry!"

# The Wearing of the Green

(Irish National Song)

Allegretto

*mf*

1. Oh,— Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing
   St.— Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, his col - or can't be
2. Then— since the col - or we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el
   You may take the sham-rock from your hat now, cast it on the

*cresc.* *dim.*

'round? The sham-rock is for - bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground!
seen, For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear-ing of the green.
red, Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for-get the blood that they have shed.
sod, But 'twill take root and flour-ish still, tho' un - der foot it's trod.

*f*

I— met with Nap-per Tan - dy, and he took me by the hand, And he said "How's poor old
When the law can stop the blades of green from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in

Ire - land, and how— does she stand?" "She's the most dis-tress-ful country— that
sum-mer-time their ver-dure dare not show, Then— I will change the col - or that I

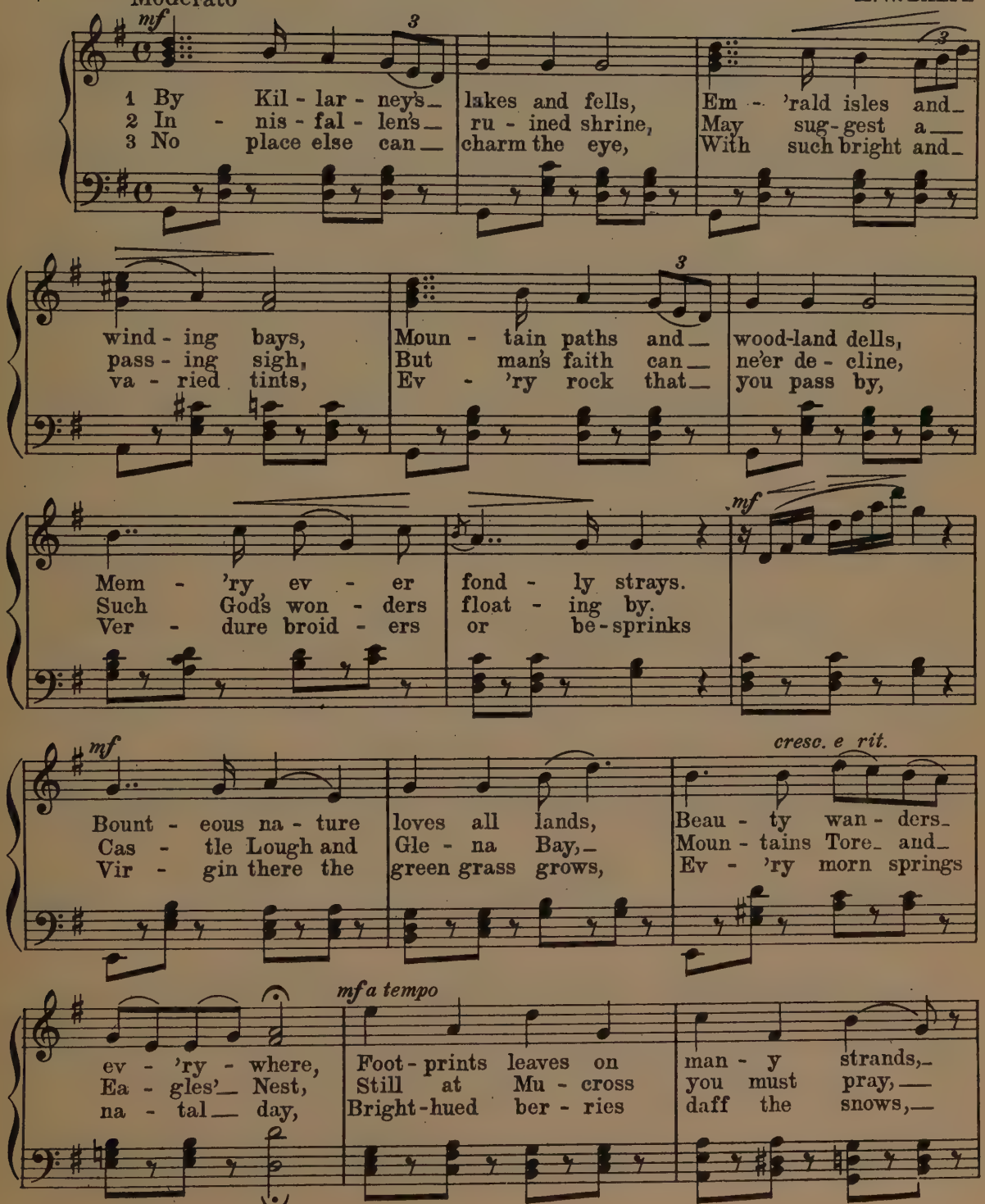
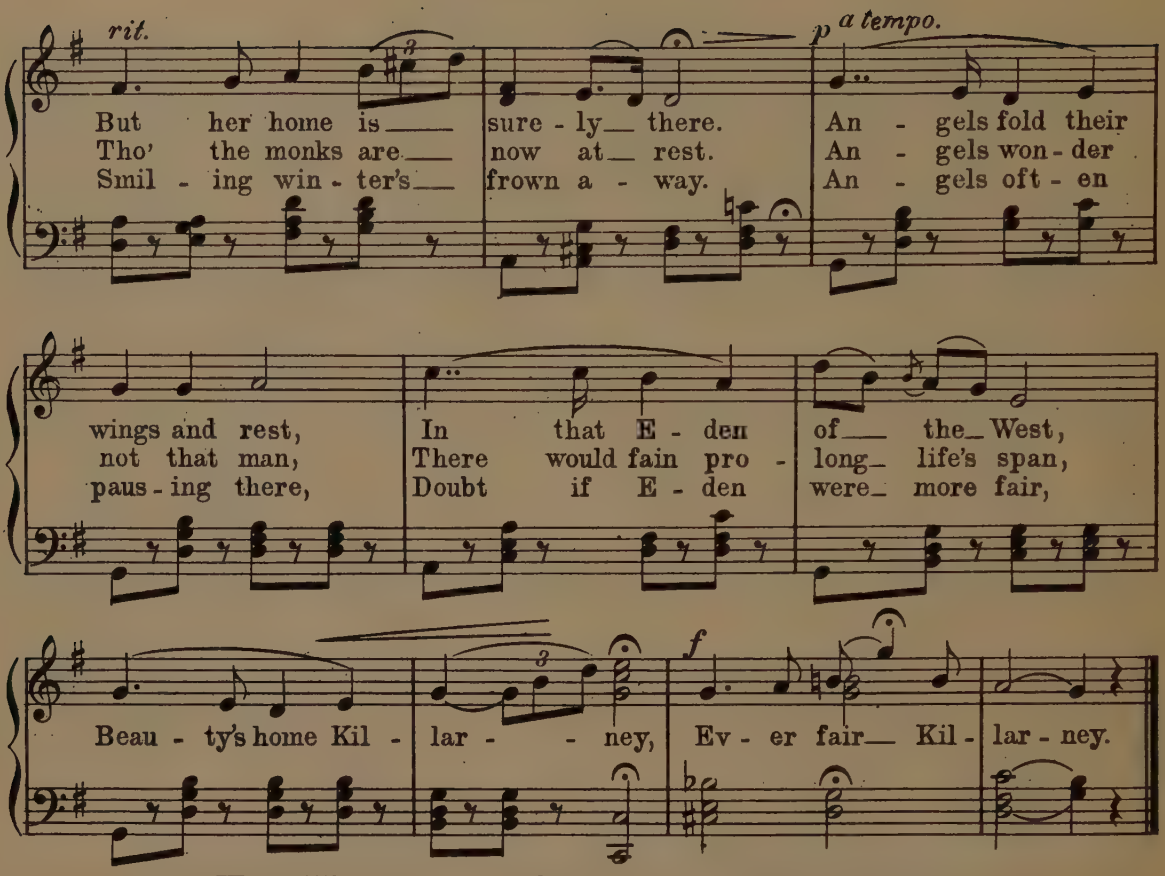
*cresc.* *dim.*

ev- er yet was seen; They're hang-ing men and wo-men there for wearing of the green."
wear in my can-teen; But 'till that day, please God I'll stick to wearing of the green.

# Killarney

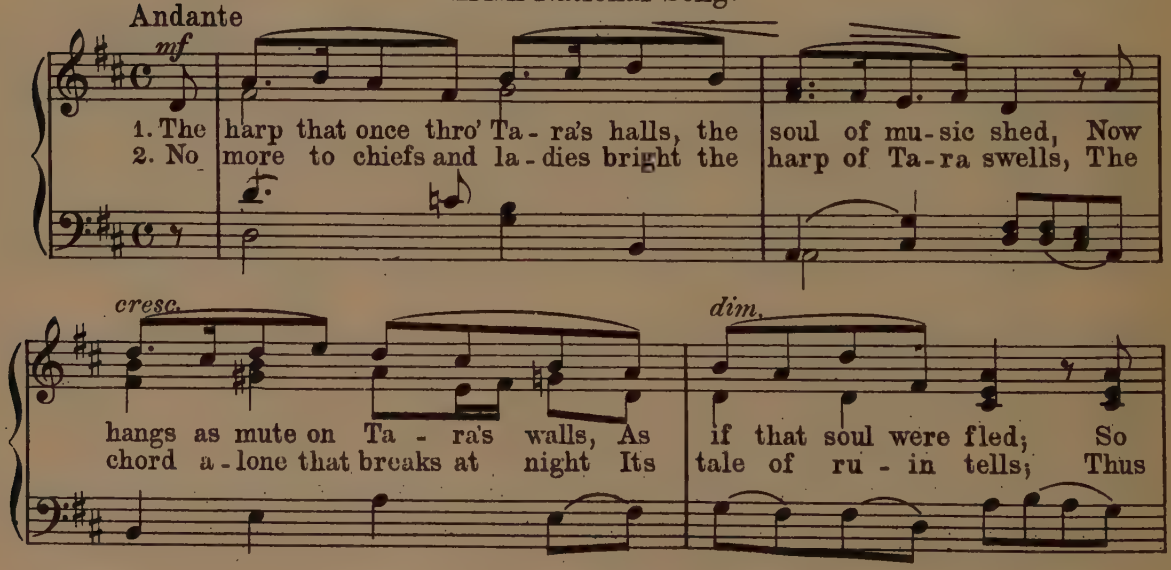
(Irish National Song)

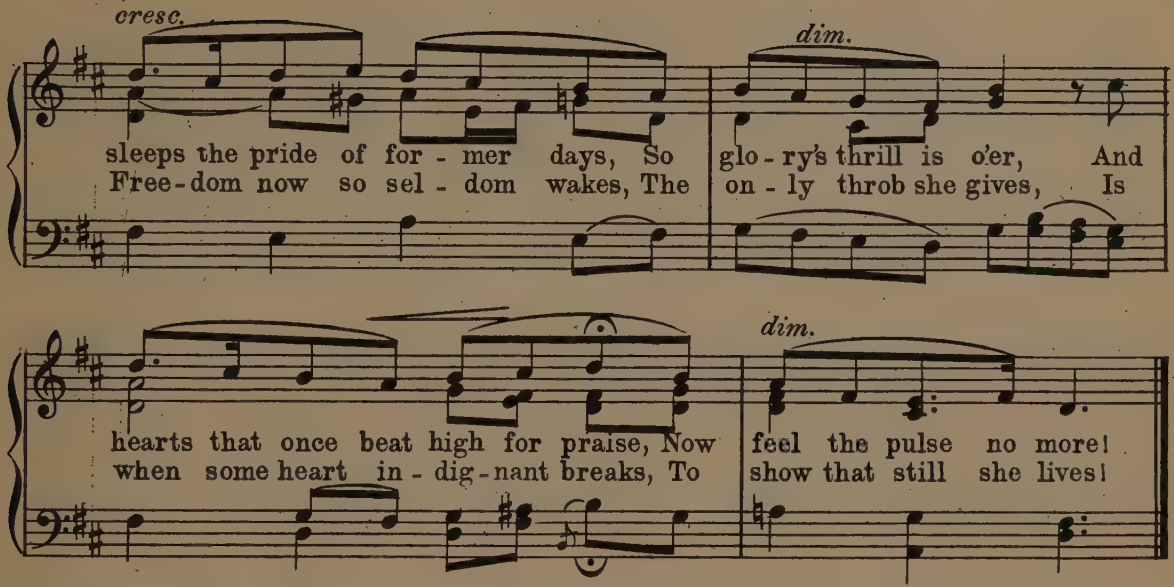
Moderato

M. W. BALFE

mf
1 By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and
2 In - nis - fal - len's ru - ined shrine, May sug - gest a
3 No place else can charm the eye, With such bright and
wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and wood-land dells,
pass - ing sigh, But man's faith can ne'er de - cline,
va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by,
mf
Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays.
Such God's won - ders float - ing by.
Ver - dure broid - ers or be - sprinks
mf
cresc. e rit.
Bount - eous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders
Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na Bay, Moun - tains Tore and
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs
mf a tempo
ev - 'ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on man - y strands,
Ea - gles' Nest, Still at Mu - cross you must pray,
na - tal day, Bright - hued ber - ries daff the snows,

rit.
a tempo.
p
But her home is sure - ly there. An - gels fold their
Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels won - der
Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en
wings and rest, In that E - den of the West,
not that man, There would fain pro - long life's span,
paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,
Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
f

## The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls

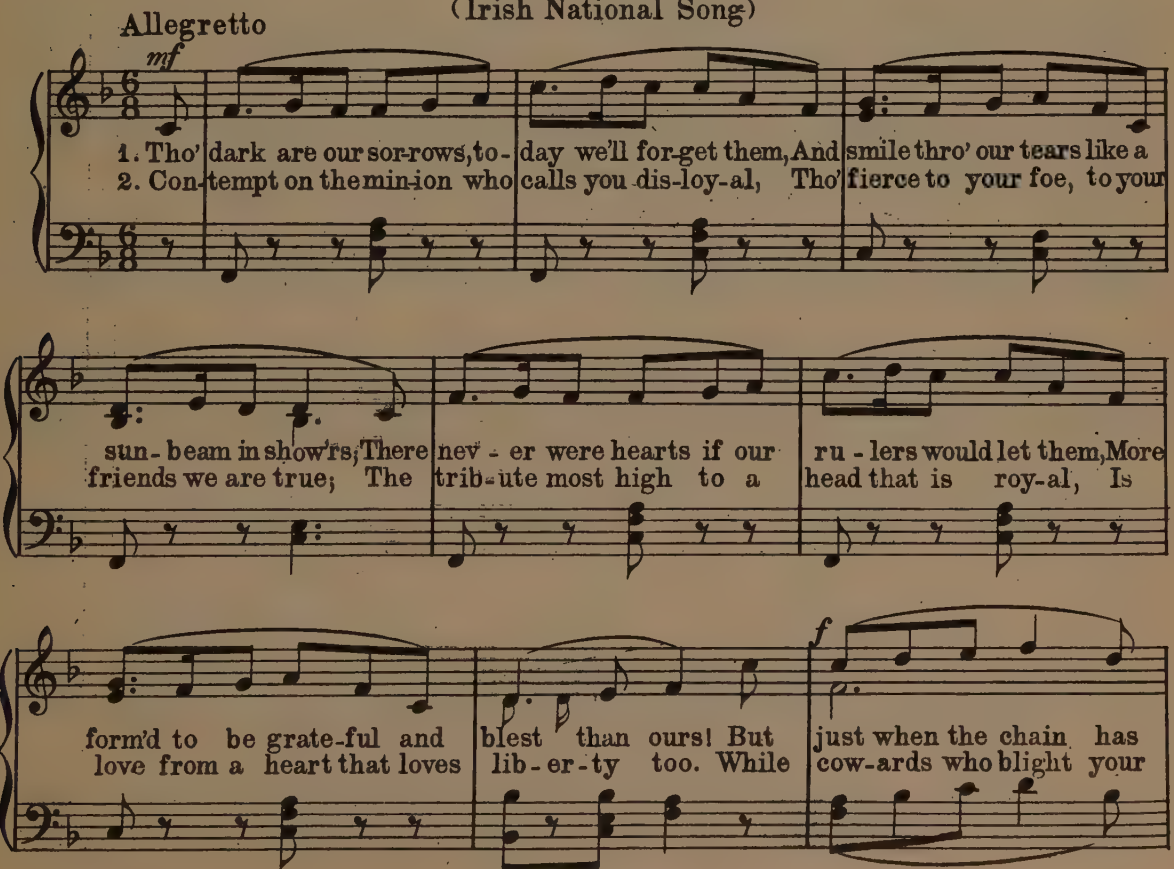
(Irish National Song)

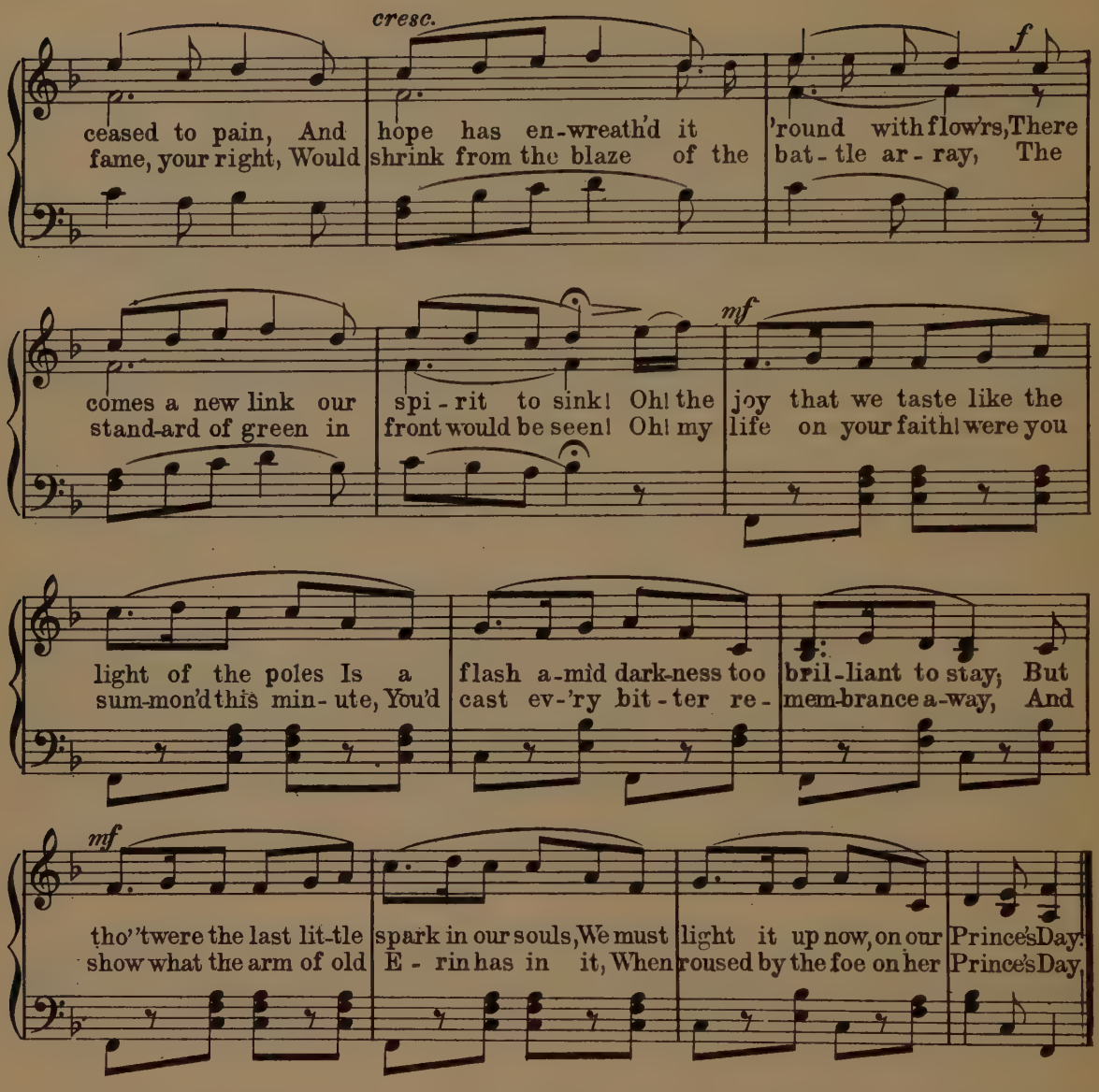

Andante
mf
1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, the soul of mu - sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright the harp of Ta - ra swells, The
cresc.
dim.
hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled; So
chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus


cresc.
dim.
sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is
dim.
hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel the pulse no more!
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives!

## St. Patrick's Day

(Irish National Song)

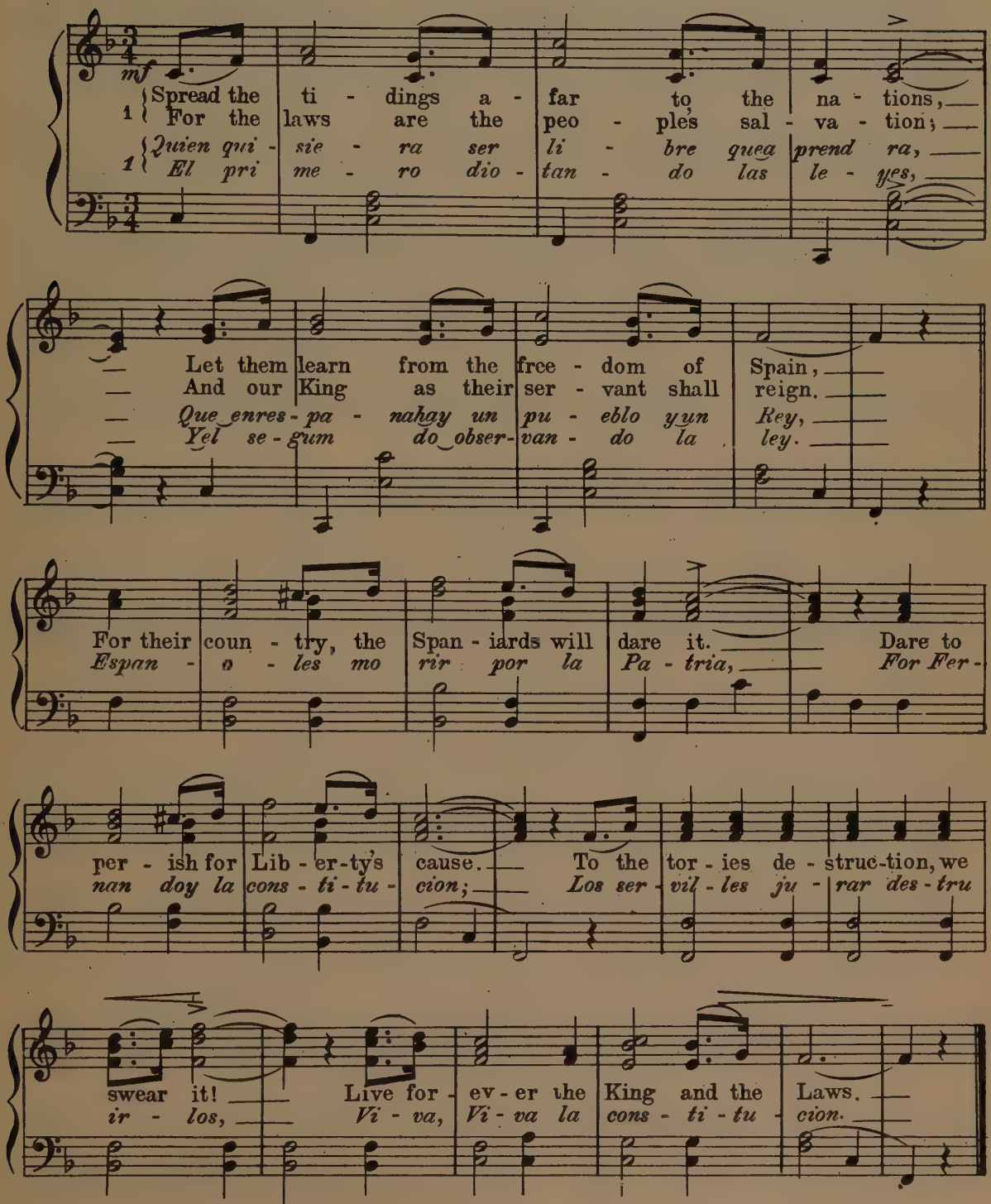

Allegretto
mf
1. Tho' dark are our sor-rows, to- day we'll for-get them, And smile thro' our tears like a
2. Con- tempt on the min-ion who calls you dis-loy-al, Tho' fierce to your foe, to your
sun- beam in show'rs; There nev - er were hearts if our ru - lers would let them, More
friends we are true; The trib-ute most high to a head that is roy-al, Is
f
form'd to be grate-ful and blest than ours! But just when the chain has
love from a heart that loves lib - er - ty too. While cow-ards who blight your


cresc.
f
ceased to pain, And hope has en-wreath'd it 'round with flow'rs, There
fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the bat-tle ar-ray, The
mf
comes a new link our spi-rit to sink! Oh! the joy that we taste like the
stand-ard of green in front would be seen! Oh! my life on your faith! were you
light of the poles Is a flash a-mid dark-ness too bril-liant to stay; But
sum-mon'd this min-ute, You'd cast ev-'ry bit-ter re- mem-brance a-way, And
mf
tho' 'twere the last lit-tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day:
show what the arm of old E-rin has in it, When roused by the foe on her Prince's Day,

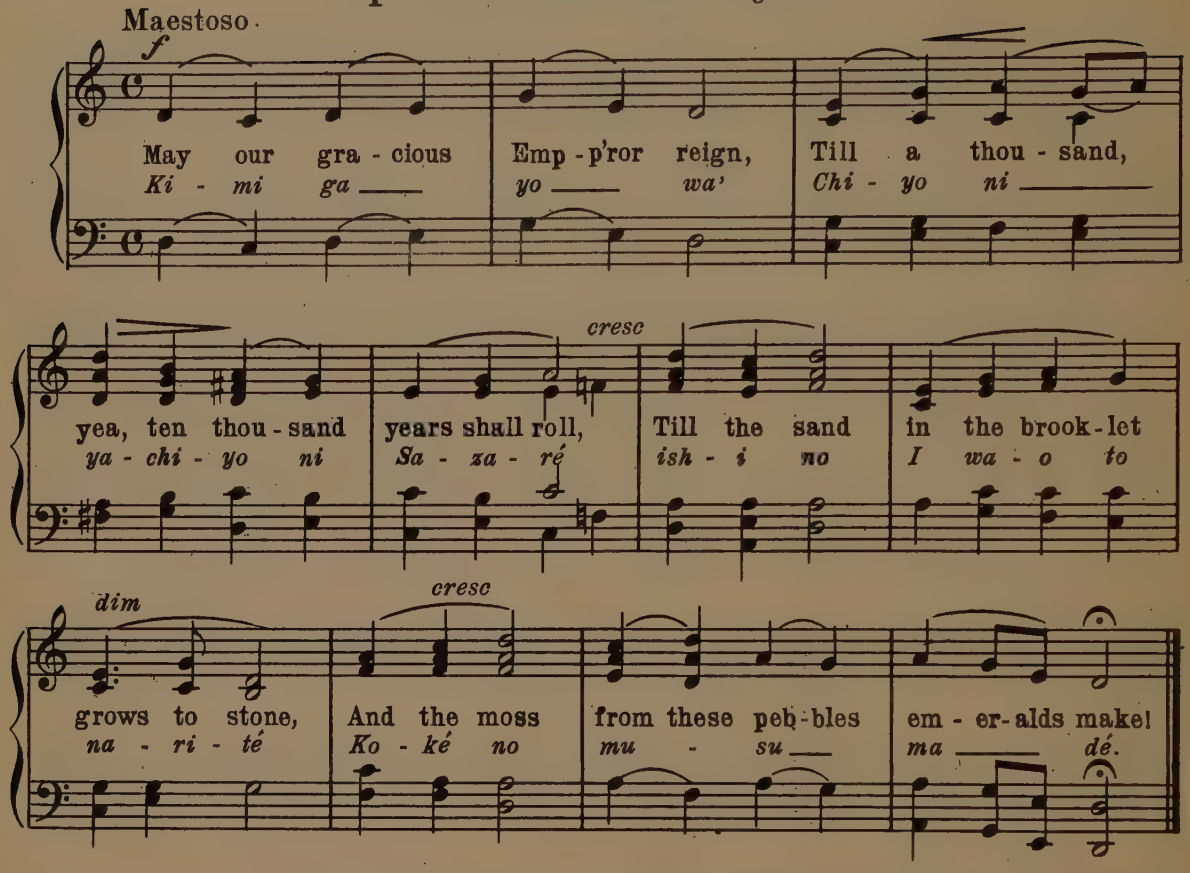
3.

He loves the green Isle and his love is recorded,
In hearts which have suffered too much to forget;
And hope shall be crowned and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke by many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast a light to the last!
And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams thro' each suffering past,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

# Spanish National Hymn

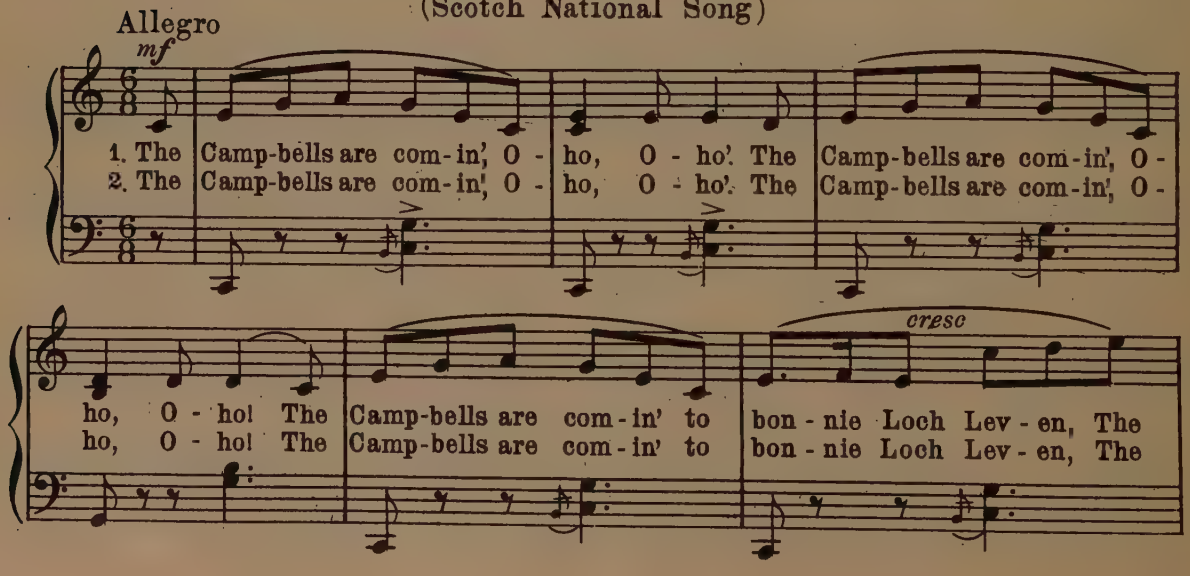

mf
1 Spread the ti - dings a - far to the na - tions,
For the laws are the peo - ples sal - va - tion;
1 Quien qui - sie - ra ser li - bre quea prend ra,
El pri me - ro dio - tan - do las le - yes,
Let them learn from the free - dom of Spain,
And our King as their ser - vant shall reign.
Que enres - pa - nahay un pu - eblo yun Rey,
Yel se - gum do obser - van - do la ley.
For their coun - try, the Span - iards will dare it.
Espan - o - les mo rir por la Pa - tria,
Dare to
For Fer -
per - ish for Lib - er - ty's cause.
nan doy la cons - ti - tu - cion;
To the tor - ies de - struc - tion, we
Los ser - vil - les ju - rar des - tru
swear it!
ir - los,
Live for - ev - er the King and the Laws.
Vi - va, Vi - va la cons - ti - tu - cion.

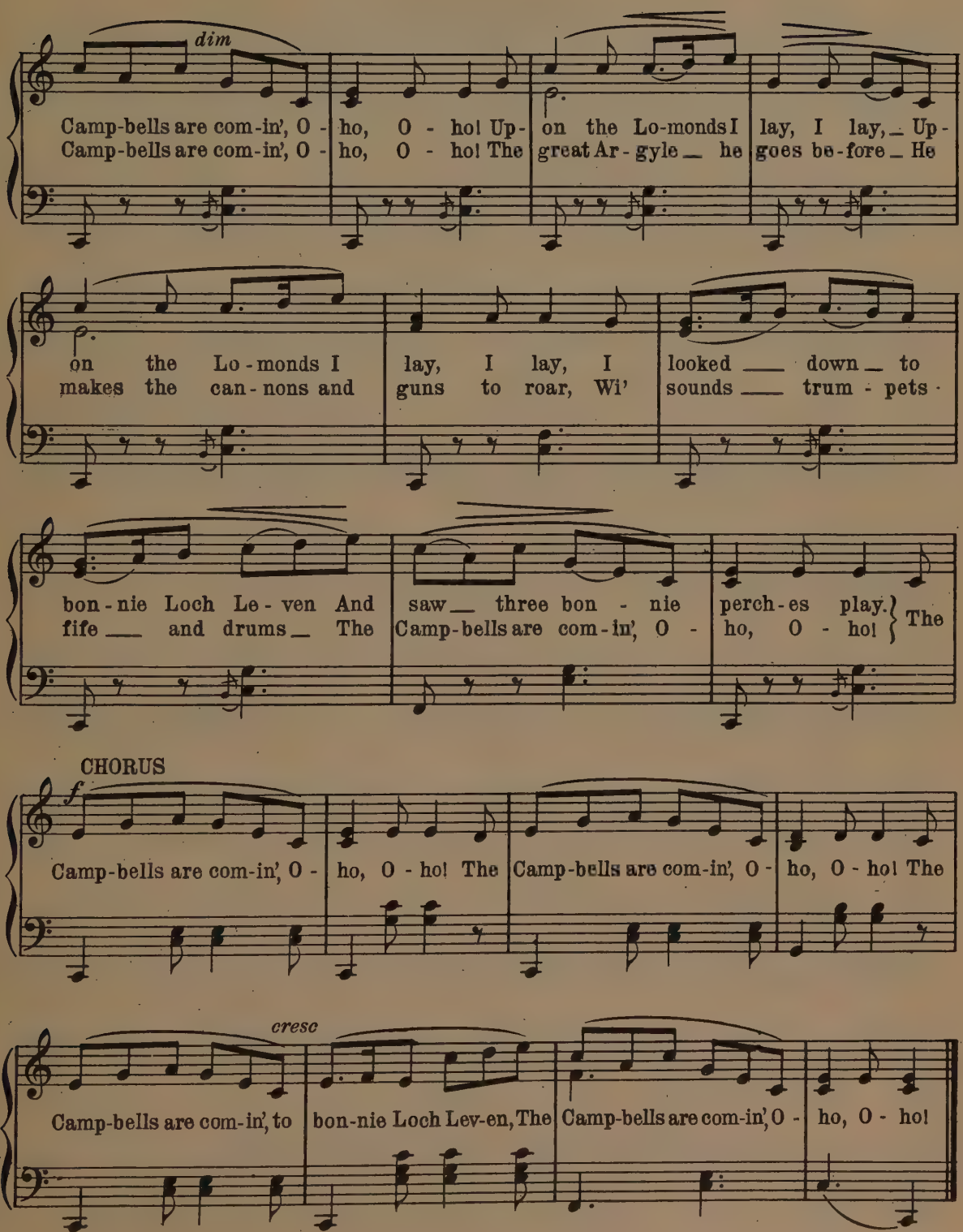
# Japanese National Hymn


Maestoso
f
May our gra - cious Emp - p'ror reign, Till a thou - sand,
Ki - mi ga yo wa' Chi - yo ni
cresc
yea, ten thou - sand years shall roll, Till the sand in the brook - let
ya - chi - yo ni Sa - za - ré ish - i no I wa - o to
dim
cresc
grows to stone, And the moss from these peb - bles em - er - alds make!
na - ri - té Ko - ké no mu - su ma dé.

# The Campbells Are Comin'

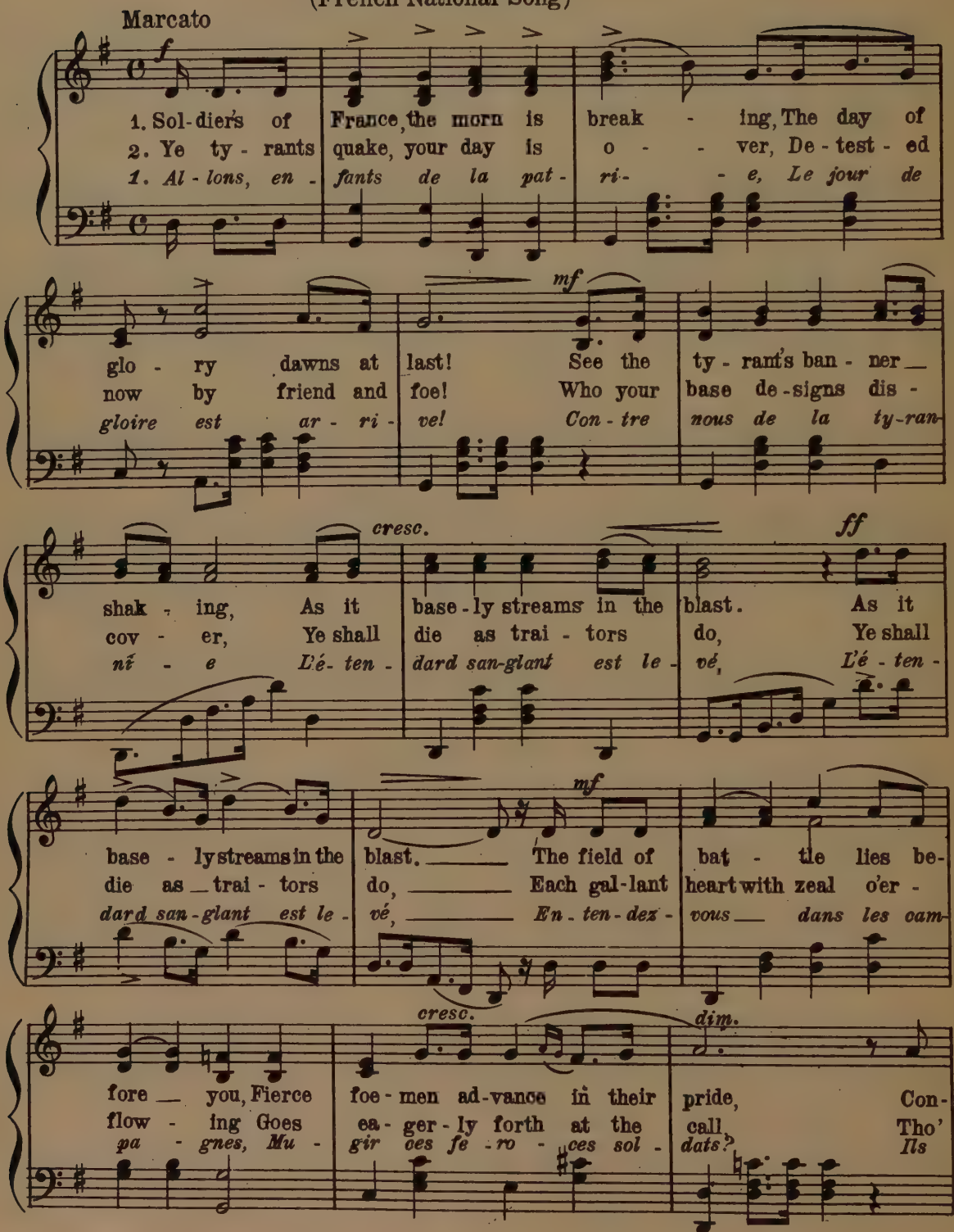
(Scotch National Song)

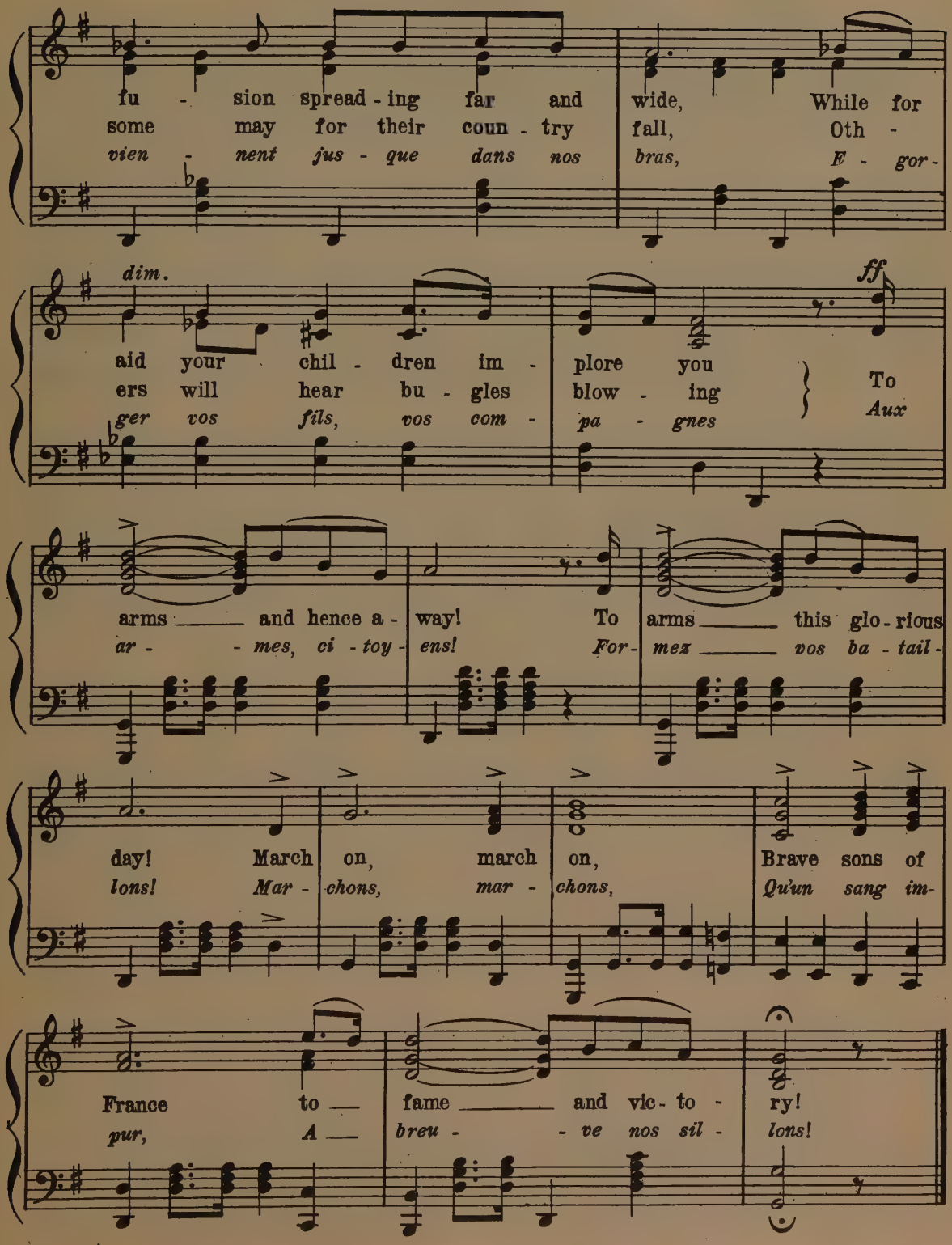

Allegro
mf
1. The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho'. The Camp-bells are com-in', O -
2. The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho'. The Camp-bells are com-in', O -
cresc
ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' to bon - nie Loch Lev - en, The
ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in' to bon - nie Loch Lev - en, The


dim
Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! Up- on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, Up-
Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The great Ar-gyle he goes be-fore He
on the Lo-monds I lay, I lay, I looked down to
makes the can-nons and guns to roar, Wi' sounds trum-pets
bon-nie Loch Le-ven And saw three bon-nie perch-es play.
fife and drums The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The
CHORUS
f
Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho! The
cresc
Camp-bells are com-in', to bon-nie Loch Lev-en, The Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho!

# The Marseillaise

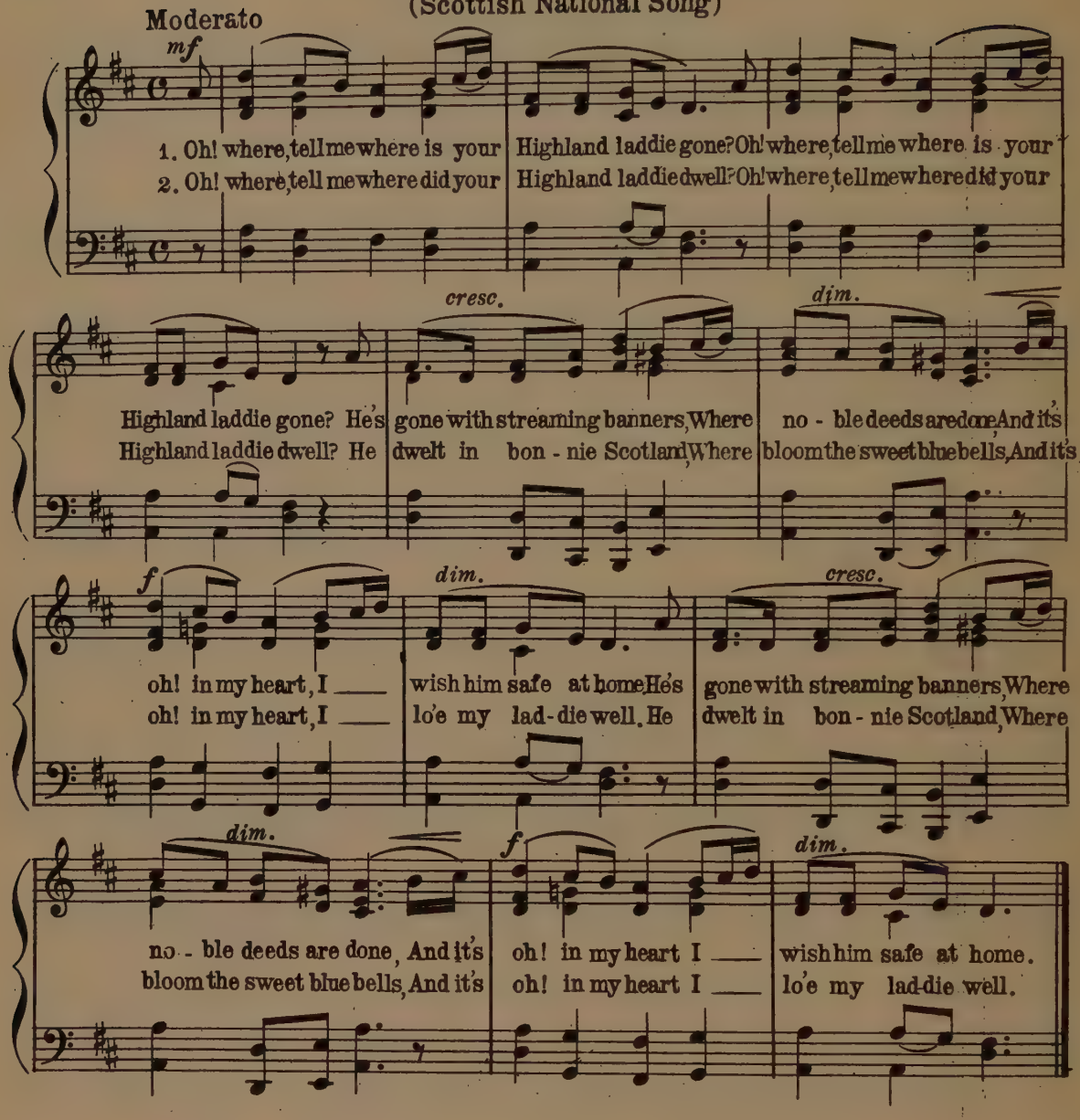
(French National Song)


Marcato
f
1. Sol-diers of France, the morn is break - ing, The day of
2. Ye ty - rants quake, your day is o - - ver, De - test - ed
1. Al - lons, en - fants de la pat - ri - - e, Le jour de
mf
glo - ry dawns at last! See the ty - rant's ban - ner
now by friend and foe! Who your base de - signs dis -
gloire est ar - ri - ve! Con - tre nous de la ty-ran
cresc.
ff
shak - ing, As it base - ly streams in the blast. As it
cov - er, Ye shall die as trai - tors do, Ye shall
ni - e L'é - ten - dard san-glant est le - vé, L'é - ten -
mf
base - ly streams in the blast. The field of bat - tle lies be-
die as trai - tors do, Each gal-lant heart with zeal o'er -
dard san - glant est le - vé, En - ten - dez - vous dans les cam
cresc.
dim.
fore you, Fierce foe - men ad - vance in their pride, Con-
flow - ing Goes ea - ger - ly forth at the call, Tho'
pa - gnes, Mu - gir oes fe - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils


fu - sion spread - ing far and wide, While for
some may for their coun - try fall, Oth -
vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras, E - gor -
dim.
ff
aid your chil - dren im - plore you
ers will hear bu - gles blow - ing To
ger vos fils, vos com - pa - gnes Aux
arms and hence a - way! To arms this glo - rious
ar - mes, ci - toy - ens! For - mez vos ba - tail -
day! March on, march on, Brave sons of
lons! Mar - chons, mar - chons, Qu'un sang im -
France to fame and vic - to - ry!
pur, A breu - ve nos sil - lons!

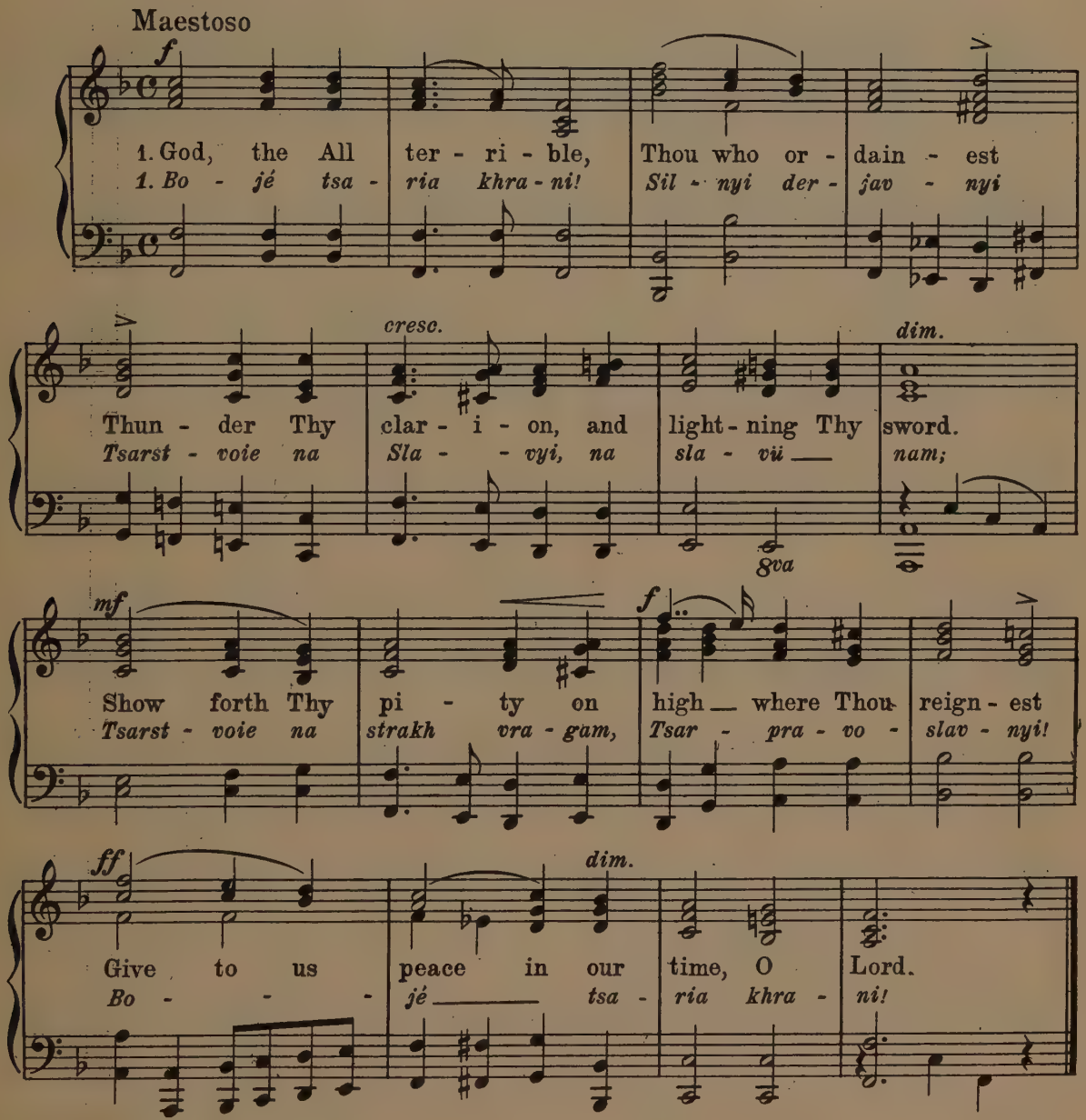
# The Blue Bells Of Scotland

(Scottish National Song)


Moderato
mf
1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
cresc.
dim.
Highland laddie gone? He's gone with streaming banners, Where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
Highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scotland, Where bloom the sweet blue bells, And it's
f
dim.
cresc.
oh! in my heart, I ___ wish him safe at home, He's gone with streaming banners, Where
oh! in my heart, I ___ lo'e my lad - die well. He dwelt in bon - nie Scotland, Where
dim.
f
dim.
no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I ___ wish him safe at home.
bloom the sweet blue bells, And it's oh! in my heart I ___ lo'e my lad - die well.

What clothes, in what clothes
Is your Highland laddie clad?
What clothes, in what clothes
Is your Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's Saxon green
And his waistcoat is of plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart
That I lo'e my Highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose
That your Highland lad should die?
Suppose, and suppose
That your Highland lad should die?
The bagpipes shall play o'er him,
And I'd lay me down and cry,
And it's oh! in my heart,
That I wish he may not die.

# Russian National Hymn

Maestoso
f
1. God, the All ter - ri - ble, Thou who or - dain - est
1. Bo - jé tsa - ria khra - ni! Sil - nyi der - jav - nyi
cresc.
dim.
Thun - der Thy clar - i - on, and light - ning Thy sword.
Tsarst - voie na Sla - - vyi, na sla - vii nam;
8va
mf
f
Show forth Thy pi - ty on high where Thou reign - est
Tsarst - voie na strakh vra - gam, Tsar - pra - vo - slav - nyi!
ff
dim.
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
Bo - - - jé tsa - ria khra - ni!

2.

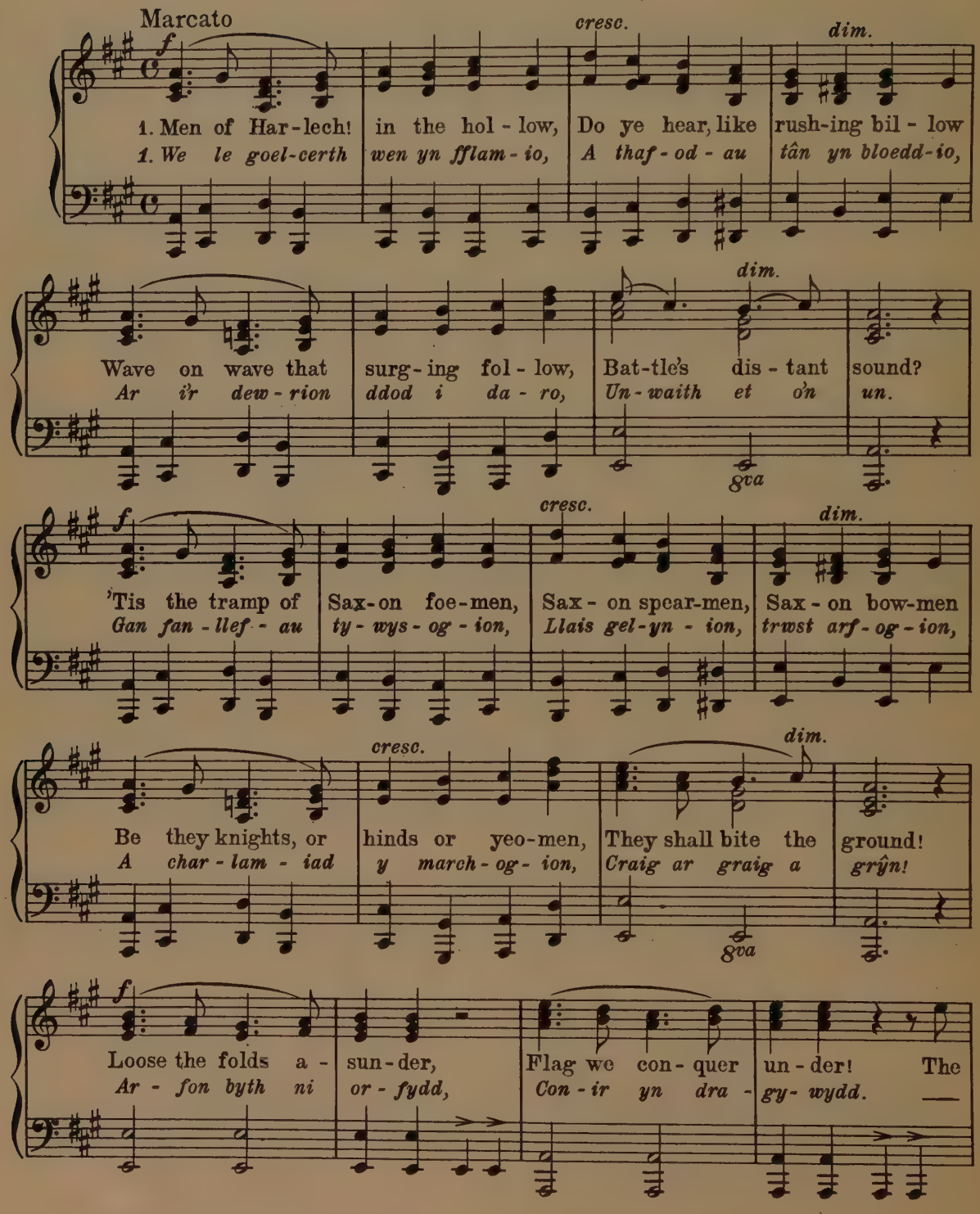
God, the All-merciful, Earth hath forsaken;
Thy holy ways, and hath slighted Thy word.
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

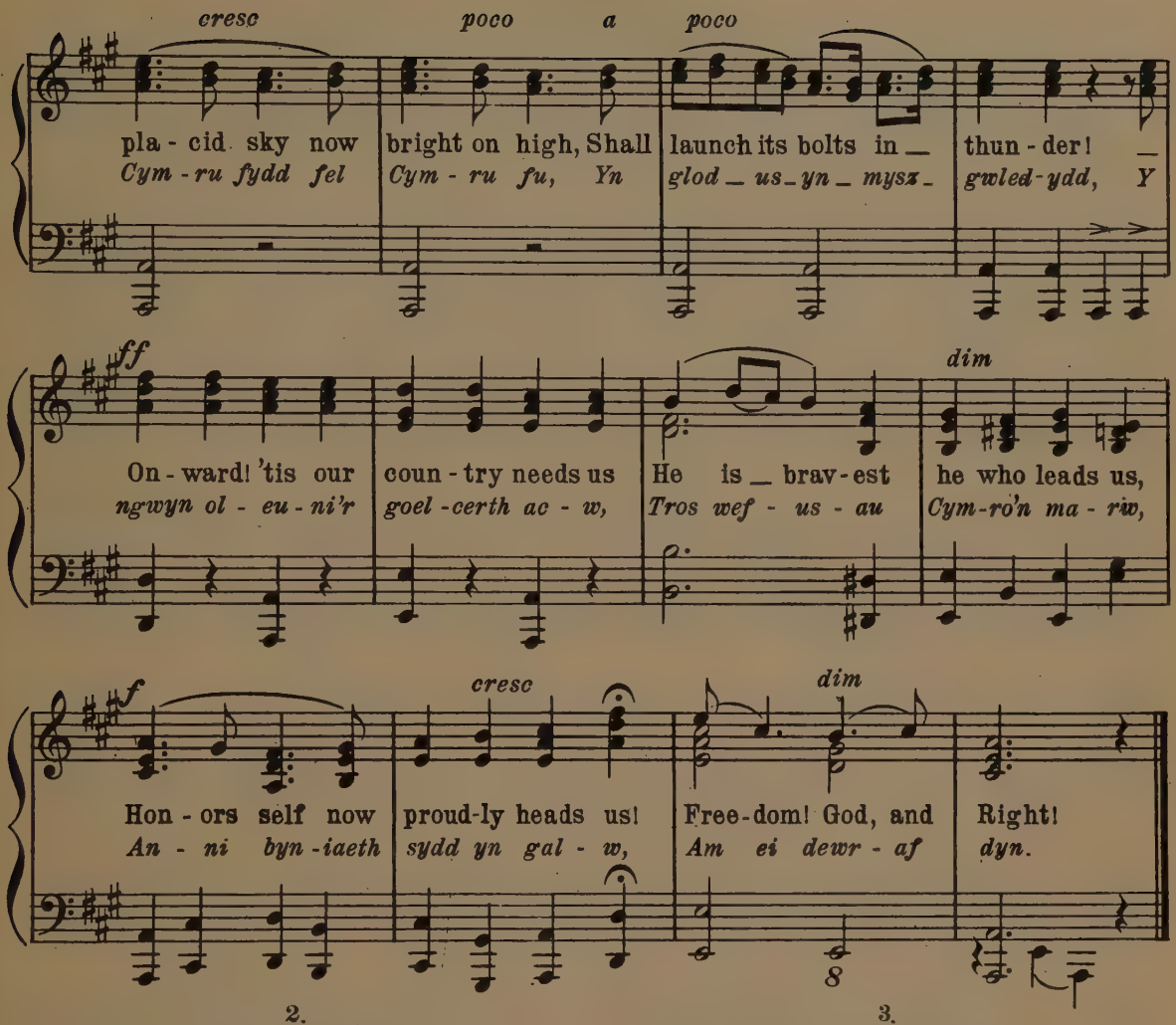
3.

God, the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Save us in mercy, and save us in danger,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

# March of the Men of Harlech

(Welsh National Song)


Marcato
f
cresc.
dim.
1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low
1. We le goel-certh wen yn fflam-io, A thaf-od-au tân yn bloedd-io,
dim.
Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
Ar i'r dew-rion ddod i da-ro, Un-waith et o'n un.
8va
f
cresc.
dim.
'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men
Gan fan-llef-au ty-wys-og-ion, Llais gel-yn-ion, trwst arf-og-ion,
cresc.
dim.
Be they knights, or hinds or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!
A char-lam-iad y march-og-ion, Craig ar graig a grŷn!
8va
f
Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The
Ar-fon byth ni or-fydd, Con-ir yn dra-gy-wydd.


cresc
poco a poco
pla - cid sky now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in _ thun - der! _
Cym - ru fydd fel Cym - ru fu, Yn glod _ us _ yn _ mysz _ gwled - ydd, Y
ff
dim
On - ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us He is _ brav - est he who leads us,
ngwyn ol - eu - ni'r goel - certh ac - w, Tros wef - us - au Cym - ro'n ma - rw,
f
cresc
dim
Hon - ors self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
An - ni byn - iaeth sydd yn gal - w, Am ei dewr - af dyn.
8

2.

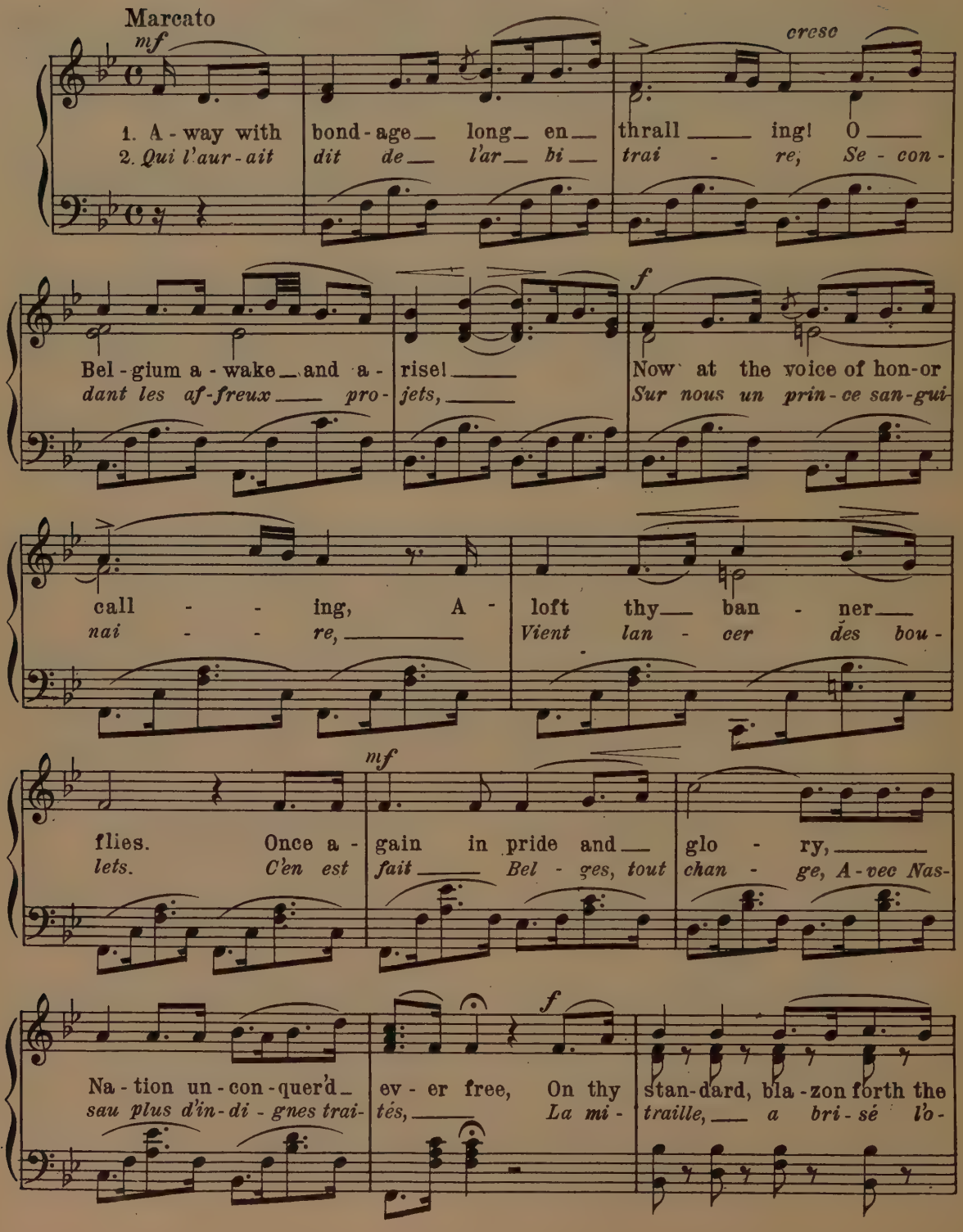
Rocky steeps and passes narrow,
Flash with spear and flight of arrow;
Who would think of death or sorrow,
Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover;
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riven,
Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Freedom! God, and Right!

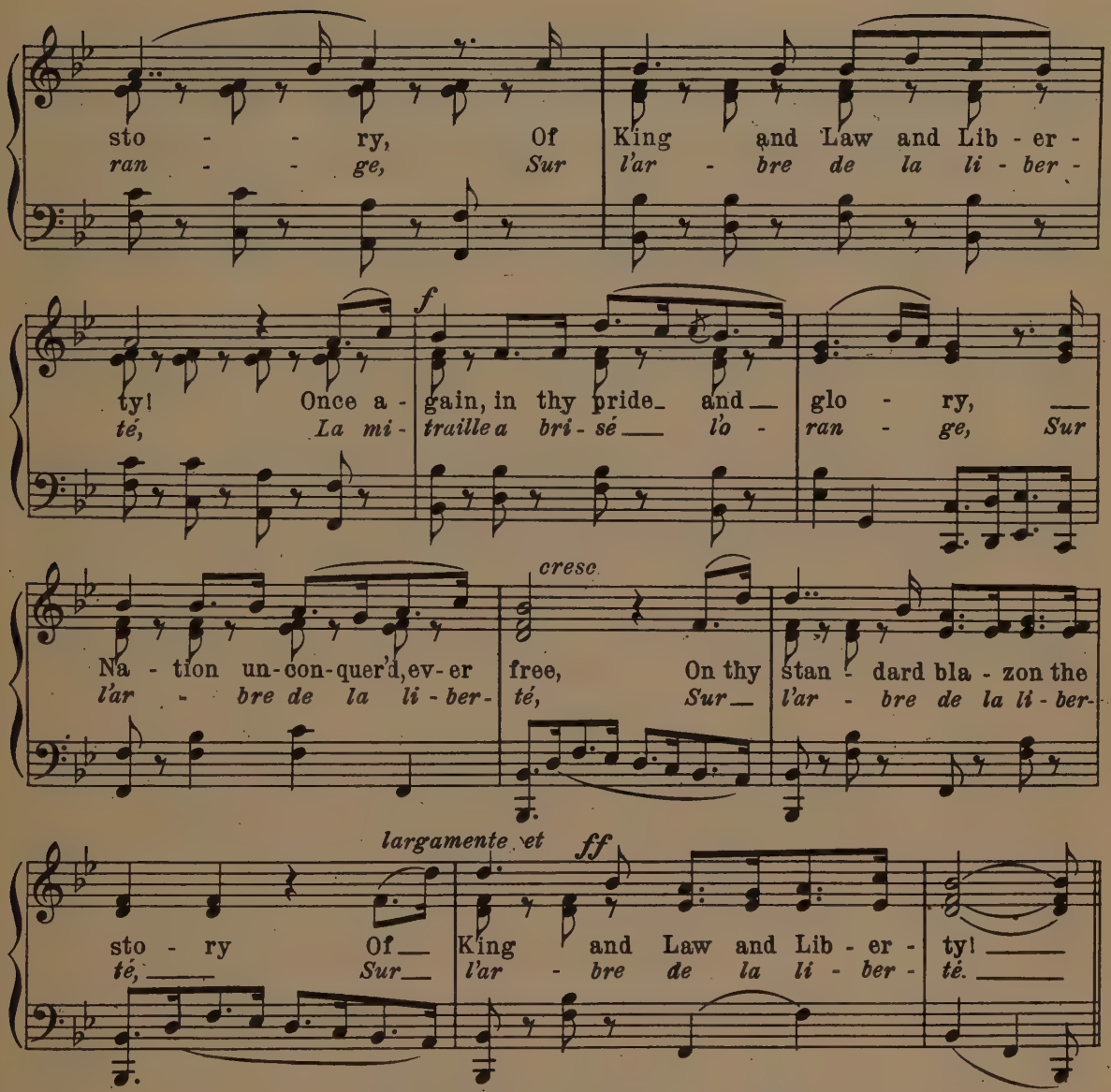
3.

*Ni chaiff gelyn ladd ac ymlid;*
*Harlech! Harlech! Cŵyd iw herlid;*
*Y mae Rhoddwr mawr ein Rhyddid,*
*Yn rhoi nerth i ni.*
*Wele Gymru a'i byddinoedd!*
*Yn ymdywallt o'r mynyddoedd!*
*Rhuthrant fel rhaiadrau dyfroedd,*
*Llamant fel y lli!*
*Llwyddianti'n lluyddion!*
*Rwystro bâr yr estron!*
*Gwybod yn ei galon gaiff,*
*Fel bratha cleddyf Brython;*
*Y clêdd yn erbyn clêdd a chwery*
*Dur yn erbyn dur a dery,*
*Wele fâner Gwalia'i fyny*
*Rhyddid aiff a hi!*

# La Brabançonne

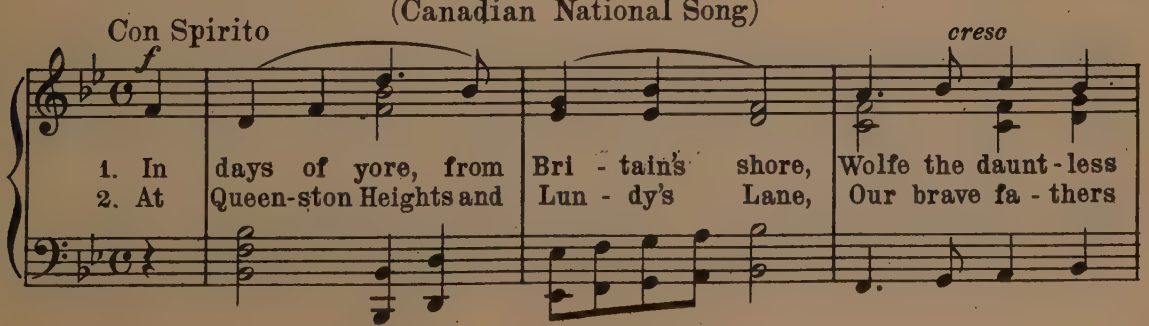
(Belgian National Song)

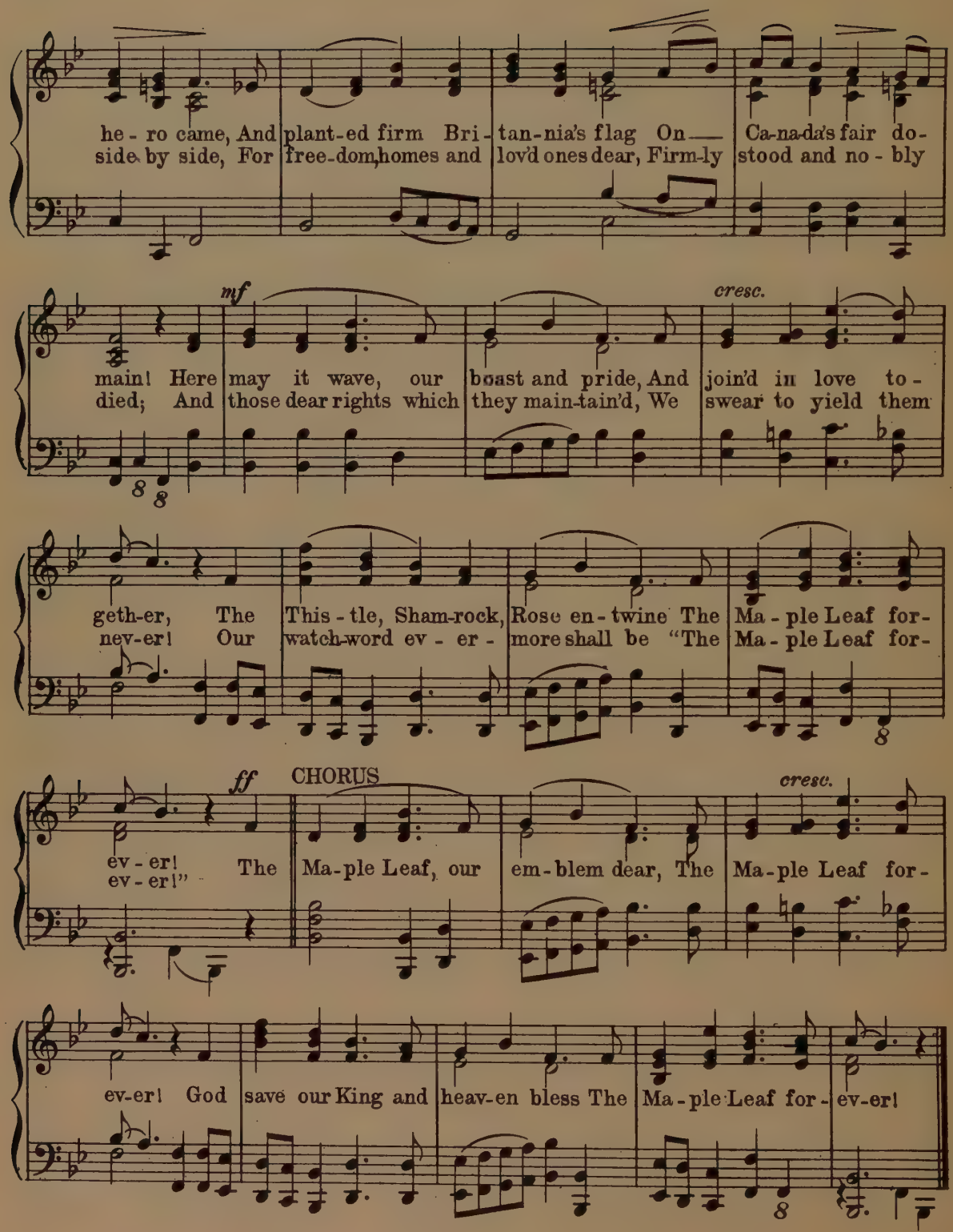

Marcato
mf
cresc
1. A - way with bond - age long en thrall ing! O
2. Qui l'aur - ait dit de l'ar bi trai - re, Se - con -
Bel - gium a - wake and a - rise!
dant les af - freux pro - jets,
f
Now at the voice of hon - or
Sur nous un prin - ce san - gui -
call - - ing, A - loft thy ban - ner
nai - - re, Vient lan - cer des bou -
mf
flies. Once a - gain in pride and glo - ry,
lets. C'en est fait Bel - ges, tout chan - ge, A - vec Nas -
f
Na - tion un - con - quer'd ev - er free, On thy stan - dard, bla - zon forth the
sau plus d'in - di - gnes trai - tés, La mi - traille, a bri - sé l'o -


sto - - - ry, Of King and Law and Lib - er -
ran - - - ge, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber -
f
ty! Once a - gain, in thy pride and glo - ry,
té, La mi - traille a bri - sé l'o - ran - ge, Sur
cresc
Na - tion un-con-quer'd, ev-er free, On thy stan - dard bla - zon the
l'ar - bre de la li - ber- té, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber-
largamente et
ff
sto - ry Of King and Law and Lib - er - ty!
té, Sur l'ar - bre de la li - ber - té.

## The Maple Leaf Forever

(Canadian National Song)


Con Spirito
f
cresc
1. In days of yore, from Bri - tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt - less
2. At Queen-ston Heights and Lun - dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers


he - ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri- tan-nia's flag On — Ca-na-da's fair do-
side by side, For free-dom, homes and lov'd ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly
mf
cresc.
main! Here may it wave, our boast and pride, And join'd in love to -
died; And those dear rights which they main-tain'd, We swear to yield them
geth-er, The This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine The Ma - ple Leaf for-
nev-er! Our watch-word ev - er - more shall be "The Ma - ple Leaf for-
ff
CHORUS
cresc.
ev - er! ev - er!" The Ma-ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for -
ev-er! God save our King and heav-en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev-er!

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